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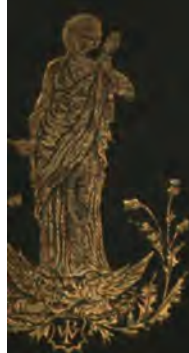
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Dramatic Works

OF

SHAKESPEARE





KING LEAR.

Act III. Sc. IV.

Dramatic Works
OF
SHAKESPEARE

THE TEXT OF THE FIRST EDITION

Illustrated with *Etchings*

VOLUME *EIGHTH*.

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УДАЛЕНЫ ОБОЗНАЧЕНИЯ

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VOL. EIGHTH.

Etched by M. Monziès, from the original Designs of M. Pille.

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THE TRAGEDIE OF KING LEAR.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmond.

Kent.



Thought the King had more affected the Duke of
Albany, then *Cornwall*.

Glou. It did alwayes seeme so to us: But now in
the division of the Kingdome, it appears not which
of the Dukes hee valewes most, for qualities are so weigh'd, that
curiosity in neither, can make choise of eithers moiety.

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord?

Glou. His breeding Sir, hath bin at my charge. I have so
often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd too't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glou. Sir, this yong Fellowes mother could; whereupon she
grew round womb'd, and had indeede (Sir) a Sonne for her
Cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a
fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it, being so
proper.

Glou. But I have a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, some yeere
elder then this; who, yet is no deerer in my account, though this
Knave came something sawcily to the world before he was sent
for: yet was his Mother fayre, there was good sport at his making,

and the horson must be acknowledged. Doe you know this Noble Gentleman, *Edmond*?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glou. My Lord of Kent:

Remember him heereafter, as my Honourable Friend.

Edm. My services to your Lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glou. He hath bin out nine yeares, and away he shall againe.
The King is comming.

Sennet. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan,
Cordelia, and attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France & Burgundy, Gloster.

Glou. I shall, my Lord. *Exit.*

Lear. Meane time we shal expresse our darker purpose.
Give me the Map there. Know, that we have divided
In three our Kingdome: and 'tis our fast intent,
To shake all Cares and Businesse from our Age,
Conferring them on yonger strengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl toward death. Our son of *Cornwal*,
And you our no lesse loving Sonne of *Albany*,
We have this houre a constant will to publish
Our daughters severall Dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The Princes, *France & Burgundy*,
Great Rivals in our yongest daughters love,
Long in our Court, have made their amorous sojourn,
And heere are to be answer'd. Tell me my daughters
(Since now we will divest us both of Rule,
Interest of Territory, Cares of State)
Which of you shall we say doth love us most,
That we, our largest bountie may extend
Where Nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill*,
Our eldest borne, speake first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more then word can weild the matter,

Deerer then eye-sight, space, and libertie,
Beyond what can be valewed, rich or rare,
No lesse then life, with grace, health, beauty, honor :
As much as Childe ere lov'd, or Father found.
A love that makes breath poore, and speech unable,
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall *Cordelia* speake ? Love, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds even from this Line, to this,
With shadowie Forrests, and with Champains rich'd
With plenteous Rivers, and wide-skirted Meades
We make thee Lady. To thine and *Albanies* issues
Be this perpetuall. What sayes our second Daughter ?
Our deere *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall* ?

Reg. I am made of that selfe-mettle as my Sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart,
I finde she names my very deede of love :
Onely she comes too short, that I professe
My selfe an enemy to all other joyes,
Which the most precious square of sense professes,
And finde I am alone felicitate
In your deere Highnesse love.

Cor. Then poore *Cordelia*,
And yet not so, since I am sure my love's
More ponderous then my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine hereditarie ever,
Remaine this ample third of our faire Kingdome,
No lesse in space, validitie, and pleasure
Then that conferr'd on *Gonerill*. Now our Joy,
Although our last and least : to whose yong love,
The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundie,
Strive to be interest. What can you say, to draw
A third, more opilent then your Sisters ? speake.

Cor. Nothing my Lord.

Lear. Nothing ?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, speake againe.

Cor. Unhappie that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth : I love your Majesty
According to my bond, no more nor lesse.

Lear. How, how *Cordelia*? Mend your speech a little,
Least you may marre your Fortunes.

Cor. Good my Lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me.
I returne those duties backe as are right fit,
Obey you, Love you, and most Honour you.
Why have my Sisters Husbando, if they say
They love you all? Happily when I shall wed,
That Lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Halfe my love with him, halfe my Care, and Dutie,
Sure I shall never marry like my Sisters.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. I my good Lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young my Lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dowre :
For by the sacred radiance of the Sunne,
The miseries of *Heccat* and the night :
By all the operation of the Orbes,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be,
Heere I disclaime all my Paternall care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosome
Be as well neighbour'd, pittied, and releev'd,
As thou my sometime Daughter.

Kent. Good my Liege.

Lear. Peace *Kent*,
Come not betweene the Dragon and his wrath,

I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
 On her kind nursery. Hence and avoid my sight :
 So be my grave my peace, as here I give
 Her Fathers heart from her ; call *France*, who stirres ?
 Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Albanie*,
 With my two Daughters Dowres, digest the third,
 Let pride which she calls plainnesse, marry her :
 I doe invest you joyntly with my power,
 Preheminence, and all the large effects
 That troope with Majesty. Our selfe by Monthly course,
 With reservation of an hundred Knights,
 By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
 Make with you by due turne, onely we shall retaine
 The name, and all th'addition to a King : the Sway,
 Revennew, Execution of the rest,
 Beloved Sonnes be yours, which to confirme,
 This Coronet part betweene you.

Kent. *Royall Lear,*

Whom I have ever honor'd as my King,
 Lov'd as my Father, as my Master follow'd,
 As my great Patron thought on in my praiera.

Le. The bow is bent & drawne, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the forke invade
 The region of my heart, be *Kent* unmannerly,
 When *Lear* is mad, what wouldest thou do old man ?
 Think'st thou that dutie shall have dread to speake,
 When power to flattery bowes ?
 To plainnesse honour's bound,
 When Majesty falls to folly, reserve thy state,
 And in thy best consideration checke
 This hideous rashnesse, answer me my life, my judgement :
 Thy yongest Daughter do's not love thee least,
 Nor are those empty hearted, whose low sounds
 Reverbe no hollownesse.

Lear. *Kent, on thy life no more.*

Kent. My life I never held but as pawne
To wage against thine enemies, nere feare to loose it,
Thy safety being motive.

Lear. Out of my sight.

Kent. See better *Lear*, and let me still remaine
The true blanke of thine eie.

Lear. Now by *Apollo*,

Lent. Now by *Apollo*, King
Thou swear'st thy Gods in vaine.

Lear. O Vassall ! Miscreant.

Alb. Cor. Deare Sir forbear.

Kent. Kill thy Physition, and thy fee bestow
Upon the foule disease, revoke thy guift,
Or whil'st I can vent clamour from my throate,
Ile tell thee thou dost evill.

Lea. Heare me recreant, on thine allegiance heare me ;
That thou hast sought to make us breake our voves,
Which we durst never yet ; and with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentences, and our power,
Which, not our nature, nor our placè can beare ;
Our potencie made good, take thy reward.
Five dayes we do allot thee for provision,
To shield thee from disasters of the world,
And on the sixt to turne thy hated backe
Upon our kingdome ; if on the tenth day following,
Thy banisht trunk be found in our Dominions,
The moment is thy death, away. By *Jupiter*,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well King, with thus thou wilt appeare,
Freedome lives hence, and banishment is here ;
The Gods to their deere shelter take thee Maid,
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said :
And your large speeches, may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love :
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adew,
Hee'l shape his old course, in a Country new.

Exit.

Flourish. Enter Gloster with France, and Burgundy, Attendants.

Cor. Heere's *France* and *Burgundy*, my Noble Lord.

Lear. My Lord of *Burgundie*,

We first addresse toward you, who with this King
Hath rivald for our Daughter ; what in the least
Will you require in present Dower with her,
Or cease your quest of Love ?

Bur.

Most Royall Majesty,

I crave no more then hath your Highnesse offer'd,
Nor will you tender lesse ?

Lear.

Right Noble *Burgundy*,

When she was deare to us, we did hold her so,
But now her price is fallen : Sir, there she stands,
If ought within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more may fitly like your Grace,
Shee's there, and she is yours.

Bur.

I know no answer.

Lear. Will you with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dow'rd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her or leave her.

Bur.

Pardon me Royall Sir,

Election makes not up in such conditions.

Le. Then leave her sir, for by the powre that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. For you great King,
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate, therefore beseech you
T'avert your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch whom Nature is asham'd
Almost t'acknowledge hers.

Fra. This is most strange,

That she whom even but now, was your object,
The argument of your praise, balme of your age,

The best, the deerest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour: sure her offence
Must be of such unnaturall degree,
That monsters it: Or your fore-voucht affection
Fall into taint, which to beleefe of her
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Car. I yet beseech your Majesty.
If for I want that glib and oylie Art,
To speake and purpose not, since what I will intend,
He do't before I speake, that you make knowne
It is no vicious blot, murther, or foulnesse,
No unchaste action or dishonoured step
That hath depriv'd me of your Grace and favour,
But even for want of that, for which I am richer,
A still solliciting eye, and such a tongue,
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou had'st
Not beene borne, then not to have pleas'd me better.

Fra. Is it but this? A tardinesse in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do: my Lord of *Burgundy*,
What say you to the Lady? Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards, that stands
Aloofe from th'intire point, will you have her?
She is herselfe a Dowrie.

Bur. Royall King,
Give but that portion which your selfe propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Dutchesse of *Burgundie*.

Lear. Nothing, I have sworne, I am firme.

Bur. I am sorry then you have so lost a Father,
That you must loose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with *Burgundie*,
 Since that respect and Fortunes are his love,
 I shall not be his wife.

Fra. Fairest *Cordelia*, that art most rich being poore,
 Most choise forsaken, and most lov'd despis'd,
 Thee and thy vertues here I seize upon,
 Be it lawfull I take up what's cast away.
 Gods, Gods! 'Tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
 My Love should kindle to enflam'd respect.
 Thy dowrelesse Daughter King, throwne to my chance,
 Is Queene of us, of ours, and our faire *France* :
 Not all the Dukes of watriah *Burgundy*,
 Can buy this unpriz'd precious Maid of me.
 Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though unkinde,
 Thou loosest here a better where to finde.

Lear. Thou hast her *France*, let her be thine, for we
 Have no such Daughter, nor shall ever see
 That face of hers againe, therefore be gone,
 Without our Grace, our Love, our Benizon :
 Come noble *Burgundie*. *Flourish. Exeunt.*

Fra. Bid farwell to your Sisters.

Cor. The Jewels of our Father, with wash'd eie's
Cordelia leaves you, I know you what you are,
 And like a Sister am most loth to call
 Your faults as they are named. Love well our Father :
 To your professed bosomes I commit him,
 But yet alas, stood I within his Grace,
 I would prefer him to a better place,
 So farewell to you both.

Regn. Prescribe not us our dutie.

Gon. Let your study
 Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you
 At Fortunes almes, you have obedience scanted,
 And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides,

Who covers faults, at last with shame derides :

Well may you prosper.

Fra. Come my faire *Cordelia.* *Exit France and Cor.*

Gon. Sister, it is not little I have to say,
Of what most neerely appertaines to us both,
I thinke our Father will hence to night.

Reg. That's most certaine, and with you : next moneth with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is, the observation
we have made of it hath beene little ; he alwaies lov'd our Sister
most, and with what poore judgement he hath now cast her off,
appeares too grossely.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath ever but slenderly
knowne himselfe.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath bin but rash,
then must we looke from his age, to receive not alone the imper-
fections of long ingrafted condition, but therewithall the unruly
way-wardnesse, that infirme and cholericke yeares bring with
them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as
this of *Kents* banishment.

Gon. There is further complement of leave-taking betweene
France and him, pray you let us sit together, if our Father carry
authority with such disposition as he beares, this last surrender of
his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further thinke of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i'th'heate. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Thou Nature art my Goddess, to thy law
My services are bound, wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custome, and permit
The curiosity of Nations, to deprive me ?

For that I am some twelve, or fourteene Moonshines
Lag of a Brother? Why Bastard? Wherefore base?
When my Dimensions are as well compact,
My minde as generous, and my shape as true
As honest Madams issue? Why brand they us
With Base? With basenes Bastardie? Base, Base?
Who in the lustie stealth of Nature, take
More composition, and fierce qualitie,
Then doth within a dull stale tyred bed
Goe to th'creating a whole tribe of Fops
Got'tweene a sleepe, and wake? Well then,
Legitimate *Edgar*, I must have your land,
Our Fathers love, is to the Bastard *Edmond*,
As to th'legitimate: fine word: Legitimate.
Well, my Legittimate, if this Letter speed,
And my invention thrive, *Edmond* the base
Shall to'th'Legitimate: I grow, I prosper:
Now Gods, stand up for Bastards.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus? and France in choller parted?
And the King gone to night? Prescrib'd his powre,
Confin'd to exhibition? All this done
Upon the gad? *Edmond*, how now? What newes?

Bast. So please your Lordship, none.

Glou. Why so earnestly seeke you to put up that Letter?

Bast. I know no newes, my Lord.

Glou. What Paper were you reading?

Bast. Nothing my Lord.

Glou. No? what needed then that terrible dispatch of it into
your Pocket? The quality of nothing, hath not such neede to
hide it selfe. Let's see: come, if it bee nothing, I shall not neede
Spectacles.

Bast. I beseech you Sir, pardon mee; it is a Letter from my

Brother, that I have not all ore-read ; and for so much as I have perus'd, I finde it not fit for your ore-looking.

Glou. Give me the Letter, Sir.

Bast. I shall offend, either to detaine, or give it :
The Contents, as in part I understand them,
Are too blame.

Glou. Let's see, let's see.

Bast. I hope for my Brother's justification, hee wrote this but as an essay, or taste of my Vertue.

Glou. reads. *This policie, and reverence of Age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times : keepe our Fortunes from us, till our oldnesse cannot relish them. I begin to finde an idle and fond bondage, in the oppression of aged tyranny, who swayes not as it hath power, but as it is suffer'd. Come to me, that of this I may speake more. If our Father would sleepe till I wak'd him, you should enjoy halfe his Revennew for ever, and live the beloved of your Brother.*

Edgar.

Hum? Conspiracy? Sleepe till I wake him, you should enjoy halfe his Revennew : my Sonne *Edgar*, had hee a hand to write this? A heart and braine to breede it in? When came you to this? Who brought it?

Bast. It was not brought mee, my Lord ; there's the cunning of it. I found it throwne in at the Casement of my Closset.

Glou. You know the character to be your Brothers?

Bast. If the matter were good my Lord, I durst swear it were his : but in respect of that, I would faine thinke it were not.

Glou. It is his.

Bast. It is his hand, my Lord : but I hope his heart is not in the Contents.

Glou. Has he never before sounded you in this busines?

Bast. Never my Lord. But I have heard him oft maintaine it to be fit, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers declin'd, the Father should bee as Ward to the Son, and the Sonne manage his Revennew.

Glou. O Villain, villain : his very opinion in the Letter. Ab-

horred Villaine, unnaturall, detested, brutish Villaine ; worse then brutish : Go sirrah, seeke him : Ile apprehend him. Abhominable Villaine, where is he ?

Bast. I do not well know my Lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my Brother, til you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shold run a certaine course : where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your owne Honor, and shake in peeces, the heart of his obedience. I dare pawne downe my life for him, that he hath writ this to feele my affection to your Honor, & to no other pretence of danger.

Glou. Thinke you so ?

Bast. If your Honor judge it meete, I will place you where you shall heere us conferre of this, and by an Auricular assurance have your satisfaction, and that without any further delay, then this very Evening.

Glou. He cannot bee such a Monster. *Edmond* seeke him out : winde me into him, I pray you : frame the Businesse after your owne wisdom. I would unstate my selfe, to be in a due resolution.

Bast. I will seeke him Sir, presently : convey the businesse as I shall find meanes, and acquaint you withall.

Glou. These late Eclipses in the Sun and Moone portend no good to us : though the wisdom of Nature can reason it thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it selfe scourg'd by the sequent effects. Love cooles, friendship falls off. Brothers divide. In Cities, mutinies ; in Countries, discords ; in Pallaces, Treason ; and the Bond crack'd, 'twixt Sonne and Father. This villaine of mine comes under the prediction ; there's Son against Father, the King fals from byas of Nature, there's Father against Childe. We have scene the best of our time. Machinations, hollownesse, treacherie, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our Graves. Find out this Villain, *Edmond*, it shall lose thee nothing, do it carefully : and the Noble & true-harted Kent banish'd ; his offence, honesty. 'Tis strange.

Exit.

Bast. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sicke in fortune, often the surfets of our own behaviour, we make guilty of our disasters, the Sun, the Moone, and Starres, as if we were villaines on necessitie, Fooles by heavenly compulsion, Knaves, Theeves, and Treachers by Sphericall predominance. Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an inforc'd obedience of Planetary influence; and all that we are evill in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of Whore-master-man, to lay his Goatish disposition on the charge of a Starre. My father compounded with my mother under the Dragons taile, and my Nativity was under *Ursa Major*, so that it followes, I am rough and Leacherous. I should have bin that I am, had the maiden-lest Starre in the Firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

Enter Edgar.

Pat : he comes like the Catastrophe of the old Comedie : my Cue is villanous Melancholly, with a sighe like *Tom o'Bedlam*.——O these Eclipses do portend these divisions. Fa, Sol, La, Me.

Edg. How now Brother *Edmond*, what serious contemplation are you in?

Bast. I am thinking Brother of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these Eclipses.

Edg. Do you busie your selfe with that?

Bast. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succede unhappily.

When saw you my Father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Bast. Spake you with him?

Edg. I, two houres together.

Bast. Parted you in good termes? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, nor countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Bast. Bethink your selfe wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence, untill some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person, it would scarcely alay.

Edg. Some Villaine hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my feare. I pray you have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower : and as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to heare my Lord speake : pray ye goe, there's my key : if you do stirre abroad, goe arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, Brother ?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best, I am no honest man, if ther be any good meaning toward you : I have told you what I have seen, and heard : But faintly. Nothing like the image, and horror of it, pray you away.

Edg. Shall I heare from you anon ?

Exit.

Edm. I do serve you in this businesse :

A Credulous Father, and a Brother Noble,
Whose nature is so farre from doing harmes,
That he suspects none : on whose foolish honestie
My practises ride easie : I see the businesse.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit,
All with me's meete, that I can fashion fit.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gonerill and Steward.

Gon. Did my Father strike my Gentleman for chiding of his Foole ?

Ste. I Madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me, every howre
He flashes into one grosse crime, or other,
That sets us all at ods : Ile not endure it ;
His Knights grow riotous, and himselfe upbraides us
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not speake with him, say I am sicke.
If you come slacke of former services,
You shall do well, the fault of it Ile answer.

Ste. He's comming Madam, I heare him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your Fellowes : I'de have it come to question ;
If he distaste it, let him to my Sister,
Whose mind and mine I know in that are one,
Remember what I have said.

Ste. Well Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights have colder lookes among you :
what growes of it no matter, advise your fellowes so, Ile write
straight to my Sister to hold my course ; prepare for dinner.

Excunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Kent.

Kent. If but as will I other accents borrow,
That can my speech defuse, my good intent
May carry through it selfe to that full issue
For which I raiz'd my likenessse. Now baniaht *Kent*,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy Master whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Hornes within. Enter Lear and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner, go get it ready : how
now, what art thou ?

Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What dost thou professe ? What would'st thou
with us ?

Kent. I do professe to be no lesse then I seeme ; to serve him
truely that will put me in trust, to love him that is honest, to
converse with him that is wise and saies little, to feare judgement,
to fight when I cannot choose, and to eate no fish.

Lear. What art thou ?

Kent. A very honest hearted Fellow, and as poore as the King.

Lear. If thou be'st as poore for a subject, as hee's for a King, thou art poore enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Do'st thou know me fellow?

Kent. No Sir, but you have that in your countenance, which I would faine call Master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keepe honest counsaile, ride, run, marre a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plaine message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me, is Dilligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young Sir to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing. I have yeares on my backe forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou shalt serve me, if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner ho, dinner, where's my knave? my Foole? Go you and call my Foole hither. You you Sirrah, where's my Daughter?

Enter Steward.

Ste. So please you——

Exit.

Lear. What saies the Fellow there? Call the Clotpole backe: wher's my Foole? Ho, I thinke the world's asleepe, how now? Where's that Mungrell?

Knigh. He saies my Lord, your Daughters is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave backe to me when I call'd him?

Knigh. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not ?

Knight. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my judgement your Highnesse is not entertain'd with that Ceremonious affection as you were wont, theres a great abatement of kindnesse appears as well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himselfe also, and your Daughter.

Lear. Ha ? Saist thou so ?

Knight. I beseech you pardon me my Lord, if I bee mistaken, for my duty cannot be silent, when I thinke your Highnesse wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remembrest me of mine owne Conception, I have perceived a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine owne jealous curiositie, then as a very pretence and purpose of unkindnesse : I will looke further intoo't : but where's my Foole ? I have not scene him this two daies.

Knight. Since my young Ladies going into *France* Sir, the Foole hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well, goe you and tell my Daughter, I would speake with her. Goe you call hither my Foole ; Oh you Sir, you, come you hither Sir, who am I Sir ?

Enter Steward.

Ste. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies Father ? my Lords knave, you whorson dog, you slave, you curre.

Ste. I am none of these my Lord,
I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy lookes with me, you Rascall ?

Ste. Ile not be stricken my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base Foot-ball plaier.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow.
Thou serv'st me, and Ile love thee.

Kent. Come sir, arise, away, Ile teach you differences : away, away, if you will measure your lubbers length againe, tarry, but away, goe too, have you wisdom, so.

Lear. Now my friendly knave I thanke thee, there's earnest of thy service.

Enter Foole.

Foole. I let me hire him too, here's my Coxcombe.

Lear. How now my pretty knave, how dost thou?

Foole. Sirrah, you were best take my Coxcombe.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Foole. Why? for taking ones part that's out of favour, nay, & thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch colde shortly, there take my Coxcombe; why this fellow ha's banish'd two on's Daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will, if thou follow him, thou must needs weare my Coxcombe. How now Nunckle? would I had two Coxcombes and two Daughters.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Foole. If I gave them all my living, I'd keepe my Coxcombes my selfe, there's mine, beg another of thy Daughters.

Lear. Take heed Sirrah, the whip.

Foole. Truth's a dog must to kennell, hee must bee whipt out, when the Lady Brach may stand by'th'fire and stinke.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me.

Foole. Sirha, Ile teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Foole. Marke it Nuncle:

Have more then thou showest,
Speake lesse then thou knowest,
Lend lesse then thou owest,
Ride more then thou goest,
Learne more then thou trowest,
Set lesse then thou throwest;
Leave thy drinke and thy whore,
And keepe in a dore,
And thou shalt have more,
Then two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing Foole.

Foole. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfeed Lawyer, you gave me nothing for't, can you make no use of nothing Nunckle ?

Lear. Why no Boy,
Nothing can be made out of nothing.

Foole. Prythee tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beleewe a Foole.

Lear. A bitter Foole.

Foole. Do'st thou know the difference my Boy, betweene a bitter Foole, and a sweet one.

Lear. No Lad, teach me.

Foole. Nunckle, give me an egge, and Ile give thee two Crownes.

Lear. What two Crownes shall they be ?

Foole. Why after I have cut the egge i'th'middle and eate up the meate, the two Crownes of the egge : when thou clovest thy Crownes i'th'middle, and gav'st away both parts, thou boar'st thine Asse on thy backe o're the durt, thou had'st little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gav'st thy golden one away ; if I speake like my selfe in this, let him be whipt that first findes it so.

Fooles had nere lesse grace in a yeere,
For wisemen are growne foppish,
And know not how their wits to weare,
Their manners are so apish.

Le. When were you wont to be so full of Songs sirrah ?

Foole. I have used it Nunckle, ere since thou mad'st thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gav'st them the rod, and put'st downe thine owne breeches, then they

For sodaine joy did weepe,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a King should play bo-beepe,
And goe the Foole among.

Pry'thy Nunckle keepe a Schoolemaster that can teach thy Foole to lie, I would faine learne to lie.

Lear. And you lie sirrah, wee'l have you whipt.

Foole. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'l

have me whipt for speaking true: thou'lt have me whipt for lying, and sometimes I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing then a foole, and yet I would not be thee Nunckle, thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing i'th'middle; heere comes one o'the parings.

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. How now Daughter? what makes that Frontlet on? You are too much of late i'th'frowne.

Foole. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning, now thou art an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a Foole, thou art nothing. Yes forsooth I will hold my tongue, so your face bids me, though you say nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keepe nor crust, nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some. That's a sheal'd Pescod.

Gon. Not only Sir this, your all-lycenc'd Foole,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourelly Carpe and Quarrell, breaking forth
In ranke, and (not to be endur'd) riots Sir.
I had thought by making this well knowne unto you,
To have found a safe redresse, but now grow fearefull
By what your selfe too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance, which if you should, the fault
Would not scape censure nor the redresses sleepe,
Which in the tender of a wholesome weale,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessitie
Will call discreet proceeding.

Foole. For you know Nunckle, the Hedge-Sparrow fed the Cuckoo so long, that it's had it head bit off by it young, so out went the Candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our Daughter?

Gon. I would you would make use of your good wisdom

(Whereof I know you are fraught), and put away
These dispositions, which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.

Foole. May not an Asse know, when the Cart drawes the
Horse?

Whoop Jugge I love thee.

Lear. Do's any heere know me?

This is not *Lear*:

Do's *Lear* walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his eies?

Either his Notion weakens, his Discernings

Are Lethargied. Ha! Waking? 'Tis not so?

Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Foole. *Lear's* shadow.

Lear. Your name, faire Gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration Sir, is much o'th'savour

Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you

To understand my purposes aright:

As you are Old, and Reverend, should be Wise.

Heere do you keepe a hundred Knights and Squires,

Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd, and bold,

That this our Court infected with their manners,

Shewes like a riotous Inne; Epicurisme and Lust

Makes it more like a Taverne, or a Brothell,

Then a grac'd Pallace. The shame it selfe doth speake

For instant remedy. Be then desir'd

By her, that else will take the thing she begges,

A little to disquantity your Traine,

And the remainders that shall still depend,

To be such men as may besort your Age,

Which know themselves, and you.

Lear.

Darknesse, and Divels.

Saddle my horses: call my Traine together.

Degenerate Bastard, Ile not trouble thee;

Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rable,
Make Servants of their Betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents :
Is it your will, speake Sir ? Prepare my Horses.
Ingratitude ! thou Marble-hearted Fiend,
More hideous when thou shew'st thee in a Child,
Then the Sea-monster.

Alb. Pray Sir be patient.

Lear. Detested Kite, thou lyeſt.
My Trainee are men of choice, and rareſt parts,
That all particulars of dutie know,
And in the moſt exact regard, ſupport
The worſhips of their name. O moſt ſmall fault,
How ugly did'st thou in *Cordelia* ſhew ?
Which like an Engine, wrenched my frame of Nature
From the fixt place : drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O *Lear, Lear, Lear !*
Beate at this gate that let thy Folly in,
And thy deere Judgement out. Go, go, my people.

Alb. My Lord, I am guiltleſſe, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be ſo, my Lord.
Heare Nature, heare deere Goddeſſe, heare :
Suspend thy purpoſe, if thou did'st intend
To make this Creature fruitfull :
Into her Wombe convey ſtirrility,
Drie up in her the Organs of increaſe,
And from her derogate body, never ſpring
A Babe to honor her. If ſhe muſt teeme,
Create her childe of Spleene, that it may live
And be a thwart diſnatur'd torment to her.
Let it ſtampe wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent Teares fret Channels in her cheekes,
Turne all her Mothers paines, and benefits
To laughter, and contempt : That ſhe may feele,

How sharper then a Serpents tooth it is,
To have a thanklesse Childe. Away, away.

Exit.

Alb. Now Gods that we adore,
Whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict your selfe to know more of it :
But let his disposition have that scope
As dotage gives it.

Enter Lear.

Lear. What fiftie of my Followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. Ile tell thee :
Life and death, I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus,
That these hot teares, which breake from me perforce
Should make thee worth them.
Blastes and Fogges upon thee :
Th'untented woundings of a Fathers curse
Pierce everie sense about thee. Old fond eyes,
Beweepe this cause againe, Ile plucke ye out,
And cast you with the waters that you loose
To temper Clay. Ha? Let it be so.
I have another daughter,
Who I am sure is kinde and comfortable :
When she shall heare this of thee, with her nailes
Shee'l flea thy Wolvish visage. Thou shalt finde,
That Ile resume the shape which thou dost thinke
I have cast off for ever.

Exit.

Gon. Do you marke that?

Alb. I cannot be so partiall *Gonerill*,
To the great love I beare you.

Gon. Pray you content. What *Oswald*, hoa?
You Sir, more knave then Foole, after your Master.

Foole. Nunkle *Lear*, Nunkle *Lear*,

Tarry, take the Foole with thee :
A Fox, when one has caught her,
And such a Daughter,
Should sure to the Slaughter,
If my Cap would buy a Halter,
So the Foole followes after.

Exit.

Gon. This man hath had good Counsell,
A hundred Knights?
'Tis politike, and safe to let him keepe
At point a hundred Knights : yes, that on everie dreame,
Each buz, each fancie, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powres,
And hold our lives in mercy. *Oswald*, I say.

Alb. Well, you may feare too farre.

Gon. Safer then trust too farre
Let me still take away the harmes I feare,
Not feare still to be taken. I know his heart,
What he hath utter'd I have writ my Sister :
If she sustaine him, and his hundred Knights
When I have shew'd th'unfitnesse.

Enter Steward.

How now *Oswald*?

What have you writ that Letter to my Sister !

Stew. I Madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse,
Informe her full of my particular feare,
And thereto adde such reasons of your owne,
As may compact it more. Get you gone,
And hasten your returne ; no, no, my Lord,
This milky gentlenesse, and course of yours
Though I condemne not, yet under pardon
You are much more at task for want of wisdomes,
Then prais'd for harmefull mildnesse.

Alb. How farre your eies may pierce I cannot tell ;

Striving to better, oft we marre what's well.

Gon. Nay then——

Alb. Well, well, the'vent.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Foole.

Lear. Go you before to *Gloster* with these Letters; acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter, if your Dilligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleepe my Lord, till I have delivered your Letter. *Exit.*

Foole. If a mans braines were in's heeles, wert not in danger of kybes?

Lear. I Boy.

Foole. Then I prythee be merry, thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shalt see thy other Daughter will use thee kindly, for though she's as like this, as a Crabbe's like an Apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What can'st tell Boy?

Foole. She will taste as like as this as, a Crabbe do's to a Crab: thou canst tell why ones nose stands i'th'middle on's face?

Lear. No.

Foole. Why to keepe ones eyes of either side's nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Foole. Can'st tell how an Oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Foole. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snail ha's a house.

Lear. Why?

Foole. Why to put's head in, not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horses without a case.

Lear. I will forget my Nature, so kind a Father? Be my Horses ready?

Foole. Thy Asses are gone about 'em; the reason why the seven Starres are no mo then seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Foole. Yes indeed, thou would'st make a good Foole.

Lear. To tak't againe perforce; Monster Ingratitude!

Foole. If thou wert my Foole Nunckle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Foole. Thou shouldst not have bin old, till thou hadst bin wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad sweet Heaven: keepe me in temper, I would not be mad. How now are the Horses ready?

Gent. Ready my Lord.

Lear. Come Boy.

Foole. She that's a Maid now, & laughs at my departure Shall not be a Maid long, unlesse things be cut shorter.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Bastard, and Curan, severally.

Bast. Save thee Curan.

Cur. And you Sir, I have bin
With your Father, and given him notice
That the Duke of *Cornwall*, and *Regan* his Duchesse
Will be here with him this night.

Bast. How comes that?

Cur. Nay I know not, you have heard of the newes abroad, I

meane the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments.

Bast. Not I : pray you what are they ?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely Warres toward,
'Twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall*, and *Albany* ?

Bast. Not a word.

Cnr. You may do then in time.

Fare you well Sir.

Exit.

Bast. The Duke be here to night ? The better best,
This weaves it selfe perforce into my businesse,
My Father hath set guard to take my Brother,
And I have one thing of a queazie question
Which I must act, Briefenesse, and Fortune worke.

Enter Edgar.

Brother, a word, descend ; Brother I say,
My Father watches : O Sir, fly this place,
Intelligence is given where you are hid ;
You have now the good advantage of the night,
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of *Cornwall* ?
Hee's comming hither, now i'th'night, i'th'haste,
And *Regan* with him, have you nothing said
Upon his partie 'gainst the Duke of *Albany* ?
Advise your selfe.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Bast. I heare my Father comming, pardon me :
In cunning, I must draw my Sword upon you :
Draw, seeme to defend your selfe,
Now quit you well.

Yeeld, come before my Father, light hoa, here,
Fly Brother, Torches, Torches, so farewell.
Some blood drawne on me, would beget opinion
Of my more fierce endeavour. I have seene drunkards
Do more then this in sport ; Father, Father,
Stop, stop, no helpe ?

Exit Edgar.

Enter Gloster, and Servants with Torches.

Glo. Now *Edmund*, where's the villaine ?

Bast. Here stood he in the dark, his sharpe Sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charmes, conjuring the Moone
To stand auspicious Mistris.

Glo. But where is he ?

Bast. Looke Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villaine, *Edmund* ?

Bast. Fled this way Sir, when by no meanes he could.

Glo. Pursue him, ho : go after. By no meanes, what ?

Bast. Perswade me to the murther of your Lordship.

But that I told him the revenging Gods,
'Gainst Paricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold, and strong a Bond
The Child was bound to'th'Father ; Sir in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
To his unnaturall purpose, in fell motion
With his prepared Sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, latch'd mine arme ;
And when he saw my best alarum'd spirits
Bold in the quarrels right, rous'd to th'encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noyse I made,
Full sodainely he fled.

Glost. Let him fly farre :

Not in this land shall he remaine uncaught
And found ; dispatch, the Noble Duke my Master,
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,
By his authoritie I will proclaime it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous Coward to the stake :
He that conceales him death.

Bast. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to doe it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him : he replied,

Thou unpossessing Bastard, dost thou thinke,
 If I would stand against thee, would the reposall
 Of any trust, vertue, or worth in thee
 Make thy words faith'd? No, what should I denie,
 (As this I would, though thou didst produce
 My very Character) I'd turne it all
 To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practise :
 And thou must make a dullard of the world,
 If they not thought the profits of my death
 Were very pregnant and potentiall spirits
 To make thee seeke it. *Tucket within.*

Glo. O strange and fastned Villaine,
 Would he deny his Letter, said he?
 Harke, the Dukes Trumpets, I know not wher he comes ;
 All Ports Ile barre, the villaine shall not scape,
 The Duke must grant me that : besides, his picture
 I will send farre and neere, that all the kingdome
 May have due note of him, and of my land,
 (Loyall and naturall Boy) Ile work the meanes
 To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now my Noble friend, since I came hither
 (Which I call but now,) I have heard strangenessse.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
 Which can pursue th'offender ; how dost my Lord?

Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

Reg. What, did my Fathers Godsonne seeke your life?
 He whom my Father nam'd, your *Edgar*?

Glo. O Lady, Lady, shame would have it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights
 That tended upon my Father?

Glo. I know not Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.

Bast. Yes Madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvaile then, though he were ill affected,

'Tis they have put him on the old mans death,
 To have th'expence and wast of his Revenues :
 I have this present evening from my Sister
 Beene well inform'd of them, and with such cautions,
 That if they come to sojourn at my house,
 Ile not be there.

Cor. Nor I, assure thee *Regan* ;
Edmund, I heare that you have shewne your Father
 A Child-like Office.

Bast. It was my duty Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practise, and receiv'd
 This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Cor. Is he pursued ?

Glo. I my good Lord.

Cor. If he be taken, he shall never more
 Be fear'd of doing harme, make your owne purpose,
 How in my strength you please : for you *Edmund*,
 Whose vertue and obedience doth this instant
 So much commend it selfe, you shall be ours,
 Nature's of such deepe trust, we shall much need :
 You we first seize on.

Bast. I shall serve you Sir truely, how ever else.

Glo. For him I thanke your Grace.

Cor. You know not why we came to visit you ?

Reg. This out of season, thredde darke ey'd night,
 Occasions Noble *Gloster* of some prize,
 Wherein we must have use of your advise.
 Our Father he hath writ, so hath our Sister,
 Of differences, which I best thought it fit
 To answeere from our home : the severall Messengers
 From hence attend dispatch, our good old Friend,
 Lay comforts to your bosome, and bestow
 Your needfull counsaile to our businesses,
 Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you Madam,
 Your Graces are right welcome.

Exeunt. Flourish.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Kent, and Steward severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee Friend, art of this house?

Kent. I.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I'th'myre.

Stew. Prythee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Ste. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury* Pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Ste. Why do'st thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Ste. What do'st thou know me for?

Kent. A Knave, a Rascall, an eater of broken meates, a base, proud, shallow, beggerly, three - suited - hundred pound, filthy woosted-stocking knave, a Lilly-livered, action-taking, whoreson glasse-gazing super-serviceable sinicall Rogue, one Trunke-inheriting slave, one that would'st be a Baud in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a Knave, Begger, Coward, Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungrill Bitch, one whom I will beate into clamours whining, if thou deny'st the least sillable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous Fellow art thou, thus to raile on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee?

Kent. What a brazen - fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me? Is it two dayes since I tript up thy heeles, and beate thee before the King? Draw you rogue, for though it be night, yet the Moone shines, Ile make a sop oth' Moonshine of you, you whoreson Cullyenly Barber-monger, draw.

Stew. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw you Rascall, you come with Letters against the King, and take Vanitie the puppets part, against the Royaltie of

her Father : draw you Rogue, or Ile so carbonado your shanks,
draw you Rascall, come your waies.

Ste. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent. Strike you slave : stand rogue, stand you neat slave,
strike.

Stew. Helpe hoa, murther, murther.

Enter Bastard, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Servants.

Bast. How now, what's the matter ? Part.

Kent. With you goodman Boy, if you please, come, Ile flesh
ye, come on yong Master.

Glo. Weapons ? Armes ? what's the matter here ?

Cor. Keepe peace upon your lives, he dies that strikes againe,
what is the matter ?

Reg. The Messengers from our Sister, and the King.

Cor. What is your difference, speake ?

Stew. I am scarce in breath my Lord.

Kent. No Marvell, you have so bestir'd your valour, you
cowardly Rascall, nature disclaimes in thee : a Taylor made thee.

Cor. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man ?

Kent. A Taylor Sir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could not
have made him so ill, though they had bin but two yeares
oth'trade.

Cor. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell ?

Ste. This ancient Ruffian Sir, whose life I have spar'd at sute
of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whoreson Zed, thou unnecessary letter : my Lord,
if you will give me leave, I will tread this unboulded villaine into
morter, and daube the wall of a Jakes with him. Spare my grey-
beard, you wagtaile ?

Cor. Peace sirrah,
You beastly knave, know you no reverence ?

Kent. Yes Sir, but anger hath a priviledge.

Cor. Why art thou angrie ?

Kent. That such a slave as this should weare a Sword,

Who weares no honesty : such smiling rogues as these,
 Like Rats oft bite the holy cords a twaine,
 Which are t'intrince, t'unloose : smooth every passion
 That in the natures of their Lords rebell,
 Being oile to fire, snow to the colder moodes,
 Revenge, affirme, and turne their Halcion beakes
 With every gall, and varly of their Masters,
 Knowing naught (like dogges) but following:
 A plague upon your Epilepticke visage,
 Smoile you my speeches, as I were a Foole?
 Goose, if I had you upon *Sarum* Plaine,
 I'd drive ye cackling home to *Camelot*.

Corn. What art thou mad old Fellow?

Glost. How fell you out, say that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
 Then I, and such a knave.

Corn. Why do'st thou call him Knave?
 What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more perchance do's mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plaine,
 I have seene better faces in my time,
 Then stands on any shoulder that I see
 Before me, at this instant.

Corn. This is some Fellow,
 Who having beene prais'd for bluntnesse, doth affect
 A saucy roughnes, and constraines the garb
 Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter he,
 An honest mind and plaine, he must speake truth,
 And they will take it so, if not, hee's plaine.
 These kind of Knaves I know, which in this plainnesse
 Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
 Then twenty silly ducking observants,
 That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,

Under th'allowance of your great aspect,
Whose influence like the wreath of radiant fire
On flicking *Phæbus* front.

Corn. What mean'st by this ?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much ; I know Sir, I am no flatterer, he that beguild you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knave, which for my part I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me too't.

Corn. What was th'offence you gave him ?

Ste. I never gave him any :

It pleas'd the King his Master very late
To strike at me upon his misconstruction,
When he compact, and flattering his displeasure
Tript me behind : being downe, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deale of Man,
That worthied him, got praises of the King,
For him attempting, who was selfe-subdued,
And in the fleshment of this dead exploit,
Drew on me here againe.

Kent. None of these Rogues, and Cowards
But *Ajax* is there Foole.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks ?
You stubborne ancient Knave, you reverent Bragart,
Wee'l teach you.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learne :
Call not your Stocks for me, I serve the King.
On whose employement I was sent to you,
You shall doe small respects, show too bold malice
Against the Grace, and Person of my Master,
Stocking his Messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks ;
As I have life and Honour, there shall he sit till Noone.

Reg. Till noone ? till night my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his Knave, I will. *Stocks brought out.*

Cor. This is a fellow of the selfe same colour,
Our Sister speakes of. Come, bring away the Stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your Grace, not to do so,
The King his Master, needs must take it ill
That he so slightly valued in his Messenger,
Should have him thus restrained.

Cor. Ile answere that.

Reg. My Sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her Gentleman abus'd, assaulted.

Corn. Come my Lord, away. *Exit.*

Glo. I am sorry for thee friend, 'tis the Duke pleasure,
Whose disposition all the world well knowes
Will not be rub'd nor stopt, Ile entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray do not Sir, I have watch'd and travail'd hard,
Some time I shall sleepe out, the rest Ile whistle.
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles :
Give you good morrow.

Glo. The Duke's too blame in this,
'Twill be ill taken. *Exit.*

Kent. Good King, that must approve the common saw,
Thou out of Heavens benediction com'st
To the warme Sun.

Approach thou Beacon to this under Globe,
That by thy comfortable Beames I may
Peruse this Letter. Nothing almost sees miracles
But miserie. I know 'tis from *Cordelia*,
Who hath most fortunately beene inform'd
Of my obscured course. And shall finde time
From this enormous State, seeking to give
Losses their remedies. All weary and o're-watch'd,
Take vantage heavie eyes, not to behold
This shamefull lodging. Fortune goodnight,
Smile once more, turne thy wheele.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard my selfe proclaim'd,
 And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
 Escap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place
 That guard, and most unusall vigilance
 Do's not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape
 I will preserve myselfe: and am bethought
 To take the basest, and most poorest shape
 That ever penury in contempt of man,
 Brought neere to beast; my face Ile grime with filth,
 Blanket my loines, elfe all my haire in knots,
 And with presented nakednesse out-face
 The Windes, and persecutions of the skie;
 The Country gives me prooffe, and president
 Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voices,
 Strike in their num'd and mortified Armes,
 Pins, Wodden-prickes, Nayles, Sprigs of Rosemarie:
 And with this horrible object, from low Farmes,
 Poore pelting Villages, Sheeps-Coates, and Milles,
 Sometimes with Lunaticke bans, sometime with Praiers
 Inforce their charitie: poore *Turlygod*, poore *Tom*,
 That's something yet: *Edgar* I nothing am. *Exit.*

Enter Lear, Foole, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
 And not send backe my Messengers.

Gent. As I learn'd,
 The night before, there was no purpose in them
 Of this remove.

Kent. Haile to thee Noble Master.

Lear. Ha? Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No my Lord.

Foole. Hah, ha, he weares Cruell Garters Horſes are tide by
 the heads, Dogges and Beares by'th'necke, Monckies by'th'

loynes, and Men by'th'legs : when a man overlustie at legs, then he weares wodden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he,
That hath so much thy place mistooke
To set thee heere ?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your Son, and Daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No I say.

Kent. I say yea.

Lear. By *Jupiter* I sweare no.

Kent. By *Juno*, I sweare I.

Lear. They durst not do't :
They could not, would not do't : 'tis worse then murther,
To do upon respect such violent outrage :
Resolve me with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose this usage,
Comming from us.

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highnesse Letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place, that shewed
My dutie kneeling, came there a reeking Poste,
Stew'd in his haste, halfe breathlesse, painting forth
From *Gonerill* his Mistris, salutations ;
Deliver'd Letters spight of intermission,
Which presently they read ; on those contents
They summon'd up their meiney, straight tooke Horse,
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer, gave me cold lookes,
And meeting heere the other Messenger,
Whose welcome I perceiv'd had poison'd mine,
Being the very fellow which of late
Displaid so sawcily against your Highnesse,
Having more man then wit about me, drew ;

He rais'd the house, with loud and coward cries,
Your Sonne and daughter found this trespasse worth
The shame which heere it suffers.

Foole. Winters not gon yet, if the wil'd Geese fly that way,
Fathers that weare rags, do make their Children blind,
But Fathers that beare bags, shall see their children kind.
Fortune that arrant whore nere turns the key toth'poore,
But for all this thou shalt have as many Dolors for thy
Daughters, as thou canst tell in a yeare.

Lear. Oh how this Mother swels up toward my heart!
Historica passio, downe thou climbing sorrow,
Thy Elements below where is this Daughter?

Kent. With the Earle Sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not, stay here.

Exit.

Gen. Made you no more offence,
But what you speake of?

Kent. None :

How chance the King comes with so small a number?

Foole. And thou hadst beene set i'th'Stockes for that question,
thoud'st well deserv'd it.

Kent. Why Foole?

Foole. Wee'l set thee to schoole to an Ant, to teach thee ther's
no labouring i'th'winter. All that follow their noses, are led by
their eyes, but blinde men, and there's not a nose among twenty,
but can smell him that's stinking; let go thy hold, when a great
wheele runs downe a hill, least it breake thy necke with follow-
ing. But the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after :
when a wiseman gives thee better counsell give me mine againe, I
would have none but knaves follow it, since a Foole gives it.
That Sir, which serves and seekes for gaine,
And followes but for forme ;
Will packe, when it begins to raine.
And leave thee in the storme.
But I will tarry, the Foole will stay,
And let the wiseman flie :

The knave turnes Foole that runnes away,
The Foole no knave perdie.

Enter Lear, and Gloster.

Kent. Where learn'd you this Foole ?

Foole. Not i'th' Stocks Foole.

Lear. Deny to speake with me ?

They are sicke, they are weary,
They have travail'd all the night ? meere fetches,
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My deere Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How unremoveable and fixt he is
In his owne course.

Lear. Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confusion :
Fiery ? What quality ? Why *Gloster, Gloster,*
I'd speake with the Duke of *Cornewall*, and his wife.

Glo. Well my good Lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them ? Do'st thou understand me man.

Glo. I my good Lord.

Lear. The king would speake with *Cornwall*,
The deere Father
Would with his Daughter speake, commands, tends, service,
Are they inform'd of this ? My breath and blood :
Fiery ? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that——
No, but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmitie doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound, we are not our selves,
When Nature being opprest, commands the mind
To suffer with the body ; Ile forbear,
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit,
For the sound man. Death on my state : wherefore
Should he sit heere ? This act perswades me,

That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practise only. Give me my Servant forth ;
Goe tell the Duke, and's wife, Il'd speake with them :
Now, presently : bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their Chamber doore Ile beate the Drum,
Till it crie sleepe to death.

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. *Exit.*

Lear. Oh me my heart ! My rising heart ! But downe.

Foole. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cockney did to the Eeles,
when she put 'em i'th'Paste alive, she knapt 'em o'th'coxcombs
with a sticke, and cried downe wantons, downe ; 'twas her
Brother, that in pure kindnesse to his Horse buttered his Hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Haile to your Grace. *Kent here set at liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to see your Highnesse.

Lear. *Regan*, I thinke you are. I know what reason
I have to thinke so, if thou should'st not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy Mother Tombe,
Sepulchring an Adultresse. O are you free ?
Some other time for that. Beloved *Regan*,
Thy Sisters naught : oh *Regan*, she hath tied
Sharpe-tooth'd unkindnesse, like a vulture heere,
I can scarce speake to thee, thou'lt not beleeve
With how deprav'd a quality. Oh *Regan*.

Reg. I pray you Sir, take patience, I have hope
You lesse know how to value her desert,
Then she to scant her dutie.

Lear. Say ? How is that ?

Reg. I cannot thinke my sister in the least
Would faile her Obligation. If Sir perchance
She have restrained the Riots of your Followres,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As cleeres her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her.

Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you stands on the very Verge
Of his confine : you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discernes your state
Better then you your selfe : therefore I pray you,
That to our Sister, you do make returne,
Say you have wrong'd her.

Lear. Aske her forgivenessse ?
Do you but marke how this becomes the house ?
Deere daughter, I confesse that I am old ;
Age is unnecessary : on my knees I begge,
That you'l vouchsafe me Rayment, Bed, and Food.
Reg. Good Sir, no more : these are unsightly trickes :
Returne you to my Sister.

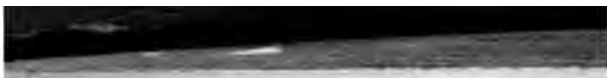
Lear. Never *Regan* :
She hath abated me of halfe my Traine ;
Look'd blacke upon me, strooke me with her Tongue
Most Serpent-like, upon the very Heart.
All the stor'd Vengeances of Heaven, fall
On her ingratefull top : strike her yong bones
You taking Ayres, with Lamenesse.

Corn. Fye sir, fie.

Le. You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornfull eyes : Infect her Beauty,
You Fen-suck'd Fogges, drawne by the powrfull Sunne,
T'o fall, and blister.

Reg. O the blest Gods !
So will you wish on me, when the rash moode is on.

Lear. No *Regan*, thou shalt never have my curse :
Thy tender-hefted Nature shall not give
Thee o're to harshnesse : Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burne. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my Traine,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,



And in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my comming in. Thou better know'st
The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood,
Effects of Curtesie, dues of Gratitude :
Thy halfe o'th' Kingdome hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good Sir, to'th' purpose.

Trumpet within.

Lear. Who put my man i'th'Stockes ?

Enter Steward.

Corn.

What Trumpet's that ?

Reg. I know't, my Sisters : this approves her Letter,
That she would soone be heere. Is your Lady come ?

Lear. This is a Slave, whose easie borrowed pride
Dwels in the sickly grace of her he followes.
Out Varlet, from my sight.

Corn.

What meanes your Grace ?

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. Who stockt my Servant ? *Regan,* I have good hope
Thou did'st not know on't.

Who comes here ? O Heavens !

If you do love old men ; if your sweet sway
Allow Obedience ; if you your selves are old,
Make it your cause : Send downe, and take my part.

Art not asham'd to looke upon this Beard ?

O *Regan,* will you take her by the hand ?

Gon. Why not by'th'hand Sir ? How have I offended ?
All's not offence that indiscretion findes,
And dotage termes so.

Lear. O sides, you are too tough !
Will you yet hold ?

How came my man i'th'Stockes ?

Corn. I set him there, Sir : but his owne Disorders
Deserv'd much lesse advancement.

Lear. You? Did you?

Reg. I pray you Father being weake, seeme so.
If till the expiration of your Moneth
You will returne and sojourn with my Sister,
Dismissing halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needfull for your entertainment.

Lear. Returne to her? and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofes, and chuse
To wage against the enmity oth'ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe, and Owle,
Necessities sharpe pinch. Returne with her?
Why the hot-bloodied *France*, that dowerlesse tooke
Our youngest borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his Throne, and Squire-like pension beg,
To keepe base life a foote; returne with her?
Perswade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groome.

Gon. At your choice Sir.

Lear. I prythee Daughter do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee my Child: farewell:
Wee'l no more meete, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my Daughter,
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine. Thou art a Byle,
A plague sore, or imbossed Carbuncle
In my corrupted blood. But Ile not chide thee,
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it,
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer shoote,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging *Jove*,
Mend when thou can'st, be better at thy leisure,
I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Not altogether so,
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided



For your fit welcome, give eare Sir to my Sister,
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to thinke you old, and so,
But she knowes what she doe's.

Lear. Is this well spoken ?

Reg. I dare avouch it Sir, what fifty Followers ?
Is it not well ? What should you need of more ?
Yea, or so many ? Sith that both charge and danger,
Speake 'gainst so great a number ? How in one house
Should many people, under two commands
Hold amity ? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you my Lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls Servants, or from mine ?

Reg. Why not my Lord ?
If then they chanc'd to slacke ye,
We could comptroll them ; if you will come to me,
(For now I spie a danger) I entreate you
To bring but five and twentie, to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all.

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my Guardians, my Depositaries,
But kept a reservation to be followed
With such a number ? What, must I come to you
With five and twenty ? *Regan*, said you so ?

Reg. And speak't againe my Lord, no more with me.

Lea. Those wicked Creatures yet do look wel favor'd
When others are more wicked, not being the worst
Stands in some ranke of praise, Ile go with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her Love.

Gon. Heare me my Lord ;
What need you five and twenty ? Ten ? Or five ?
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you ?

Reg. What need one ?

Lear. O reason not the need : our basest Beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous,
Allow not Nature, more then Nature needs :
Mans life is cheape as Beastes. Thou art a Lady ;
If onely to go warme were gorgeous,
Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keepes thee warme, but for true need :
You Heavens, give me that patience, patience I need,
You see me heere (you Gods) a poore old man,
As full of griefe as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that stirres these Daughters hearts
Against their Father, foole me not so much,
To beare it tamely : touch me with Noble anger,
And let not womens weapons, water drops,
Staine my mans cheekes. No you unnaturall Hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,
What they are yet, I know not, but they shalbe
The terrors of the earth ? you thinke Ile weepe,
No, Ile not weepe, I have full cause of weeping.

Storme and Tempest.

But this heart shal break into a hundred thousand flaws
Or ere Ile weepe ; O Foole, I shall go mad.

Exeunt.

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a Storme.

Reg. This house is little, the old man an'ds people,
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his owne blame hath put himselfe from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, Ile receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my Lord of *Gloster* ?

Enter Gloster.

Corn. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.

Glo. The King is in high rage.

Corn. Whether is he going?

Glo. He calls to Horse, but will I know not whether.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way, he leads himselfe.

Gon. My Lord, entreate him by no meanes to stay.

Glo. Alacke the night comes on, and the high winde
Do sorely ruffle, for many Miles about
There's scarce a Bush.

Reg. O Sir, to wilfull men,
The injuries that they themselves procure,
Must be their Schoole-Masters: shut up your doores,
He is attended with a desperate traine,
And what they may incense him too, being apt,
To have his eare abus'd, wisdom bids feare.

Cor. Shut up your doores my Lord, 'tis a wil'd night,
My *Regan* counsels well: come out oth'sorme. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Storme still. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, severally.

Kent. Who's there besides foule weather?

Gen. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you: Where's the King?

Gen. Contending with the fretfull Elements;
Bids the winde blow the Earth into the Sea,
Or swell the curled Waters 'bove the Maine,
That things might change, or cease.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gen. None but the Foole, who labours to out-jest
His heart-strooke injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare upon the warrant of my note
Commend a deere thing to you. There is division
(Although as yet the face of it is cover'd

With mutuall cunning) 'twixt Albany, and Cornwall ;
Who have, as who have not, that their great Starres
Thron'd and set high ; Servants, who seeme no lesse,
Which are to France the Spies and Speculations
Intelligent of our State. What hath bin seene,
Either in snuffes, and packings of the Dukes,
Or the hard Reine which both of them hath borne
Against the old kinde King ; or something deeper,
Whereof (perchance) these are but furnishings.

Gent. I will talke further with you.

Kent.

No, do not :

For confirmation that I am much more
Then my out-wall ; open this Purse, and take
What it containes. If you shall see *Cordelia*,
(As feare not but you shall) shew her this Ring,
And she will tell you who that Fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fye on this Storme,
I will go seeke the King.

Gent. Give me your hand,

Have you no more to say ?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet ;
That when we have found the King, in which your pain
That way, Ile this : He that first lights on him,
Holla the other.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Storme still. Enter Lear, and Foole.

Lear. Blow windes, & crack your cheeks ; Rage, blow
You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's spout,
Till you have drench'd our Steeples,' drown the Cockes.
You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,
Vaunt-curriers of Oake-cleaving Thunder-bolts,
Sindge my white head. And thou all-shaking Thunder,



Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th'world,
Cracke Natures moulds, all germaines spill at once
That makes ingratefull Man.

Foole. O Nunkle, Court holy-water in a dry house, is better
then this Rain-water out o'doore. Good Nunkle, in, aske thy
Daughters blessing, heere's a night pitties neither Wisemen, nor
Foolles.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full : spit Fire, spowt Raine :
Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters ;
I taxe not you, you Elements with unkindnesse.
I never gave you Kingdome, call'd you Children ;
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure. Heere I stand your Slave,
A poore, infirme, weake, and dispis'd old man :
But yet I call you Servile Ministers,
That will with two pernicious Daughters joyne
Your high-engender'd Battailes, 'gainst a head
So old, and white as this. O, ho ! 'tis foule.

Foole. He that has a house to put's head in, has a good
Head-peece :
The Codpiece that will house, before the head has any ;
The Head, and he shall Lowse : so Beggars marry many.
The man that makes his Toe, what he his Hart shold make,
Shall of a Corne cry woe, and turne his sleepe to wake.

For there was never yet faire woman, but shee made mouthes
in a glasse.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the patterne of all patience,
I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there ?

Foole. Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a Wiseman,
and a Foole.

Kent. Alas Sir are you here ? Things that love night,
Love not such nights as these : The wrathfull Skies

Gallow the very wanderers of the darke
 And make them keepe their Caves : Since I was man,
 Such sheets of Fire, such bursts of horrid Thunder,
 Such groanes of roaring Winde, and Raine, I never
 Remember to have heard. Mans Nature cannot carry
 Th'affliction, nor the feare.

Lear. Let the great Goddes
 That keepe this dreadfull pudder o're our heads,
 Finde out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
 That hast within thee undivulged Crimes
 Unwhipt of Justice. Hide thee, thou Bloudy hand ;
 Thou Perjur'd, and thou Simular of Vertue
 That art Incestuous. Caytiffe, to peeces shake
 That under covert, and convenient seeming
 Ha's practis'd on mans life. Close pent-up guilt,
 Rive your concealing Continenta, and cry
 These dreadfull Summoners grace. I am a man,
 More sinn'd against, then sinning.

Kent. Alacke, bare-headed ?
 Gracious my Lord, hard by heere is a Hovell,
 Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the Tempest :
 Repose you there, while I to this hard house,
 (More harder then the stones whereof 'tis rais'd,
 Which even but now, demanding after you,
 Deny'd me to come in) returne, and force
 Their scantied curtesie.

Lear. My wits begin to turne.
 Come on my boy. How dost my boy ? Art cold ?
 I am cold my selfe. Where is this straw, my Fellow ?
 The Art of our Necessities is strange,
 And can make vilde things precious. Come, your Hovel ;
 Poore Foole, and Knave, I have one part in my heart
 That's sorry yet for thee.

Foole. He that has and a little-tyne wit,
 With heigh-ho, the Winde and the Raine,



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Must make content with his Fortunes fit,
Though the Raine it raineth every day.

Lc. True Boy : Come bring us to this Hovell.

Exit.

Foole. This is a brave night to coole a Curtizan :

He speake a Prophetie ere I go :

When Priests are more in word, then matter ;

When Brewers marre their Malt with water ;

When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors ;

No Heretiques burn'd, but wenches Sutors ;

When every Case in Law, is right ;

No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight ;

When Slanders do not live in Tongues ;

Nor Cut-purses come not to throngs ;

When Usurers tell their Gold i'th' Field,

And Baudeas, and whores, do Churches build,

Then shal the Realme of *Albion*, come to great confusion :

Then comes the time, who lives to see't,

That going shalbe us'd with feet.

This prophecie *Merlin* shall make, for I live before his time.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gloster, and Edmund.

Glo. Alacke, alacke *Edmund*, I like not this unnaturall dealing ; when I desired their leave that I might pity him, they tooke from me the use of mine owne house, charg'd me on paine of perpetuall displeasure, neither to speake of him, entreat for him, or any way sustaine him.

Bast. Most savage and unnaturall.

Glo. Go too ; say you nothing. There is division betweene the Dukes, and a worse matter then that : I have received a Letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken, I have lock'd the Letter in my Closset, these injuries the King now beares, will be

revenged home ; ther is part of a Power already footed, we must incline to the King, I will looke him, and privily relieve him ; goe you and maintaine talke with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceived ; If he aske for me, I am ill, and gone to bed, if I die for it, (as no lesse is threatned me) the King my old Master must be relieved. There is strange things toward *Edmund*, pray you be carefull. *Exit.*

Bast. This Curtesie forbid thee, shall the Duke Instantly know, and of that Letter too ; This seemes a faire deserving, and must draw me That which my Father looses : no lesse then all, The yonger rises, when the old doth fall. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter, The tirrany of the open night's too rough For Nature to endure. *Storme still.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord enter heere.

Lear. Wilt breake my heart ?

Kent. I had rather breake mine owne, Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storme Invades us to the skin so : 'tis to thee, But where the greater malady is fixt, The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a Beare, But if they flight lay toward the roaring Sea, Thou'dst meete the Beare i'th'mouth, when the mind's free, The bodies delicate : the tempest in my mind, Doth from my sences take all feeling else, Save what beates there, Filliall ingratitude, Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand



For lifting food too't? But I will punish home ;
No, I will weepe no more : in such a night,
To shut me out? Poure on, I will endure :
In such a night as this? O *Regan, Gonerill*,
Your old kind Father, whose franke heart gave all,
O that way madnesse lies, let me shun that :
No more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter here.

Lear. Prythee go in thy selfe, seeke thine owne ease,
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but Ile goe in,
In Boy, go first. You houselesse povertie,
Nay get thee in ; Ile pray, and then Ile sleepe.
Poore naked wretches, where so ere you are
That bide the pelting of this pittillesse storme,
How shall your House-lesse heads, and unfed sides,
Your lop'd, and window'd raggednesse defend you
From seasons such as these? O I have tane
Too little care of this : Take Physicke, Pompe,
Expose thy selfe to feele what wretches feele,
That thou maist shake the superflux to them,
And shew the Heavens more just.

Exit.

Enter Edgar, and Foole.

Edg. Fathom, and halfe, Fathom and halfe, poor *Tom*.

Foole. Come not in heere Nuncle, here's a spirite, helpe me,
helpe me.

Kent. Give me thy hand, who's there ?

Foole. A spirite, a spirite, he sayes his name's poore *Tom*.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i'th'straw ?
Come forth.

Edg. Away, the foule Fiend followes me, through the sharpe
Hauthorne blow the winde. Humh, goe to thy bed and warme
thee.

Lear. Did'st thou give all to thy Daughters? And art thou
come to this?

Edgar. Who gives any thing to poore *Tom*? Whom the foule fiend hath led though Fire, and through Flame, through Sword, and Whirle-Poole, o're Bog, and Quagmire, that hath laid Knives under his Pillow, and Halters in his Pue, set Ratsbane by his Porredge, made him Proud of heart, to ride on a Bay trotting Horse, over foure incht Bridges, to course his own shadow for a Traitor. Blisse thy five Wits, *Toms* a cold. O do, de, do, de, do de, blisse thee from Whirle-Windes, Starre-blasting, and taking, do poore *Tom* some charitie, whom the foule Fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and there againe, and there. *Storme still.*

Lear. Ha's his Daughters brought him to this passe? Could'st thou save nothing? Would'st thou give 'em all?

Foole. Nay, he reserv'd a Blanket, else we had bin all sham'd.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre Hang fated o're mens faults, light on thy Daughters.

Kent. He hath no Daughters Sir.

Lear. Death Traitor, nothing could have subdu'd Nature To such a lownesse, but his unkind Daughters. It is the fashion, that discarded Fathers, Should have thus little mercy on their flesh: Judicious punishment, 'twas this flesh begot Those Pelicane Daughters

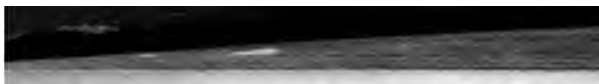
Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock hill, alow: alow, loo, loo.

Foole. This cold night will turne us all to Fooles, and Madmen.

Edgar Take heed o'th'foole. Fiend, obey thy Parents, keepe thy words Justice, swear not, commit not, with mans sworne Spouse; set not thy Sweet-heart on proud array. *Tom's* a cold.

Lear. What hast thou bin?

Edg. A Servingman? Proud in heart, and minde; that curl'd my haire, wore Gloves in my cap; serv'd the Lust of my Mistris heart, and did the acte of darkenesse with her. Swore as many Oathes, as I spake words, & broke them in the sweet face



of Heaven. One, that slept in the contriving of Lust, and wak'd to doe it. Wine lov'd I deerely, Dice deerely ; and in Woman, out-Paramour'd the Turke. False of heart, light of eare, bloody of hand ; Hog in sloth, Foxe in stealth, Wolfe in greedinesse, Dog in madnes, Lyon in prey. Let not the creaking of shooes, Nor the rustling of Silkes, betray thy poore heart to woman. Keepe thy foote out of Brothels, thy hand out of Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Bookes, and defye the foule Fiend. Still through the Hawthorne blowes the cold winde : Sayes saum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my Boy, Boy *Sesey* : let him trot by.

Storme still.

Lear. Thou wert better in a Grave, then to answer with thy uncover'd body, this extremitie of the Skies. Is man no more then this ? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the Worme no Silke ; the Beast, no Hide ; the Sheepe, no Wooll, the Cat, no perfume. Ha ? Here's three on's are sophisticated. Thou art the thing it selfe ; unaccommodated man, is no more but such a poore, bare, forked Animall as thou art. Off, off you Lendings : Come, unbutton heere.

Enter Gloucester, with a Torch.

Foole. Prythee Nunckle be contented, 'tis a naughtie night to swimme in. Now a little fire in a wilde Field, were like an old Letchers heart, a small spark, all the rest on's body, cold : Looke, heere comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foule Flibbertigibbet ; hee begins at Curfew, and walkes at first Cocke : Hee gives the Web and the Pin, squints the eye, and makes the Hare-lippe ; Mildewes the white Wheate, and hurts the poore Creature of earth.

Switbold footed thrice the old,

He met the Night-Mare, and her nine-fold ;

Bid her a-light, and her troth-plight,

And aroynt thee Witch, aroynt thee.

Kent. How fares your Grace ?

Lear. What's he ?

Kent. Who's there ? What is't you seeke ?

Glou. What are you there ? Your Names ?

Edg. Poore Tom, that eates the swimming Frog, the Toad, the Tod-pole, the wall-Neut, and the water : that in the furie of his heart, when the foule Fiend rages, eats Cow-dung for Sallets : swallowes the old Rat, and the ditch-Dogge ; drinke the green Mantle of the standing Poole : who is whipt from Tything to Tything, and stockt, punish'd, and imprison'd : who hath three Suites to his backe, sixe shirts to his body :

Horse to ride, and weapon to weare :

But Mice, and Rats, and such small Deare,

Have bin Toms food, for seven long yeare :

Beware my Follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou Fiend.

Glou. What, hath your Grace no better company ?

Edg. The Prince of Darkenesse is a Gentleman. *Modo* he's call'd, and *Mabu*.

Glou. Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is growne so vilde, that it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poore Tom's a cold.

Glou. Go in with me ; my duty cannot suffer

T'obey in all your daughters hard commands :

Though their Injunction be to barre my doores,

And let this Tyrannous night take hold upon you,

Yet have I ventured to come seeke you out,

And bring you where both fire, and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talke with this Philosopher,

What is the cause of Thunder ?

Kent. Good my Lord take his offer,

Go into th'house.

Lear. Ile talke a word with this same lerned Theban :

What is your study ?

Edg. How to prevent the Fiend, and to kill Vermine.

Lear. Let me aske you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go my Lord,

His wits begin t'unsettle.



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Glow. Canst thou blame him? *Storm still.*
His Daughters seeke his death: Ah, that good Kent,
He said it would be thus: poore banish'd man:
Thou sayest the King growes mad, Ile tell thee Friend
I am almost mad my selfe. I had a Sonne,
Now out-law'd from my blood: he sought my life
But lately: very late: I lov'd him (Friend)
No Father his Sonne deerer: true to tell thee,
The greefe hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this?
I do beseech your grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir:
Noble Philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a cold.

Glow. In fellow there, into th'Hovel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keepe still with my Philosopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, sooth him:
Let him take the Fellow.

Glow. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirra, come on: go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glow. No words, no words, hush.

Edg. Childe Rowland to the darke Tower came,
His word was still, fie, foh, and fumme,
I smell the blood of a Brittainish man.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

Bast. How my Lord, I may be censured, that Nature thus
gives way to Loyaltie, something feares mee to thinke of.

Cornw. I now perceive, it was not altogether your Brothers evill disposition made him seeke his death: but a provoking merit set a-worke by a reprovablenesse in himselfe.

Bast. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just? This is the Letter which hee spoake of; which approves him an intelligent partie to the advantages of France. O Heavens! that this Treason were not; or not I the detector.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutchesse.

Bast. If the matter of this Paper be certain, you have mighty businesse in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earle of Gloucester: seeke out where thy Father is, that hee may bee ready for our apprehension.

Bast. If I finde him comforting the King, it will stuffe his suspection more fully. I will persevere in my course of Loyalty, though the conflict be sore betweene that, and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee: and thou shalt finde a deere Father in my love.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Kent, and Gloucester.

Glou. Heere is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully: I will peece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Exit.

Kent. All the powre of his wits, have given way to his impatience: the Gods reward your kindnesse.

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Foole.

Edg. *Fratrerretto* calls me, and tells me *Nero* is an Angler in the Lake of Darknesse: pray Innocent, and beware the foule Fiend.

Foole. Prythee Nunkle tell me, whether a madman be a Gentleman, or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King.



Foole. No, he's a Yeoman, that ha's a Gentleman to his Sonne : for hee's a mad Yeoman that sees his Sonne a Gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon 'em.

Edg. Blesse thy five wits.

Kent. O pittie : Sir, where is the patience now
That you so oft have boasted to retaine ?

Edg. My teares begin to take his part so much,
They marre my counterfetting.

Lear. The little dogges, and all ;
Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-heart : see, they barke at me.

Edg. Tom, will throw his head at them : Avaunt you
Curres, be thy mouth or blacke or white :

Tooth that poysons if it bite :

Mastiffe, Grey-hound, Mongrill, Grim,

Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or Hym :

Or Bobtaile tight, or Troudle taile,

Tom will make him weepe and waile,

For with throwing thus my head ;

Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de : see : Come, march to Wakes and Fayres,

And Market Townes : poore Tom thy horne is dry.

Lear. Then let them Anatomize *Regan* : See what breeds
about her heart. Is there any cause in Nature that make these
hard-hearts. You sir, I entertaine for one of my hundred ; only,
I do not like the fashion of your garments. You will say they
are Persian ; but let them bee chang'd.

Enter Gloster.

Kent. Now good my Lord, lye heere, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise, draw the Curtaines : so,
so, wee'l go to Supper i'th'morning.

Foole. And Ile go to bed at noone.

Glou. Come hither Friend :

Where is the King my Master ?

Kent. Here Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gon.

Glou. Good friend, I prythee take him in thy armes ;
I have ore-heard a plot of death upon him :
There is a Litter ready, lay him in't,
And drive toward Dover friend, where thou shalt meete
Both welcome, and protection. Take up thy Master,
If thou should'st dally halfe an houre, his life
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured losse. Take up, take up,
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quicke conduct. Come, come, away. *Exeunt.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Bastard, and Servants.

Corn. Poste speedily to my Lord your husband, shew him this
Letter, the Army of France is landed : seeke out the Traitor
Glouster.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Plucke out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. *Edmond,* keepe you our
Sister company : the revenges wee are bound to take upon your
Traitorous Father, are not fit for your beholding. Advice the
Duke where you are going, to a most festivate preparation : we
are bound to the like. Our Postes shall be swift, and intelligent
betwixt us. Farewell deere Sister, farewell my Lord of
Glouster.

Enter Steward.

How now ? Where's the King ?

Stew. My Lord of Glouster hath convey'd him hence.
Some five or six and thirty of his Knights
Hot Questrists after him, met him at gate,



Who, with some other of the Lords, dependants,
Are gone with him toward Dover ; where they boast
To have well armed Friends.

Corn. Get horses for your Mistis.

Gon. Farewell sweet Lord, and Sister.

Exit.

Corn. *Edmund* farewell : go seek the Traitor *Gloster*,
Pinnion him like a Theefe, bring him before us :
Though well we may not passe upon his life
Without the forme of Justice : yet our power
Shall do a curt'sie to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not comptroll.

Enter Gloucester, and Servants.

Who's there ? the Traitor ?

Reg. Ingratefull Fox, 'tis he.

Corn. Binde fast his corky armes.

Glou. What meanes your Graces ?

Good my Friends consider you are my Ghests :
Do me no foule play, Friends.

Corn. Binde him I say.

Reg. Hard, hard : O filthy Traitor.

Glou. Unmercifull Lady, as you are, I'me none.

Corn. To this Chaire binde him,
Villaine, thou shalt finde.

Glou. By the kinde Gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To plucke me by the Beard.

Reg. So white, and such a Traitor ?

Glou. Naughty Ladie,
These hairees which thou dost ravish from my chin
Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your Host ;
With Robbers hands, my hospitabie favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do ?

Corn. Come Sir.
What Letters had you late from France ?

Reg. Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacie have you with the Traitors, late footed in the Kingdome ?

Reg. To whose hands
You have sent the Lunaticke King: Speake.

Glou. I have a Letter guessingly set downe
Which came from one that's of a newtrall heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the King ?

Glou. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover ?
Was't thou not charg'd at perill.

Corn. Wherefore to Dover ? Let him answer that.

Glou. I am tyed to'th'Stake,
And I must stand the Course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover ?

Glou. Because I would not see thy cruell Nails
Plucke out his poore old eyes : nor thy fierce Sister,
In his Anointed flesh, sticke boarish phangs.
The Sea, with such a storme as his bare head,
In Hell-blacke-night indur'd, would have buoy'd up
And quench'd the Stelled fires :
Yet poore old heart, he holpe the Heavens to raine.
If Wolves had at thy Gate howl'd that sterne time,
Thou should'st have said, good Porter turne the Key :
All Cruels else subscribe : but I shall see
The winged Vengeance overtake such Children.

Corn. See't shalt thou never. Fellowes hold the Chaire,
Upon these eyes of thine, Ile set my foote.

Glou. He that will thinke to live, till he be old,
Give me some helpe. —O cruell ! O you Gods.

Reg. One side will mocke another : Th'other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance.

Serv. Hold your hand, my Lord :

I have serv'd you ever since I was a Childe :
 But better service have I never done you,
 Then now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dogge ?

Ser. If you did weare a beard upon your chin,
 I'd shake it on this quarrell. What do you meane ?

Corn. My Villaine ?

Serv. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.

Reg. Give me thy Sword. A pezant stand up thus ?

Killes him.

Ser. Oh I am slaine : my Lord, you have one eye left
 To see some mischefe on him. Oh.

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it ; Out vilde gelly :
 Where is thy luster now ?

Glou. All darke and comfortlesse ?

Where's my Sonne *Edmund* ?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparkes of Nature
 To quit this horrid acte.

Reg. Out treacherous Villaine,

Thou call'st on him, that hates thee. It was he

That made the overture of thy Treasons to us :

Who is too good to pittie thee.

Glou. O my Follies ! then *Edgar* was abus'd,
 Kinde Gods, forgive me that, and prosper him.

Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
 His way to Dover.

Exit with Gloucester.

How is't my Lord ? How looke you ?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt : Follow me Lady ;

Turne out that eyelesse Villaine : throw this Slave

Upon the Dunhill : *Regan,* I bleed apace,

Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

Exeunt.

*Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.**Enter Edgar.*

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemn'd,
 Then still contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worst
 The lowest, and most dejected thing of Fortune,
 Stands still in esperance, lives not in feare :
 The lamentable change is from the best,
 The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
 Thou unsubstantiall ayre that I embrace :
 The Wretch that thou hast blowne unto the worst,
 Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Enter Gloucester, and an Oldman.

But who comes heere ? My Father poorely led ?
 World, World, O world !
 But that thy strange Mutations make us hate thee,
 Life would not yeelde to age.

Oldm. O my good Lord, I have bene your Tenant,
 And your Fathers Tenant, these fourescore yearca.

Glou. Away, get thee away : good Friend be gone,
 Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
 Thee, they may hurt.

Oldm. You cannot see your way.

Glou. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes :
 I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seene,
 Our meanes secure us, and our meere defects
 Prove our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne *Edgar*,
 The food of thy abused Fathers wrath :
 Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
 I'd say I had eyes againe.

Oldm. How now ? who's there ?

Edg. O Gods ! Who is't can say I am at the worst ?
 I am worse then ere I was.

Old. 'Tis poore mad Tom.



Edg. And worse I may be yet : the worst is not,
So long as we can say this is the worst.

Oldm. Fellow, where goest ?

Glou. Is it a Beggar-man ?

Oldm. Madman, and beggar too.

Glou. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

I'th'last nights storme, I such a fellow saw ;
Which made me thinke a Man, a worme. My Sonne
Came then into my minde, and yet my minde
Was then scarce Friends with him.

I have heard more since :

As Flyes to wanton Boyes, are we to th'Gods,
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be ?

Bad is the Trade that must play Foole to sorrow,
Ang'ring it selfe, and others. Blesse thee Master.

Glou. Is that the naked Fellow ?

Oldm. I, my Lord.

Glou. Get thee away : If for my sake

Thou wilt ore-take us hence a mile or twaine
I'th'way toward Dover, do it for ancient love,
And bring some covering for this naked Soule,
Which Ile intreate to leade me.

Old. Alacke sir, he is mad.

Glou. 'Tis the times plague,

When Madmen leade the blinde :

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure :

Above the rest, be gone.

Oldm. Ile bring him the best Parrell that I have
Come on't, what will.

Exit.

Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poore Tom's a cold. I cannot daub it further.

Glou. Come hither fellow.

Edg. And yet I must :

Blesse thy sweete eyes, they bleede.

~~Edg.~~ Know'st thou the way to Dover?

~~Edg.~~ Rich style, and gate; Horneway, and foot-path: poore
~~Edg.~~ hath bin scarr'd out of his good wits. Blesse thee good mans
~~Edg.~~ from the foule Fiend.

~~Edg.~~ Here take this purse, thou whom the heav'ns plagues
~~Edg.~~ humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched
~~Edg.~~ makes thee the happier; Heavens deale so still:
~~Edg.~~ I am the superfluous, and Lust-dieted man,
~~Edg.~~ That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
~~Edg.~~ Because he do's not feelee, feelee your powre quickly:
~~Edg.~~ His distribution should undoo excesse,
~~Edg.~~ And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover?

~~Edg.~~ I Master.

~~Glo.~~ There is a Cliffe, whose high and bending head
~~Glo.~~ looks fearfully in the confined Deepe:
~~Glo.~~ Bring me but to the very brimme of it,
~~Glo.~~ And Ile repayre the misery thou do'st beare
~~Glo.~~ With something rich about me: from that place,
~~Glo.~~ I shall no leading neede.

~~Edg.~~ Give me thy arme,
~~Edg.~~ Poore Tom shall leade thee.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gonerill, Bastard, and Steward.

Gon. Welcome my Lord. I mervell our mild husband
 Not met us on the way. Now, where's your Master?

Stew. Madam within, but never man so chang'd:
 I told him of the Army that was Landed:
 He smil'd at it. I told him you were comming,
 His answer was, the worse. Of Glosters Treachery,
 And of the loyall Service of his Sonne
 When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sot,
 And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:

What most he should dislike, seemes pleasant to him ;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.
It is the Cowish terror of his spirit
That dares not undertake : Hee'l not feele wrongs
Which tye him to an answer : our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Backe *Edmond* to my Brother,
Hasten his Musters, and conduct his powres.
I must change names at home, and give the Distaffe
Into my Husbands hands. This trustie Servant
Shall passe betweene us : ere long you are like to heare
(If you dare venture in your owne behalfe)
A Mistresses command. Weare this ; spare speech,
Decline your head. This kisse, if it durst speake
Would stretch thy Spirits up into the ayre :
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Bast. Yours in the ranks of death.

Exit.

Gon. My most deere Gloster.
Oh, the difference of man, and man,
To thee a Womans services are due,
My Foole usurpes my body.

Stew. Madam, here come's my Lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have beene worth the whistle.

Alb. Oh *Gonerill*,
You are not worth the dust which the rude winde
Blowes in your face.

Gon. Milke-Liver'd man,
That bear'st a cheek for blowes, a head for wrongs,
Who hast not in thy browes an eye-discerning
Thine Honor, from thy suffering.

Alb. See thy selfe divell :
Proper deformitie seemes not in the Fiend

So horrid as in woman.

Gon.

Oh vaine Foole.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwals* dead,
Slaine by his Servant, going to put out
The other eye of Glouster.

Alb.

Glousters eyes.

Mes. A Servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act : bending his Sword
To his great Master, who, threat-enrag'd
Flew on him, and among'st them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmefull stroke, which since
Hath pluckt him after.

Alb.

This shewes you are above
You Justices, that these our neather crimes
So speedily can venge. But (O poore Glouster)
Lost he his other eye ?

Mes.

Both, both, my Lord.

This Letter Madam, craves a speedy answer :
'Tis from your Sister.

Gon.

One way I like this well,
But being widdow, and my Glouster with her,
May all the building in my fancie plucke
Upon my hatefull life. Another way
The Newes is not so tart. Ile read, and answer.

Alb. Where was his Sonne,

When they did take his eyes ?

Mes. Come with my Lady hither.

Alb.

He is not heere.

Mes. No my good Lord, I met him backe againe.

Alb. Knowes he the wickednesse ?

Mes. I my good Lord : 'twas he inform'd against him
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloucester, I live
To thanke thee for the love thou shew'dst the King,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither Friend,
Tell me what more thou know'st.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen, and
Souldiours.*

Cor. Alacke, 'tis he : why he was met even now
As mad as the next Sea, singing alowd,
Crown'd with ranke Fenitar, and furrow weeds,
With Hardokes, Hemlocke, Nettles, Cuckoo flowres,
Darnell, and all the idle weedes that grow
In our sustaining Corne. A Centery send forth ;
Search every Acre in the high-growne field,
And bring him to our eye. What can mans wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved Sense ; he that helps him,
Take all my outward worth.

Gent. There is meanes Madam :
Our foster Nurse of Nature, is repose,
The which he lackes : that to provoke in him
Are many Simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of Anguish.

Cord. All blest Secrets,
All you unpublish'd Vertues of the earth
Spring with my teares ; be aydant, and remediate
In the Goodmans desires : seeke, seeke for him,
Least his ungovern'd rage, dissolve the life
That wants the meanes to leade it.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Newes Madam,
The British Powres are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis knowne before. Our preparation stands
 Is expectation of them. O deere Father,
 It is my business that I go about : Therefore great France
 My Mourning, and importun'd teares hath pittied :
 No lesse Ambition doth our Armes incite,
 But love, deere love, and our ag'd Fathers Rite :
Some may I leave, and see him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Regan, and Steward.

Reg. But are my Brothers Powres set forth ?
Stew. I Madam.
Reg. Himselfe in person there ?
Stew. Madam with much ado :
 Your Sister is the better Souldier.
Reg. Lord *Edmund* spake not with your Lord at home ?
Stew. No Madam.
Reg. What might import my Sisters Letter to him ?
Stew. I know not, Lady.
Reg. Faith he is poasted hence on serious matter :
 It was great ignorance, Glousters eyes being out
 To let him live. Where he arrives, he moves
 All hearts against us : *Edmund*, I thinke is gone
 In pittie of his misery, to dispatch
 His nighted life : Moreover to decry
 The strength o'th'Enemy.
Stew. I must needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.
Reg. Our troopes set forth to morrow, stay with us :
 The wayes are dangerous.
Stew. I may not Madam :
 My Lady charg'd my dutie in this busines.
Reg. Why should she write to *Edmund* ?
 Might not you transport her purposes by word ? Belike,

Some things, I know not what. Ile love thee much
Let me unseale the Letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather——

Reg. I know your Lady do's not love her Husband,
I am sure of that : and at her late being heere,
She gave strange Eliads, and most speaking lookes
To Noble *Edmund*. I know you are of her bosome.

Stew. I, Madam ?

Reg. I speake in understanding : Y'are : I know't.
Therefore I do advise you take this note :
My Lord is dead : *Edmond*, and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand
Then for your Ladies : You may gather more :
If you do finde him, pray you give him this ;
And when your Mistris heares thus much from you,
I pray desire her call her wisdom to her.
So fare you well :

If you do chance to heare of that blinde Traitor,
Preferment fals on him, that cuts him off.

Stew. Would I could meet Madam, I should shew
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar.

Glou. When shall I come to th'top of that same hill ?

Edg. You do climbe up it now. Look how we labor.

Glou. Me thinkes the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steepe.

Hearke, do you heare the Sea ?

Glou. No truly.

Edg. Why then your other Senses grow imperfect
By your eyes anguish.

Glou. So may it be indeed.
Me thinkes thy voyce is alter'd, and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter then thou did'st.

Edg. Y'are much deceiv'd : In nothing am I chang'd
But in my Garmenta.

Glou. Me thinkes y'are better spoken.

Edg. Come on Sir,
Heere's the place : stand still : how fearefull
And dizie 'tis, to cast ones eyes so low,
The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre
Shew scarce so grosse as Beetles. Halfe way downe
Hangs one that gathers Sampire : dreadfull Trade :
Me thinkes he seemes no bigger then his head.
The Fishermen, that walk'd upon the beach
Appare like Mice : and yond tall Anchoring Barke,
Diminish'd to her Cocke : her Cocke, a Buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring Surge,
That on th'unnumbred idle Pebble chafes
Cannot be heard so high. Ile looke no more,
Least my braine turne, and the deficient sight
Topple downe headlong.

Glou. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand :
You are now within a foote of th'extreme Verge :
For all beneath the Moone would I not leape upright.

Glou. Let go my hand :
Heere Friend's another purse : in it, a Jewell
Well worth a poore mans taking. Fayries, and Gods
Prosper it with thee. Go thou further off,
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir.

Glou. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his dispaire,
Is done to cure it.

Glou. O you mighty Gods !

This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off :
If I could beare it longer, and not fall
To quarrell with your great opposelesse willes,
My snuffe, and loathed part of Nature should
Burne it selfe out. If *Edgar* live, O blesse him :
Now Fellow, fare the well.

Edg. Gone Sir, farewell :
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The Treasury of Life, when life it selfe
Yeelds to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought,
By this had thought bin past. Alive, or dead ?
Hoe, you Sir : Friend, heare you Sir, speake :
Thus might he passe indeed : yet he revives.
What are you Sir ?

Glow. Away, and let me dye.

Edg. Had'st thou beene ought
But Gozemore, Feathers, Ayre,
(So many fathome downe precipitating)
Thou'dst shiver'd like an Egge : but thou do'st breath :
Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not, speak'st, art sound,
Ten Masts at each, make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell,
Thy life's a Myracle. Speake yet againe.

Glow. But have I falne, or no ?

Edg. From the dread Somnet of this Chalkie Bourne
Looke up a height, the shrill-gorg'd Larke so farre
Cannot be scene, or heard : Do but looke up.

Glow. Alacke, I have no eyes :
Is wretchednesse depriv'd that benefit
To end it selfe by death ? 'Twas yet some comfort
When misery could beguile the Tyrants rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arme.
Up, so : How is't ? Feele you your Legges ? You stand.

Glou. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness,
Upon the crowne o'th'Cliffe. What thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glou. A poore unfortunate Beggar.

Edg. As I stood heere below, me thought his eyes
Were two full Moones : he had a thousand Noes,
Hornes wealk'd, and waved like the enraged Sea :
It was some Fiend : Therefore thou happy Father,
Thinke that the cleerest Gods, who make them Honors
Of mens Impossibilities, have preserved thee.

Glou. I do remember now : henceforth Ile beare
Affliction, till it do cry out it selfe
Enough, enough, and dyc. That thing you speake of,
I tooke it for a man : often 'twould say
The Fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place.

Edgar. Beare free and patient thoughta.

Enter Lear.

But who comes heere ?
The safer sense will ne're accomodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the King
himselfe.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight !

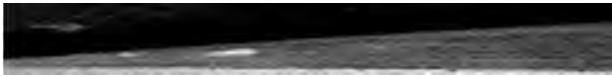
Lear. Nature's above Art, in that respect. Ther's your Presse-
money. That fellow handles his bow, like a Crow-keeper : draw
mee a Cloathiers yard. Looke, looke, a Mouse : peace, peace,
this peece of toasted Cheese will doo't. There's my Gauntlet,
Ile prove it on a Gyant. Bring up the browne Billea. O well
flowne Bird : i'th'clout, i'th'clout : Hewgh. Give the word.

Edg. Sweet Marjorum.

Lear. Passe.

Glou. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha ! *Gonerill* with a white beard ? They flatter'd
me like a Dogge, and told mee I had the white hayres in my



Beard, ere the blacke ones were there. To say I, and no, to every thing that I said : I, and no too, was no good Divinity. When the raine came to wet me once, and the winde to make me chatter : when the Thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go too, they are not men o'their words ; they told me, I was every thing : 'Tis a Lye, I am not Agu-prooffe.

Glou. The tricke of that voyce, I do well remember :
Is't not the King ?

Lear. I, every inch a King.
When I do stare, see how the Subject quakes,
I pardon that mans life. What was thy cause ?
Adultery ? thou shalt not dye : dye for Adultery ?
No, the Wren goes too't, and the small gilded Fly
Do's letcher in my sight. Let Copulation thrive :
For Glousters bastard Son was kinder to his Father,
Then my Daughters got 'twene the lawfull sheets.
Too't Luxury pell-mell, for I lacke Souldiers.
Behold yond simpring Dame, whose face betweene her Forkes
presages Snow ; that minces Vertue, & do's shake the head to
heare of pleasures name. The Fitchew, nor the soyled Horse
goes too't with a more riotous appetite. Downe from the waste
they are Centaures, though Women all above : but to the Girdle
do the Gods inherit, beneath is all the Fiends. There's hell,
there's darkenes, there is the sulphurous pit ; burning, scalding,
stench, consumption : Fye, fie, fie ; pah, pah : Give me an Ounce
of Civet ; good Apothecary sweeten my immagination : There's
money for thee.

Glou. O let me kisse that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it first,
It smelles of Mortality.

Glou. O ruin'd peece of Nature, this great world
Shall so weare out to naught.
Do'st thou know me ?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough : dost thou squiny

at me? No, doe thy worst blinde Cupid, Ile not love. Reade thou this challenge, marke but the penning of it.

Glou. Were all thy Letters Sunnes, I could not see.

Edg. I would not take this from report,
It is, and my heart breakes at it.

Lear. Read.

Glou. What with the Case of eyes?

Lear. Oh ho, are you there with me? No eies in your head, nor no mony in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light, yet you see how this world goes.

Glou. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Looke with thine eares: See how yond Justice railes upon yond simple theefe. Hearke in thine eare: Change places, and handy-dandy, which is the Justice, which is the theefe: Thou hast scene a Farmers dogge barke at a Beggar?

Glou. I Sir.

Lear. And the Creature run from the Cur: there thou might'st behold the great image of Authoritie, a Dogg's obey'd in Office. Thou, Rascall Beadle, hold thy bloody hand: why dost thou lash that Whore? Strip thy owne backe, thou hotly lusts to use her in that kind, for which thou whip'st her. The Usurer hangs the Cozener. Thorough tatter'd cloathes great Vices do appeare: Robes, and Furr'd gownes hide all. Place sinnes with Gold, and the strong Lance of Justice, hurtlesse breakes: Arme it in ragges, a Pigmies straw do's pierce it. None do's offend, none, I say none, Ile able 'em; take that of me my Friend, who have the power to seale th'accusers lips. Get thee glasse-eyes, and like a scurvy Politician, seeme to see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now. Pull off my Bootes: harder, harder, so.

Edg. O matter, and impertinency mixt,
Reason in Madnesse.

Lear. If thou wilt weepe my Fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy name is Glouster:

Thou must be patient ; we came crying hither :
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the Ayre
We wawle, and cry. I will preach to thee : Marke.

Glou. Alacke, alacke the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of Fooles. This a good blocke :
It were a delicate stratagem to shoo
A Troope of Horse with Felt : Ile put't in prooffe,
And when I have stolne upon these Son in Lawes,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Oh heere he is : lay hand upon him, Sir,
Your most deere Daughter——

Lear. No rescue ? What, a Prisoner ? I am even
The Naturall Foole of Fortune. Use me well,
You shall have ransome. Let me have Surgeons,
I am cut to'th' Braine.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No Seconds ? All my selfe ?
Why, this would make a man, a man of Salt
To use his eyes for Garden water-pots. I wil die bravely,
Like a smugge Bridegroom. What ? I will be Joviall :
Come, come, I am a King, Masters, know you that ?

Gent. You are a Royall one and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, and you get it,
You shall get it by running : Sa, sa, sa, sa.

Exit.

Gent. A sight most pittifull in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of in a King. Thou hast a Daughter
Who redeemes Nature from the generall curse
Which twaine have brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you : what's your will ?

Edg. Do you heare ought (Sir) of a Battell toward.

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar :

Every one heares that, which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But by your favour :

How neere's the other Army?

Gent. Neere, and on speedy foot : the maine descry
Stands on the hourelly thought.

Edg. I thanke you Sir, that's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on special cause is here
Her Army is mov'd on.

Exit.

Edg. I thanke your Sir.

Glou. You ever gentle Gods, take my breath from me,
Let not my worsẽ Spirit tempt me againe
To dye before you please.

Edg. Well pray you Father.

Glou. Now good sir, what are you ?

Edg. A most poore man, made tame to Fortunes blows
Who, by the Art of knowne, and feeling sorrowes,
Am pregnant to good pittie. Give me your hand,
Ile leade you to some biding.

Glou. Heartie thanks :

The bountie, and the benizon of Heaven
To boot, and boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize : most happie
That eyelesse head of thine, was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes. Thou old, unhappy Traitor,
Breefely thy selfe remember : the Sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glou. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough too't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold Pezant,
Dur'st thou support a publish'd Traitor ? Hence,
Least that th'infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arme.

Edg. Chill not let go Zir,

Without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let go Slave, or thou dy'st.

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, and let poore volke passe : and 'chud ha'bin zwaggerd out of my life, 'twould not ha' bin zo long as'tis, by a vortnight. Nay, come not neere th'old man : keepe out che vor'ye, or ice try whither your Costard, or my Ballow be the harder ; chill be plaine with you.

Stew. Out Dunghill.

Edg. Chill picke your teeth Zir : come, no matter vor your foynea.

Stew. Slave thou hast slaine me : Villain, take my purse ;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my bodie,
And give the Letters which thou find'st about me,
To *Edmund* Earle of Glouster : seeke him out
Upon the English party. Oh untimely death, death.

Edg. I know thee well. A serviceable Villaine,
As duteous to the vices of thy Mistris,
As badnesse would desire.

Glou. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you downe Father : rest you.

Let's see these Pockets ; the Letters that he speakes of
May be my Friends : hee's dead ; I am onely sorry
He had no other Deathsman. Let us see :
Leave gentle waxe, and manners : blame us not
To know our enemies mindes, we rip their hearts,
Their Papers is more lawfull.

Reads the Letter.

L *Et our reciprocall vowes be remembred. You have manie 'opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done. If hee returne the Conqueror, then am I the Prisoner, and his bed my Gaole, from the loathed warmth whereof, deliver me, and supply the place for your Labour.*

*Your (Wife, so I would say) affectionate
Servant. Gonerill.*

Oh indistinguish'd space of Womans will,
 A plot upon her vertuous Husbands life,
 And the exchange my Brother : heere in the sands
 Thee Ile rake up, the poste unsanctified
 Of murtherous Letchers : and in the mature time,
 With this ungracious paper strike the sight
 Of the death-practis'd Duke : for him 'tis well,
 That of thy death, and businesse, I can tell.

Glou. The King is mad :
 How stiffe is my vilde sense
 That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
 Of my huge Sorrowes? Better I were distract,
 So should my thoughts be sever'd from my greefes,

Drum afarre off.

And woes, by wrong imaginations loose
 The knowledge of themselves.

Edg. Give me your hand :
 Farre off methinkes I heare the beaten Drumme.
 Come Father, Ile bestow you with a Friend.

Exeunt.

Scena Septima.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good *Kent*,
 How shall I live and worke
 To match thy goodnesse ?
 My life will be too short,
 And every measure faile me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is ore-pai'd,
 All my reports go with the modest truth,
 Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

Cor. Be better suited,
 These weedes are memories of those worser houres :
 I prythee put them off.

Kent. Pardon deere Madam,
Yet to be knowne shortens my made intent,
My boone I make it, that you know me not,
Till time, and I, thinke meet.

Cor. Then be't so my good Lord :
How do's the King ?

Kent. Madam sleepes still.

Cor. O you kind Gods !
Cure this great breach in his abused Nature,
Th'untun'd and jarring senses, O winde up,
Of this childe-changed Father.

Kent. So please your Majesty,
That we may wake the King, he hath slept long ?

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceede
I'th'sway of your owne will : is he array'd ?

Enter Lear in a chaire carried by Servants.

Kent. I Madam : in the heavinesse of sleepe,
We put fresh garments on him.
Be by good Madam when we do awake him,
I doubt of his Temperance.

Cor. O my deere Father, restauration hang
Thy medicine on my lippea, and let this kisse
Repaire those violent harmes, that my two Sisters
Have in thy Reverence made.

Kent. Kind and deere Princess.

Cor. Had you not bin their Father, these white flakes
Did challenge pittie of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the jarring windes ?
Mine Enemies dogge, though he had bit me,
Should have stood that night against my fire,
And was't thou faine (poore Father)
To hovell thee with Swine and Rogues forlorne,
In short, and musty straw ? Alacke, alacke,
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once

Had not concluded all. He wakes, speake to him.

Ken. Madam do you, 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my Royall Lord?

How fares your Majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'th'grave,
Thou art a Soule in blisse, but I am bound
Upon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Do scal'd, like molten Lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit I know, where did you dye?

Cor. Still, still, farre wide.

Gen. He's scarce awake,

Let him alone a while.

Lear. Where have I bin?

Where am I? Faire day light?

I am mightily abus'd; I should ev'n dye with pittie
To see another thus. I know not what to say:
I will not sweare these are my hands: let's see,
I feele this pin pricke, would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O looke upon me Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o're me,
You must not kneele.

Lear. Pray do not mocke me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourescore and upward,
Not an houre more, nor lesse:
And to deale plainely,
I feare I am not in my perfect mind.
Me thinkes I should know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubtfull: For I am mainely ignorant
What place this is: and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments: nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
For (as I am a man) I thinke this Lady

To be my childe *Cordelia*.

Cor. And so I am : I am.

Lear. Be your teares wet ?

Yes faith : I pray weepe not,

If you have poyson for me, I will drinke it :

I know you do not love me, for your Sisters

Have (as I do remember) done me wrong.

You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France ?

Kent. In your owne kingdome Sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Gent. Be comforted good Madam, the great rage

You see is kill'd in him : desire him to go in,

Trouble him no more till further setting.

Cor. Wilt please your Highnesse walke ?

Lear. You must beare with me :

Pray you now forget, and forgive,

I am old and foolish.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter with Drumme and Colours, Edmund, Regan,
Gentlemen, and Souldiers.*

Bast. Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,

Or whether since he is advis'd by ought

To change the course, he's full of alteration,

And selfe reproving, bring his constant pleasure.

Reg. Our Sisters man is certainly miscarried.

Bast. 'Tis to be doubted Madam.

Reg. Now sweet Lord,

You know the goodnesse I intend upon you :

Tell me but truly, but then speake the truth,

Do you not love my Sister ?

Bast. In honour'd Love.

Reg. But have you never found my Brothers way,
To the fore-fended place ?

Bast. No by mine honour, Madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her, deere my Lord
Be not familiar with her.

Bast. Feare not, she and the Duke her husband.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Albany, Gonerill, Souldiers.

Alb. Our very loving Sister, well be-met :
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our State
Forc'd to cry out.

Regan. Why is this reasond ?

Gone. Combine, together 'gainst the Enemie :
For these domesticke and particular broiles,
Are not the question heere.

Alb. Let's then determine with th'ancient of warre
On our proceeding.

Reg. Sister you'le go with us ?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient, pray go with us.

Gon. Oh ho, I know the Riddle, I will goe.

Excunt both the Armies.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. If ere your Grace had speech with man so ppoore,
Heare me one word.

Alb. Ile overtake you, speake.

Edg. Before you fight the Battaile, ope this Letter :
If you have victory, let the Trumpet sound
For him that brought it : wretched though I seeme,
I can produce a Champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your businesse of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune loves you.

Alb. Stay till I have read the Letter.

Edg. I was forbid it :
When time shall serve, let but the Herald cry,
And Ile appeare againe.

Exit.

Alb. Why farethee well, I will o're-looke thy paper.

Enter Edmund.

Bast. The Enemy's in view, draw up your powers,
Heere is the guesse of their true strength and Forces,
By dilligent discoverie, but your hast
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.

Exit.

Bast. To both these Sisters have I sworne my love :
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the Adder. Which of them shall I take ?
Both ? One ? Or neither ? Neither can be enjoy'd
If both remaine alive : To take the Widdow,
Exasperates, makes mad her Sister *Gonerill*,
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, wee'l use
His countenance for the Battaile, which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercie
Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,
The Battaile done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon : for my state,
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

*Alarum within. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Lear, Cordelia,
and Souldiers, over the Stage, and Excunt. Enter Edgar, and
Gloster.*

Edg. Heere Father, take the shadow of this Tree
For your good hoast : pray that the right may thrive :

If ever I returne to you againe,
Ile bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you Sir.

Exit.

Alarum and Retreat within.

Enter Edgar.

Edgar. Away old man, give me thy hand, away :
King *Lear* hath lost, he and his Daughter tane,
Give me thy hand : Come on.

Glo. No further Sir, a man may rot even heere.

Edg. What in ill thoughts againe ?

Men must endure

Their going hence, even as their comming hither,
Ripenesse is all come on.

Glo. And that's true too.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter in conquest with Drum and Colours, Edmund, Lear, and
Cordelia, as prisoners, Souldiers, Captaine.*

Bast. Some Officers take them away : good guard,
Untill their greater pleasures first be knowne
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who with best meaning have incurr'd the worst :
For the oppressed King I am cast downe,
My selfe could else out-frowne false Fortunes frowne.
Shall we not see these Daughters, and these Sisters ?

Lear. No, no, no, no : come let's away to prison,
We two alone will sing like Birds i'th'Cage :
When thou dost aske me blessing, Ile kneele downe
And aske of thee forgivenessse : So wee'l live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh

At gilded Butterflies : and heere (poore Rogues)
 Talke of Court newes, and wee'l talke with them too,
 Who looses, and who wins; who's in, who's out ;
 And take upon's the mystery of things,
 As if we were God's spies : And wee'l weare out
 In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
 That ebbe and flow by th'Moone.

Bast. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices my *Cordelia*,
 The Gods themselves throw Incense.
 Have I caught thee ?
 He that parts us, shall bring a Brand from Heaven,
 And fire us hence, like Foxes : wipe thine eyes,
 The good yeares shall devoure them, flesh and fell,
 Ere they shall make us weepe ?
 Weele see e'm starv'd first : come.

Exit.

Bast. Come hither Captaine, hearke.
 Take thou this note, go follow them to prison,
 One step I have advanc'd thee, if thou do'st
 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
 To Noble Fortunes : know thou this, that men
 Are as the time is ; to be tender minded
 Do's not become a Sword, thy great imployment
 Will not beare question : either say thou'lt do't,
 Or thrive by other meanes.

Capt. Ile do't my Lord.

Bast. About it, and write happy, when th'hast done,
 Marke I say instantly, and carry it so
 As I have set it downe.

Exit Captaine.

Flourish. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shew'd to day your valiant straine
 And Fortune led you well : you have the Captives
 Who were the opposites of this dayes strife :
 I do require them of you so to use them,

As we shall find their merites, and our safety
May equally determine.

Bast. Sir, I thought it fit,
To send the old and miserable King to some retention,
Whose age had Charmes in it, whose Title more,
To plucke the common bosome on his side,
And turne our imprest Launces in our eies
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen :
My reason all the same, and they are ready
To morrow, or at further space, t'apppeare
Where you shall hold your Session.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this Warre,
Not as a Brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinkes our pleasure might have bin demanded
Ere you had spoke so farre. He led our Powers,
Bore the Commission of my place and person,
The which immediacie may well stand up,
And call it selfe your Brother.

Gon. Not so hot :
In his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,
More then in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeeres the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove Prophets.

Gon. Hola, hola,
That eye that told you so, look'd but a squint.

Rega. Lady I am not well, else I should answere
From a full flowing stomach. Generall,
Take thou my Souldiers, prisoners, patrimony,
Dispose of them, of me, the walls is thine :
Witnesse the world, that I create thee heere
My Lord and Master.

Gon. Meane you to enjoy him ?

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.

Bast. Nor in thine Lord.

Alb. Halfe-blooded fellow, yea.

Reg. Let the Drum strike, and prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet, heare reason : *Edmund*, I arrest thee
On capitall Treason ; and in thy arrest,
This guilded Serpent : for your claime faire Sisters,
I bare it in the interest of my wife,
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this Lord,
And I her husband contradict your Banes.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My Lady is bespoken.

Gon. An enterlude.

Alb. Thou art armed *Gloster*,
Let the Trumpet sound :
If none appeare to prove upon thy person,
Thy heynous, manifest, and many Treasons,
There is my pledge : Ile make it on thy heart
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing lesse
Then I have heere proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sicke, O sicke.

Gon. If not, Ile nere trust medicine.

Bast. There's my exchange, what in the world hes
That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies,
Call by the Trumpet : he that dares approach ;
On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine
My truth and honor firmly.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. A Herald, ho.
Trust to thy single vertue, for thy Souldiers
All levied in my name, have in my name
Tooke their discharge.

Regan. My sicknesse growes upon me.

Alb. She is not well, convey her to my Tent.
Come hither Herald, let the Trumpet sound,
And read out this.

A Trumpet sounds.

Herald reads.

I*F any man of qualitis or degree, within the lists of the Army, will maintaine upon Edmund, supposed Earle of Gloster, that he is a manifold Traitor, let him appeare by the third sound of the Trumpet: he is bold in his defence.*

1 Trumpet.

Her. Againe.

2 Trumpet.

Her. Againe.

3 Trumpet.

Trumpet answers within.

Enter Edgar armed.

Alb. Aske him his purposes, why he appeares
Upon this Call o'th' Trumpet.

Her.

What are you?

Your name, your quality, and why you answer
This present Summons?

Edg.

Know my name is lost

By Treasons tooth: bare-knawne, and Canker-bit,

Yet am I Noble as the Adversary

I come to cope.

Alb.

Which is that Adversary?

Edg. What's he that speakes for *Edmund* Earle of Gloster?

Bast. Himselfe, what saist thou to him?

Edg.

Draw thy Sword.

That if my speech offend a Noble heart,

Thy arme may do thee Justice, heere is mine:

Behold it is my priviledge,

The priviledge of mine Honours,

My oath, and my profession. I protest,

Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,

Despise thy victor-Sword, and fire new Fortune,

Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a Traitor:

False to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father,

Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious Prince,
And from th'extremest upward of thy head,
To the discent and dust below thy foote,
A most Toad-spotted Traitor. Say thou no,
This Sword, this arme, and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speake,
Thou lvest.

Bast. In wisdom I should aske thy name,
But since thy out-side lookes so faire and Warlike,
And that thy tongue (some say) of breeding breathes,
What safe, and nicely I might well delay,
By rule of Knight-hood, I disdain and spurne :
Backe do I tosse these Treasons to thy head,
With the hell-hated Lye, ore-whelme thy heart,
Which for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,
This Sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets speake.

Alb. Save him, save him.

Alarums. Fight.

Gon. This is practise *Gloster*,
By th'law of Warre, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknowne opposite : thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozend, and beguild.

Alb. Shut your mouth Dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it : hold Sir,
Thou worse then any name, reade thine owne evill :
No tearing Lady, I perceive you know it.

Gon. Say if I do, the Lawes are mine not thine,
Who can araigne me for't ?

Exit.

Alb. Most monstrous ! O, know'st thou this paper ?

Bast. Aske me not what I know.

Alb. Go after her, she's desperate, governe her.

Bast. What you have charg'd me with,
That have I done,
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
'Tis past, and so am I : But what art thou

That hast this Fortune on me? If thou'rt Noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity :
I am no lesse in blood then thou art *Edmond*,
If more, the more th'hast wrong'd me.
My name is *Edgar* and thy Fathers Sonne,
The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us :
The darke and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Bast. Th'hast spoken right, 'tis true,
The Wheele is come full circle, I am heere.

Alb. Me thought thy very gate did prophesie
A Royall Noblenesse : I must embrace thee,
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy Father.

Edg. Worthy Prince I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid your selfe?
How have you knowne the miseries of your Father?

Edg. By nursing them my Lord. List a breefe tale,
And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burst,
The bloody proclamation to escape
That follow'd me so neere, (O our lives sweetnesse,
That we the paine of death would hourelly dye,
Rather then die at once) taught me to shift
Into a mad-mans rage, t'assume a semblance
That very Dogges disdain'd : and in this habit
Met I my Father with his bleeding Rings,
Their precious stones new lost : became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from dispaire.
Never (O fault) reveal'd my selfe unto him,
Untill some halfe houre past when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping of this good successe,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him our pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart

(Alacke too weake the conflikt to support)
Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and greefe,
Burst smilingly.

Bast. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall perchance do good, but speake you on,
You looke as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more wofull, hold it in,
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gen. Helpe, helpe : O helpe.

Edg. What kinde of helpe?

Alb. Speake man.

Edg. What means this bloody Knife?

Gen. 'Tis hot, it smoakes, it came even from the heart of
—O she's dead.

Alb. Who dead? Speake man.

Gen. Your Lady Sir, your Lady; and her Sister
By her is poyson'd: she confesses it.

Bast. I was contracted to them both, all three
Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes *Kent*.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead;

Gonerill and Regans bodies brought out.

This judgement of the Heavens that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pittie: O, is this he?
The time will not allow the complement
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my King and Master aye good night.
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot,

Speake *Edmund*, where's the King? and where's *Cordelia*?
Seest thou this object *Kent*?

Kent. Alacke, why thus?

Bast. Yet *Edmund* was belov'd :
The one the other poison'd for my sake.
And after slew herselfe.

Alb. Even so : cover their faces.

Bast. I pant for life : some good I meane to do
Despight of mine owne Nature. Quickly send,
(Be briefe in it) to'th Castle, for my Writ
Is on the life of *Lear*, and on *Cordelia* :
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run.

Edg. To who my Lord? Who ha's the Office?
Send thy token of repreeve.

Bast. Well thought on, take my Sword,
Give it the Captaine.

Edg. Hast thee for thy life.

Bast. He hath Commission from thy Wife and me,
To hang *Cordelia* in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her owne dispaire,
That she for-did her selfe.

Alb. The Gods defend her, beare him hence awhile.

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.

Lear. Howle, howle, howle : O you are men of stones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, Il'd use them so,
That Heavens vault should crack : she's gone for ever.
I know when one is dead, and when one lives,
She's dead as earth : Lend me a Looking-glasse,
If that her breath will mist or staine the stone,
Why then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror.

Alb. Fall and cease.

Lear. This feather stirs, she lives: if it be so,
It is a chance which do's redeeme all sorrowes
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good Master.

Lear. Prythee away.

Edg. 'Tis Noble *Kent* your Friend.

Lear. A plague upon you Murderers, Traitors all,
I might have sav'd her, now she's gone for ever:

Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha:

What is't thou saist? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

I kill'd the Slave that was a hanging thee.

Gent. 'Tis true (my Lords) he did.

Lear. Did I not fellow?

I have seene the day, with my good biting Faulchion

I would have made him skip: I am old now,

And these same crosses spoile me. Who are you?

Mine eyes are not o'th'best, Ile tell you straight.

Kent. If Fortune brag of two, she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight, are you not *Kent*?

Kent. The same: your Servant *Kent*,
Where is your Servant *Caius*?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that,
He'll strike and quickly too, he's dead and rotten.

Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.

Lear. Ile see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else.
All's cheerlesse, darke, and deadly,
Your eldest Daughters have fore-done themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. I so I thinke.

Alb. He knowes not what he saies, and vaine is it
That we present us to him.

Enter a Messenger.

Edg. Very bootlesse.

Mess. *Edmund* is dead my Lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle heere :

You Lords and Noble Friends, know our intent,
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be appli'd. For us we will resigne,
During the life of this old Majesty
To him our absolute power, you to your rights,
With boote, and such addition as your Honours
Have more than merited. All Friends shall
Taste the wages of their vertue, and all Foes
The cup of their deservings : O see, see.

Lear. And my poore Foole is hang'd : no, no, no life ?
Why should a Dog, a Horse, a Rat have life,
And thou no breath at all ? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never.
Pray you undo this Button. Thanke you Sir,
Do you see this ? Looke on her ? Looke her lips,
Looke there, looke there.

He dies

Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord.

Kent. Breake heart, I prythee breake.

Edg. Looke up my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost, O let him passe, he hates him,
That would upon the wracke of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gon indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long,
He but usurpt his life.

Alb. Beare them from hence, our present businesse
Is generall woe : Friends of my soule, you twaine,
Rule in this Realme, and the gor'd state sustaine.

Kent. I have a journey Sir, shortly to go,
My Master calls me, I must not say no.

Edg. The waight of this sad time we must obey,
Speake what we feele, not what we ought to say :
The oldest hath borne most, we that are yong,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

Exeunt with a dead March.

FINIS.







OTHELLO.

Act I. Sc. III.



THE TRAGEDIE OF

Othello, the Moore of Venice.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Rodorigo, and Iago.

Rodorigo.



Ever tell me, I take it much unkindly
That thou (*Iago*) who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, should'st know of this.

Ia. But you'l not heare me. If ever I did dream
Of such a matter, abhorre me.

Rodo.

Thou told'st me,

Thou did'st hold him in thy hate.

Iago.

Despise me

If I do not. Three Great-ones of the Cittie,
(In personall suite to make me his Lieutenant)
Off-capt to him : and by the faith of man
I know my price, I am worth no worsee a place.
But he (as loving his owne pride, and purposes)
Evades them, with a bumbast Circumstance,
Horribly stufft with Epithites of warre,
Non-suites my Mediators. For certes, saies he,
I have already chose my Officer. And what was he ?
For-sooth, a great Arithmatician,
One *Michaell Cassio*, a *Florentine*,
(A Fellow almost damn'd in a faire Wife)

That never set a Squadron in the Field,
Nor the division of a Battaile knowes
More then a Spinster. Unlesse the Bookish Theoricke :
Wherein the Tongued Consuls can propose
As Masterly as he. Meere prattle (without practise)
Is all his Souldiership. But he (Sir) had th'election ;
And I (of whom his eies had seene the prooffe
At Rhodes, at Ciprus, and on others grounds
Christen'd, and Heathen) must be be-leed, and calm'd
By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-caster,
He (in good time) must his Lieutenant be,
And I (blesse the marke) his Mooreships Auntient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have bin his hangman.

Iago. Why, there's no remedie.

'Tis the curse of Service ;
Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood Heire to'th'first. Now Sir, be judge your selfe,
Whether I in any just terme am Affin'd
To love the *Moore* ?

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O Sir content you.

I follow him to serve my turne upon him.
We cannot all be Masters, nor all Masters
Cannot be truely follow'd. You shall marke
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knave ;
That (doting on his owne obsequious bondage)
Weares out his time, much like his Masters Asse,
For naught but Provender, & when he's old Casheer'd.
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
Who trym'd in Formes, and visages of Dutie,
Keepe yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And throwing but shoves of Service on their Lords
Doe well thrive by them.
And when they have lin'd their Coates

Doe themselves Homage.

These Fellowes have some soule,
And such a one do I professe my selfe. For (Sir)
It is as sure as you are *Rodorigo*,
Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago* :
In following him, I follow but my selfe.
Heaven is my Judge, not I for love and dutie,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end :
For when my outward Action doth demonstrate
The native act, and figure of my heart
In Complement externe, 'tis not long after
But I will weare my heart upon my sleeve
For Dawes to pecke at ; I am not what I am.

Rod. What a fall Fortune do's the Thicke-lips owe
If he can carry't thus ?

Iago. Call up her Father :
Rowse him, make after him, poyson his delight,
Proclaime him in the Streets. Incense her kinsmen,
And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell,
Plague him with Flies : though that his Joy be Joy,
Yet throw such chances of vexation on't,
As it may loose some colour.

Rodo. Heere is her Fathers house, Ile call aloud.

Iago. Doe, with like timerous accent, and dire yell,
As when (by Night and Negligence) the Fire
Is spied in populus Citie.

Rodo. What hoa : *Brabantio*, Signior *Brabantio*, hoa.

Iago. Awake : what hoa, *Brabantio* : Theeves, Theeves.
Looke to your house, your daughter, and your Bags,
Theeves, Theeves.

Bra. Above. What is the reason of this terrible
Summons ? What is the matter there ?

Rodo. Signior is all your Familie within ?

Iago. Are your Doores lock'd ?

Bra. Why ? Wherefore ask you this ?

Iago. Sir, y'are rob'd, for shame put on your Gowne,
Your heart is burst, you have lost halfe your soule
Even now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tuppung your white Ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the snorting Cittizens with the Bell,
Or else the devill will make a Grand-sire of you.
Arise I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend Signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I : what are you?

Rod. My name is *Rodorigo*.

Bra. The worsser welcome :

I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores :
In honest plainenesse thou hast heard me say,
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madnesse
(Being full of Supper, and distemping draughtes)
Upon malicious knaverie, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir.

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirits and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rodo. Patience good Sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of Robbing?
This is Venice : my house is not a Grange.

Rodo. Most grave *Brabantio*,
In simple and pure soule, I come to you.

Ia. Sir : you are one of those that will not serve God, if the
devill bid you. Because we come to do you service, and you
thinke we are Ruffians, you'le have your Daughter cover'd with
a Barbary horse, you'le have your Nephewes neigh to you, you'le
have Coursers for Cozens : and Gennets for Germanes.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Ia. I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daughter and
the Moore, are making the Beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a Villaine.

Iago. You are a Senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee *Rodorigo*.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you
If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire Daughter,
At this odde Even and dull watch o'th'night
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a Gundelier,
To the grosse claspes of a Lascivious Moore :
If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance,
We then have done you bold, and saucie wrongs.
But if you know not this, my Manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not beleve
That from the sence of all Civilitie,
I thus would play and trifle with your Reverence.
Your Daughter (if you have not given her leave)
I say againe, hath made a grosse revolt,
Tying her Dutie, Beautie, Wit, and Fortunes
In an extravagant, and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and every where : straight satisfie your selfe.
If she be in her Chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the Justice of the State
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the Tinder, hoa :
Give me a Taper : call up all my people,
This Accident is not unlike my dreame,
Beleefe of it oppresses me alreadie.
Light, I say, light.

Exit.

Iag. Farewell : for I must leave you.
It seemes not meete, nor wholesome to my place
To be producted, (as if I stay, I shall,)
Against the Moore. For I do know the State,
(How ever this may gall him with some checke)
Cannot with safetie cast him. For he's embark'd

With such loud reason to the Cyprus Warres,
 (Which even now stands in Act) that for their soules
 Another of his Fadome, they have none,
 To lead their Business. In which regard,
 Though I do hate him as I do hell paines,
 Yet, for necessitie of present life,
 I must show out a Flag, and signe of Love,
 (Which is indeed but signe) that you shal surely find him
 Lead to the Sagitary the raised Search :
 And there will I be with him. So farewell.

*Exit.**Enter Brabantio, with Servants and Torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evill. Gone she is,
 And what's to come of my despised time,
 Is naught but bitterness. Now *Rodorigo*,
 Where didst thou see her? (Oh unhappie Girl)
 With the Moore saist thou? (Who would be a Father?)
 How didst thou know 'twas she? (Oh she deceaves me
 Past thought :) what said she to you? Get mee Tapers :
 Raise all my Kindred. Are they married thinke you?

Rodo. Truly I thinke they are.

Bra. Oh Heaven : how got she out?

Oh treason of the blood.

Fathers, from hence trust not your Daughters minds
 By what you see them act. Is there not Charmes,
 By which the propertie of Youth, and Maidhood
 May be abus'd? Have you not read *Rodorigo*,
 Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes Sir : I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my Brother : oh would you had had her.
 Some one way, some another. Doe you know
 Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?

Rod. I thinke I can discover him, if you please
 To get good Guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on. At every house Ile call,

(I may command at most) get Weapons (hoa)
 And raise some speciall Officers of might :
 On good *Rodorigo*, I will deserve your paines.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Torches.

Ia. Though in the trade of Warre I have slaine men,
 Yet do I hold it very stuffe o'th'conscience
 To do no contriv'd Murder : I lacke Iniquitie
 Sometime to do me service. Nine, or ten times
 I had thought t'have yerke'd him here under the Ribbes.

Othello. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay but he prated,
 And spoke such scurvy, and provoking termes
 Against your Honor, that with the little godlinesse I have
 I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you Sir,
 Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,
 That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
 And hath in his effect a voice potentiall
 As double as the Dukes : He will divorce you,
 Or put upon you, what restraint or greivance,
 The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
 Will give him Cable.

Othel. Let him do his spight ;
 My Services, which I have done the Signorie
 Shall out-tongue his Complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
 Which when I know, that boasting is an Honour,
 I shall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,
 From Men of Royall Seige. And my demerites
 May speake (unbonnetted) to as proud a Fortune
 As this that I have reach'd. For know *Iago*,
 But that I love the gentle *Desdemona*,

I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into Circumscription, and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But looke, what Lights come yond?

Enter Cassio, with Torch.

Iago. Those are the raised Father, and his Friends :
You were best go in.

Othel. Not I : I must be found.
My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soule
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By *Janus*, I thinke no.

Othel. The Servants of the Dukes?
And my Lieutenant?
The goodnesse of the Night upon you (Friends)
What is the Newes?

Cassio. The Duke do's greet you (Generall)
And he requires your haste, Post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Othello. What is the matter, thinke you?

Cassio. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine :
It is a businesse of some heate. The Gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent Messengers
This very night, at one anothers heeles :
And many of the Consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the Dukes already. You have bin hotly call'd for,
When being not at your Lodging to be found,
The Senate hath sent about three severall Quests,
To search you out.

Othel. 'Tis well I am found by you :
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And goe with you.

Cassio. Auncient, what makes he heere?

Iago. Faith, he to night hath boarded a Land Carrafft,
If it prove lawfull prize, he's made for ever.

Cassio. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cassio. To who?

Iago. Marry to —— Come Captaine, will you go?

Othel. Have with you.

Cassio. Here comes another Troope to seeke for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Officers, and Torches.

Iago. It is *Brabantio*: Generall be advis'd,
He comes to bad intent.

Othello. Holla, stand there.

Rodo. Signior, it is the Moore.

Bra. Downe with him, Theefe.

Iago. You *Rodorigo*? Come Sir, I am for you.

Othel. Keepe up your bright Swords, for the dew will rust them. Good Signior, you shall more command with yeares, then with your Weapons.

Bra. Oh thou foule Theefe,
Where hast thou stow'd my Daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchaunted her
For Ile referre me to all things of sence,
(If she in Chaines of Magick we're not bound)
Whether a Maid, so tender, Faire, and Happie,
So opposite to Marriage, that she shun'd
The wealthy curled Deareling of our Nation,
Would ever have (t'encurre a generall mocke)
Run from her Guardage to the sootie bosome,
Of such a thing as thou: to feare, not to delight?
Judge me the world, if 'tis not grosse in sence,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foule Charmes,
Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weakens Motion. Ile have't disputed on,
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;

Lay hold upon him, if he do resist
Subdue him, at his perill.

Othe. Hold your hands

Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my Cue to fight, I should have knowne it
Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I goe
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison, till fit time
Of Law, and course of direct Session
Call thee to answer.

Othe. What if do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfi'd,
Whose Messengers are heere about my side,
Upon some present businesse of the State,
To bring me to him.

Officer. 'Tis true most worthy Signior,
The Dukes in Counsell, and your Noble selfe,
I am sure is sent for.

Bra. How? The Duke in Counsell?
In this time of the night? Bring him away;
Mine's not an idle Cause. The Duke himselfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as 'twere their owne:
For if such Actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves, and Pagans shall our Statesmen be. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke. There's no composition in this Newes,
That gives them Credite.

1. Sen. Indeed, they are disproportioned.
My Letters say, a Hundred and seven Gallies.

Duke. And mine a Hundred fortie.

2. *Sena.*

And mine two Hundred :

But though they jumpe not on a just accompt,
 (As in these Cases where the ayme reports,
 'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirme
 A Turkish Fleete, and bearing up to Cyprua.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgement :

I do not so secure me in the Error,
 But the maine Article I do approve
 In fearefull sense.

Saylor within. What hoa, what hoa, what hoa.*Enter Saylor.**Officer.* A Messenger from the Gallies.*Duke.* Now ?

What's the businesse ?

Sailor. The Turkish Preparation makes for Rhodes,
 So was I bid report here to the State,
 By Signior *Angelo*.

Duke. How say you by this change ?1. *Sen.*

This cannot be

By no assay of reason. 'Tis a Pageant
 To keepe us in false gaze, when we consider
 Th'importancie of Cyprus to the Turke ;
 And let our selves againe but understand,
 That as it more concernes the Turke then Rhodes,
 So may he with more facile question beare it,
 For that it stands not in such Warrelike brace,
 But altogether lacks th'abilities
 That Rhodes is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,
 We must not thinke the Turke is so unskillfull,
 To leave that latest, which concernes him first,
 Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gaine
 To wake, and wage a danger profitlesse

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.*Officer.* Here is more Newes.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. The *Ottamites*, Reveren'd, and Gracious,
Steering with due course toward the Ile of Rhodes,
Have there injoynted them with an after Fleete.

1. *Sen.* I, so I thought : how many, as you guesse ?

Mess. Of thirtie Saile : and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior *Montano*,
Your trustie and most Valiant Servitour,
With his free dutie, recommends you thus,
And prayes you to beleewe him.

Duke. 'Tis certaine then for Cyprus :

Marcus Luccicos is not he in Towne ?

1. *Sen.* He's now in Florence.

Duke.

Write from us,

To him, Post, Post-haste, dispatch.

1. *Sen.* Here comes *Brabantio*, and the Valiant Moore.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Rodorigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we must straight employ you,
Against the generall Enemy *Ottoman*.

I did not see you : welcome gentle Signior,

We lack't your Counsaile, and your helpe to night.

Bra. So did I yours : Good your Grace pardon me.
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of businesse
Hath rais'd me from my bed ; nor doth the generall care
Take hold on me. For my perticular griefe
Is of so flood-gate, and ore-bearing Nature,
That it engluts, and swallows other sorrowes,
And it is still it selfe.

Duke.

Why? What's the matter ?

Bra. My Daughter : oh my Daughter !

Sen.

Dead ?

Bra.

I, to me.

She is abus'd, stolne from me, and corrupted

By Spels, and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks ;
 For Nature, so preposterously to erre,
 (Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,)
 Sans witch-craft could not.

Duke. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
 Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her selfe,
 And you of her ; the bloodie Booke of Law,
 You shall your selfe read, in the bitter letter,
 After your owne sense : yea, though our proper Son
 Stood in your Action.

Bra. Humbly I thanke your Grace,
 Here is the man ; this Moore, whom now it seemes
 Your speciall Mandate, for the State affaires
 Hath hither brought.

All. We are verie sorry for't.

Duke. What in your owne part, can you say to this ?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oibe. Most Potent, Grave, and Reveren'd Signiors,
 My very Noble, and approv'd good Masters ;
 That I have tane away this old mans Daughter,
 It is most true : true I have married her ;
 The verie head, and front of my offending,
 Hath this extent ; no more. Rude am I, in my speech,
 And little bless'd with the soft phrase of Peace ;
 For since these Armes of mine, had seven yeares pith,
 Till now, some nine Moones wasted, they have us'd
 Their dearest action, in the Tented Field :
 And little of this great world can I speake,
 More then pertaines to Feats of Broiles, and Battaile,
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for my selfe. Yet, (by your gracious patience)
 I will a round un-varnish'd tale deliver,
 Of my whole course of Love :
 What Drugges, what Charmes,
 What Conjuraton, and what mighty Magicke,

(For such proceeding I am charg'd withall)

I won his Daughter.

Bra. A Maiden, never bold :
Of Spirit so still, and quiet, that her Motion
Blush'd at her selfe, and she, in spight of Nature,
Of Yeares, of Country, Credite, every thing
To fall in Love, with what she fear'd to looke on ;
It is a judgement maim'd, and most imperfect.
That will confesse Perfection so could erre
Against all rules of Nature, and must be driven
To find out practises of cunning hell
Why this should be. I therefore vouch againe,
That with some Mixtures, powrefull o're the blood,
Or with some Dram, (conjur'd to this effect)
He wrought up on her.

To vouch this, is no prooffe.

Without more wider, and more over Test

Then these thin habits and poore likely-hoods

Of moderne seeming, do prefer against him.

Sen. But *Othello*, speake,
Did you, by indirect, and forced courses
Subduc, and poyson this yong Maides affections ?
Or came it by request, and such faire question
As soule, to soule affordeth ?

Othel. I do beseech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagitary,
And let her speake of me before her Father ;
If you do finde me foule, in her report,
The Trust, the Office, I do hold of you,
Not onely take away, but let your Sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch *Desdemona* hither.

Othel. Aunciant, conduct them :
You best know the place.
And tell she come, as truely as to heaven,

I do confesse the vices of my blood,
 So justly to your Grave cares, Ile present
 How I did thrive in this faire Ladies love,
 And she in mine.

Duke. Say it *Othello*.

Othe. Her Father lov'd me, oft invited me :
 Still question'd me the Storie of my life,
 From yeare to yeare : the Battaile, Sieges, Fortune,
 That I have past.
 I ran it through, even from my boyish daies,
 To th'very moment that he bad me tell it.
 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances :
 Of moving Accidents by Flood and Field,
 Of haire-breadth escapes i' th'imminent deadly breach ;
 Of being taken by the Insolent Foe,
 And sold to slavery. Of my redemption thence,
 And portance in my Travellours historie.
 Wherein of Antars vast, and Desarts idle,
 Rough Quarries, Rocks, Hills, whose head touch heaven,
 It was my hint to speake. Such was my Processe,
 And of the Canibals that each others eate,
 The *Antropophage*, and men whose heads
 Grew beneath their shoulders. These things to heare,
 Would *Desdemona* seriously incline :
 But still the house Affaires would draw her hence ;
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'l'd come againe, and with a greedie eare
 Devoure up my discourse. Which I observing,
 Tooke once a pliant houre, and found good meanes
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not instinctively : I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her teares,
 When I did speake of some distressefull stroke

That my youth suffer'd : My Storie being done,
She gave me for my paines a world of kisses :
She swore in faith 'twas strange : 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pittifull : 'twas wondrous pittifull.
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man. She thank'd me,
And bad me, if I had a Friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my Story,
And that would wooe her. Upon this hint I spake,
She lov'd me for the dangers I had past,
And I lov'd her, that she did pittie them.
This onely is the witch-craft I have us'd.
Here comes the Ladie : Let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Attendants.

Duke. I thinke this tale would win my Daughter too,
Good *Brabantio*, take up this mangled matter at the best :
Men do their broken Weapons rather use,
Then their bare hands,

Bra. I pray you heare her speake ?
If she confesse that she was halfe the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle Mistris,
Do you perceive in all this Noble Companie,
Where most you owe obedience ?

Des. My Noble Father,
I do perceive heere a divided dutie.
To you I am bound for life, and education :
My life and education both do learne me,
How to respect you. You are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your Daughter. But heere's my Husband ;
And so much dutie, as my Mother shew'd
To you, preferring you before her Father :
So much I challenge, that I may professe
Due to the Moore my Lord.

Bra. God be with you : I have done.
Please it your Grace, on to the State Affaires ;
I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it.
Come hither Moore ;
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keepe from thee. For your sake (Jewell)
I am glad at soule, I have no other Child,
For thy escape would teach me Tirranie
To hang clogges on them. I have done my Lord.

Duke. Let me speake like your selfe :
And lay a Sentence,
Which as a grise, or step may helpe these Lovers.
When remedies are past, the griefes are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourne a Mischiefe that is past and gon,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd, when Fortune takes :
Patience, her Injury a mock'ry makes.
The rob'd that smiles, steales something from the Thiefe,
He robs himselfe, that spends a bootelesse grieve.

Bra. So let the Turke of Cyprus us beguile,
We loose it not so long as we can smile :
He beares the Sentence well, that nothing beares,
But the free comfort which from thence he heares.
But he beares both the Sentence, and the sorrow,
That to pay grieve, must of poore Patience borrow.
These Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being strong on both sides, are Equivocall.
But words are words, I never yet did heare :
That the bruized heart was pierc'd through the eares.
I humbly beseech you proceed to th'Affaires of State.

Duke. The Turke with a most mighty Preparation makes for
Cyprus : *Othello*, the Fortitude of the place is best knowne to you.
And though we have there a Substitute of most allowed suf-

ficiencie; yet opinion, a more soveraigne Mistris of Effects, throwes a more safer voice on you : you must therefore be content to slubber the glosse of your new Fortunes, with this more stubborne, and boystrous expedition.

Othe. The Tirant Custome, most Grave Senators,
Hath made the flinty and Steele Coach of Warre
My thrice-driven bed of Downe. I do agnize
A Naturall and prompt Alacartie,
I finde in hardnesse : and do undertake
This present Warres against the *Ottamites*.
Most humbly therefore bending to your State,
I crave fit disposition for my Wife,
Due reference of Place, and Exhibition,
With such Accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why at her Fathers !

Bra. I will not have it so.

Othe. Nor I.

Des. Nor would I there recide,
To put my Father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most Gracious Duke,
To my unfolding, lend your prosperous eare,
And let me finde a Charter in your voice
T'assist my simplenesse.

Duke. What would you *Desdemona* ?

Des. That I love the Moore, to live with him,
My downe-right violence, and storme of Fortunes,
May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my Lord ;
I saw *Othello's* visage in his mind,
And to his Honours and his valiant parts,
Did I my soule and Fortunes consecrate.
So that (deere Lords) if I be left behind
A Moth of Peace, and he go to the Warre,
The Rites for why I love him, are bereft me :

And I a heavie interim shall support
By his deere absence. Let me go with him.

Othe. Let her have your voice.

Vouch with me Heaven, I therefore beg it not
To please the pallate of my Appetite :
Nor to comply with heat the yong affects
In my defunct, and proper satisfaction.
But to be free, and bounteous to her minde :
And Heaven defend your good soules, that you thinke
I will your serious and great businesse scant
When she is with me. No, when light wing'd Toyes
Of feather'd *Cupid*, seele with wanton dulnesse
My speculative, and offic'd Instrument :
That my Disports corrupt, and taint my businesse :
Let House-wives make a Skillet of my Helme,
And all indigne, and base adversities,
Make head against my Estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going : th'Affaire cries hast :
And speed must answer it.

Sen. You must away to night.

Othe. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'th'morning, here wee'l meete againe.

Othello, leave some Officer behind

And he shall our Commission bring to you :
And such things else of qualitie and respect
As doth import you.

Othe. So please your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honesty and trust :
To his conveyance I assigne my wife,
With what else needfull, your good Grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so :
Good night to every one. And Noble Signior,
If vertue no delighted Beautie lacke,

Your Son-in-law is farre more Faire then Blacke.

Sen. Adieu brave Moore, use *Desdemona* well.

Bra. Looke to her (Moore) if thou hast eies to see :
She ha's deceiv'd her Father, and may thee. *Exit.*

Othe. My life upon her faith. Honest *Iago*,
My *Desdemona* must I leave to thee :

I prythee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the best advantage.

Come *Desdemona*, I have but an houre
Of love, of wordly matter, and direction
To spend with thee. We must obey the time. *Exit.*

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What saist thou Noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?

Iago. Why go to bed and sleepe.

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my selfe.

Iago. If thou do'st, I shall never love thee after. Why thou
silly Gentleman ?

Rod. It is sillynesse to live, when to live is torment : and
then have we a prescription to dye, when death is our Physition.

Iago. Oh villanous : I have look'd upon the world for foure
times seven yeares, and since I could distinguish betwixt a Benefit,
and an Injurie : I never found man that knew how to love himselfe.
Ere I would say, I would drowne my selfe for the love of a
Gynney Hen, I would change my Humanity with a Baboone.

Rod. What should I do ? I confesse it is my shame to be so
fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iago. Vertue ? A figge, 'tis in our selves, that we are thus, or
thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which, our Wills are
Gardiners. So that if we will plant Nettels, or sowe Lettice : Set
Hisope, and weede up Time : Supplie it with one gender of
Hearbes, or distract it with many : either to have it sterill with
idlenesse, or manured with Industry, why the power, and Cor-
rigeable authoritie of this lies in our Wills. If the braine of our
lives had not one Scale of Reason, to poize another of Sensualitie,

the blood, and basenesse of our Natures would conduct us to most preposterous Conclusions. But we have Reason to coole our raging Motions, our carnall Stings, or unbitted Lusts : whereof I take this, that you call Love, to be a Sect, or Scyen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is meerly a Lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man : drowne thy selfe ? Drown Cata, and blind Puppia. I have profest me thy Friend, and I confesse me knit to thy deserving, with Cables of perdurable toughnesse. I could never better steed thee then now. Put Money in thy purse : follow thou the Warres, defeate thy favour, with an usurp'd Beard. I say put Money in thy purse. It cannot be long that *Desdemona* should continue her love to the Moore. Put Money in thy purse : nor he his to her. It was a violent Commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration, put but Money in thy purse. These Moores are changeable in their wils : fill thy purse with Money. The Food that to him now is as lushious as Locusts, shalbe to him shortly, as bitter as Coloquintida. She must change for youth : when she is sated with his body she will find the errors of her choice. Therefore, put Money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damne thy selfe, do it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the Money thou canst : If Sanctimonie, and a fraile vow, betwixt an erring Barbarian, and super-subtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits, and all the Tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her : therefore make Money : a pox of drowning thy selfe, it is cleane out of the way. Seeke thou rather to be hang'd in Compassing thy joy, then to be drown'd, and go without her.

Rodo. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue ?

Iago. Thou art sure of me : Go make Money : I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee againe, and againe, I hate the Moore. My cause is hearted ; thine hath no lesse reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge, against him. If thou canst Cuck-old him, thou dost thy selfe a pleasure, me a sport. There are many Events in the Wombe of Time, which wilbe delivered.

Traverse, go, provide thy Money. We will have more of this to morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meete i'th'morning?

Iago. At my Lodging.

Rod. Ile be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go too, farewell. Do you heare *Roderigo*?

Rod. Ile sell all my Land.

Exit.

Iago. Thus do I ever make my Foole, my purse :
 For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane
 If I would time expend with such Snipe,
 But for my Sport, and Profit : I hate the Moore,
 And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
 He ha's done my Office. I know not if't be true.
 But I, for meere suspicion in that kinde,
 Will do, as if for Surety. He holds me well,
 The better shall my purpose worke on him :
Cassio's a proper man : Let me see now,
 To get his Place, and to plume up my will
 In double Knavery. How? How? Let's see.
 After some time, to abuse *Othello's* cares,
 That he is too familiar with his wife :
 He hath a person, and a smooth dispose
 To be suspected : fram'd to make women false.
 The Moore is of a free, and open Nature,
 That thinkes men honest, that but seeme to be so,
 And will as tenderly be lead by'th'Nose
 As Asses are :
 I have't : it is engendred : Hell, and Night,
 Must bring this monstrous Birth, to the worlds light.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Montano, and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the Cape, can you discern at Sea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood :

I cannot 'twixt the Heaven, and the Maine,
Descry a Saile.

Mon. Me thinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at Land,
A fuller blast ne're shooke our Battlements :
If it had ruffiand so upon the Sea,
What ribbes of Oake, when Mountaines melt on them,
Can hold the Morties. What shall we heare of this ?

2 A Segregation of the Turkish Fleet :
For do but stand upon the Foaming Shore,
The chidden Billow seemes to pelt the Clowds,
The winde-shak'd-Surge, with high and monstrous Maine
Seemes to cast water on the Burning Beare,
And quench the Guards of th'ever-fixed Pole :
I never did like mollestation view
On the enchafed Flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish Fleete
Be not enshelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd.
It is impossible to beare it out.

Enter a Gentleman.

3 Newes Laddes : our warres are done :
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the Turkes,
That their designement halts. A Noble ship of Venice,
Hath seene a greevous wracke and sufferance
On most of their Fleet.

Mon. How ? Is this true ?

3 The ship is heere put in : A *Verennessa*, *Michael Cassio*
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, *Otbello*,
Is come on Shore : the Moore himselfe at Sea,
And is in full Commission heere for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't :
'Tis a worthy Governour.

3 But this same *Cassio*, though he speake of comfort,
Touching the Turkish losse, yet he lookes sadly,
And prayes the Moore be safe ; for they were parted

With fowle and violent Tempest.

Mon.

Pray Heavens he be :

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea-side (ho)
As well to see the Vessell that's come in,
As to throw-out our eyes for brave *Othello*,
Even till we make the Maine, and th'Eriall blew,
An indistinct regard.

Gent.

Come, let's do so ;

For every Minute is expectancie
Of more Arrivancie.

Enter Cassio.

Cassio. Thanks you, the valiant of the warlike Isle,
That so approve the Moore : Oh let the Heavens
Give him defence against the Elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous Sea.

Mon. Is he well ship'd ?

Cassio. His Barke is stoutly Timber'd, and his Pilot
Of verie expert, and approv'd Allowance ;
Therefore my hope's (not surfetted to death)
Stand in bold Cure.

Within. A Saile, a Saile, a Saile.

Cassio. What noise ?

Gent. The Towne is empty ; on the brow o'th'Sea
Stand ranks of People, and they cry, a Saile.

Cassio. My hopes do shape him for the Governor.

Gent. They do discharge their Shot of Courtesie,
Our Friends, at least.

Cassio.

I pray you Sir, go forth,

And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

Gent. I shall.

Exit.

Mon. But good Lieutenant, is your Generall wiv'd ?

Cassio. Most fortunately : he hath atchiev'd a Maid
That paragon's description, and wilde Fame :

One that excels the quirkes of Blazoning pens,
And in th'essentiall Vesture of Creation,
Do's tyre the Ingeniuer.

Enter Gentleman.

How now? Who ha's put in?

Gent. 'Tis one *Iago*, Auncient to the Generall.

Cassio. Ha's had most favourable, and happie speed :
Tempests themselves, high Seas, and howling windes,
The gutter'd-Rockes, and Congregated Sands,
Traitors ensteep'd, to enlogge the guiltlesse Keele,
As having sence of Beautie, do omit
Their mortall Natures, letting go safely by
The Divine *Desdemona*.

Mon. What is she?

Cassio. She that I spake of :
Our great Captains Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*,
Whose footing heere anticipates our thoughts,
A Senights speed. Great Jove, *Othello* guard,
And swell his Saile with thine owne powrefull breath,
That he may blesse this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make loves quicke pants in *Desdemona's* Armes,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted Spirits.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, and Emilia.

Oh behold,
The Riches of the Ship is come on shore :
You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.
Haile to thee Ladie : and the grace of Heaven,
Before, behinde thee, and on every hand
Enwheelee thee round.

Des. I thanke you, Valiant *Cassio*,
What tydings can you tell of my Lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I ought

But that he's well, and will be shortly heere.

Des. Oh, but I feare :

How lost you company ?

Cassio. The great Contenton of Sea, and Skies
Parted our fellowship. But hearke, a Saile.

Within. A Saile, a Saile.

Gent. They give this greeting to the Cittadell :
This likewise is a Friend.

Cassio. See for the Newes :
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Mistris :
Let it not gaule your patience (good *Iago*)
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold shew of Curtesaie.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lippes,
As of her tongue she oft bestowes on me,
You would have enough.

Des. Alas : she ha's no speech.

Iago. Infaieth too much :
I finde it still, when I have leave to sleepe.
Marry before your Ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Æmil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on : you are Pictures out of doore :
Bells in your Parlours : Wilde-Cats in your Kitchens : Saints in
your Injuries : Divels being offended : Players in your Huswiferie,
and Huswives in your Beds.

Des. Oh, fie upon thee, Slanderer.

Iago. Nay, it is true : or else I am a Turke,
You rise to play, and go to bed to worke.

Æmil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Desde. What would'st write of me, if thou should'st praise
me ?

Iago. Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me too't,

For I am nothing, if not Criticall.

Des. Come on, assay.

There's one gone to the Harbour?

Iago. I Madam,

Des. I am not merry: but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.

Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it, but indeed my invention comes from my
pate, as Birdlyme do's from Freeze, it pluckes out Braines and all.
But my Muse labours, and thus she is deliver'd.

*If she be faire, and wise: fairenesse, and wit,
The ones for use, the other useth it.*

Des. Well prais'd:

How if she be Blacke and Witty?

Iago. *If she be blacke, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white, that shall her blacknesse fit.*

Des. Worse, and worse.

Æmil. How if Faire, and Foolish?

Iago. *She never yet was foolish that was faire,
For even her folly helpt her to an heire.*

Desde. These are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fooles laugh
i'th'Alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's
Foule, and Foolish.

Iago. *There's none so foule and foolish thereunto,
But do's foule pranks, which faire, and wise-ones do.*

Desde. Oh heavy ignorance: thou praisest the worst best.
But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deserving woman
indeed? One, that in the authority of her merit, did justly put
on the vouch of very malice it selfe.

Iago. *She that was ever faire, and never proud,
Had Tongue at will, and yet was never loud:
Never lackt Gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said now I may.
She that being angred, her revenge being nie,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flie:*

*She that in wisdom never was so fraile,
To change the Gods-head for the Salmons taile :
She that could thinke, and nev'r disclose her mind,
See Suitors following, and not looke behind :
She was a wight, (if ever such wightes were)*

Des. To do what ?

Iago. To suckle Fooles, and chronicle small Beere.

Desde. Oh most lame and impotent conclusion. Do not learne of him *Æmillia*, though he be thy husband. How eay you (*Cassio*) is he not a most prophane, and liberall Counsaillor ?

Cassio. He speakes home (Madam) you may rellish him more in the Souldier, then in the Scholler.

Iago. He takes her by the palme : I, well said, whisper. With as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a Fly as *Cassio*. I smile upon her, do : I will give thee in thine owne Courtship. You say true, 'tis so indeed. If such tricks as these strip you out of your Lieutenantrie, it had beene better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now againe you are most apt to play the Sir, in. Very good : well kiss'd, excellent Curtsie : tis so indeed. Yet againe, your fingers to your lippes ? Would they were Cluster-pipes for your sake. The Moore I know his Trumpet.

Cassio. 'Tis truely so.

Des. Let's meete him, and receive him.

Cassio. Loe, where he comes.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. O, my faire Warriour.

Des. My deere *Othello*.

Othe. It gives me wonder great, as my content
To see you heere before me.
Oh my Soules Joy :
If after every Tempest, come such Calmes,
May the windes blow, till they have waken'd death :

And let the labouring Barke climbe hills of Seas
Olympus high : and duck againe as low,
As hell's from Heaven. If it were now to dye,
'Twere now to be most happy. For I feare,
My Soule hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this,
Succedes in unknowne Fate.

Des. The Heavens forbid
But that our Loves
And Comforts should encrease
Even as our dayes do grow.

Oth. Amen to that (*sweet Powers*)
I cannot speake enough of this content,
It stoppes me heere : it is too much of joy.
And this, and this the greatest discords be
That ere our hearts shall make.

Iago. Oh you are well tun'd now : But Ile set downe the
peggs that make this Musicke, as honest as I am.

Oth. Come : let us to the Castle.
Newes (*Friends*) our Warres are done :
The Turkes are drown'd.
How do's my old Acquaintance of this Isle ?
(*Hony*) you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
I have found great love among'st them. Oh my Sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I doate
In mine owne comforts. I prythee, good *Iago*,
Go to the Bay, and disimbarke my Coffers :
Bring thou the Master to the Cittadell,
He is a good one, and his worthynesse
Do's challenge much respect. Come *Desdemona*,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

Exit Othello and Desdemona.

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the Harbour. Come
thither, if thou be'st Valiant, (as they say base men being in
Love, have then a Nobilitie in their Natures, more then is native

to them) list-me ; the Lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard. First, I must tell thee this : *Desdemona*, is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? Why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus : and let thy soule be instructed. Marke me with what violence she first lov'd the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantastick lies. To love him still for prating, let not thy discreet heart thinke it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight shall she have to looke on the divell? When the Blood is made dull with the Act of Sport, there should be a game to enflame it, and to give Satiety a fresh appetite. Lovelinesse in favour, simpathy in yeares, Manners, and Beauties : all which the Moore is defective in. Now for want of these requir'd Conveniences, her delicate tendernesse wil finde it selfe abus'd, begin to heave the, gorge, disrellish and abhorre the Moore, very Nature wil instruct her in it, and compell her to some second choice. Now Sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd position) who stands so eminent in the degree of this Fortune, as *Cassio* do's : a knave very voluble : no further conscionable, then in putting on the meere forme of Civill, and Humaine seeming, for the better compasse of his salt, and most hidden loose Affection? Why none, why none : A slipper, and subtle knave, a finder of occasion : that he's an eye can stampe, and counterfeit Advantages, though true Advantage never present it selfe. A divelish knave : besides, the knave is handsome, young : and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and greene mindes looke after. A pestilent compleat knave, and the woman hath found him already.

Rodo. I cannot beleieve that in her, she's full of most bless'd condition.

Iago. Bless'd figges-end. The Wine she drinkes is made of grapes. If shee had beene bless'd, shee would never have lov'd the Moore : Bless'd pudding. Didst thou not see her paddle with the palme of his hand? Didst not marke that?

Rod. Yes, that I did : but that was but curtesie.

Iago. Leacherie by this hand : an Index, and obscure prologue to the History of Lust and foule Thoughts. They met so neere with their lippes, that their breathes embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts *Rodorigo*, when these mutabilities so marshall the way, hard at hand comes the Master, and maine exercise, th'incorporate conclusion : Pish. But Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to night : for the Command, Ile lay't upon you. *Cassio* knowes you not : Ile not be farre from you. Do you finde some occasion to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favorably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sodaine in Choller : and happely may strike at you, provoke him that he may : for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to Munity. Whose qualification shall come into no true taste againe, but by the displanting of *Cassio*. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the meanes I shall then have to preferre them. And the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperitie.

Rodo. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meete me by and by at the Cittadell. I must fetch his Necessaries a Shore. Farewell.

Rodo. Adieu.

Exit.

Iago. That *Cassio* loves her, I do well beleev't :
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great Credite.
The Moore (how beit that I endure him not)
Is of a constant, loving Noble Nature,
And I dare thinke, he'le prove to *Desdemona*
A most deere husband. Now I do love her too,
Not out of absolute Lust, (though peradventure
I stand accomptant for as great a sin)
But partely led to dyet my Revenge,
For that I do suspect the lustie Moore

Hath leap'd into my Seate. The thought whereof,
 Doth (like a poysonous Minerall) gnaw my Inwardes:
 And nothing can, or shall content my Soule
 Till I am eeven'd with him, wife, for wift.
 Or fayling so, yet that I put the Moore,
 At least into a Jealouzie so strong
 That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,
 If this poore Trash of Venice, whom I trace
 For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,
 Ile have our *Michael Cassio* on the hip,
 Abuse him to the Moore, in the right garbe
 (For I feare *Cassio* with my Night-Cape too)
 Make the Moore thanke me, love me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an *Asse*,
 And practising upon his peace, and quiet,
 Even to madnesse. 'Tis heere: but yet confus'd,
 Knaveries plaine face, is never seene, till us'd. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello's, Herald with a Proclamation.

Herald. It is *Othello's* pleasure, our Noble and Valiant Generall.
 That upon certaine tydings now arriv'd, importing the meere per-
 dition of the Turkish Fleete: every man put himselfe into
 Triumph. Some to daunce, some to make Bonfires, each man,
 to what Sport and Revels his addition leads him. For besides
 these beneficiall Newes, it is the celebration of his Nuptiall. So
 much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are
 open, & there is full libertie of Feasting from this present houre
 of five, till the Bell have told eleven. Blesse the Isle of Cyprus,
 and our Noble Generall *Othello*. *Exit.*

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good *Michael*, looke you to the guard to night.
Let's teach our selves that Honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. *Iago*, hath direction what to do.
But notwithstanding with my personall eye
Will I looke to't.

Oth. *Iago* is most honest :
Michael, goodnight. To morrow with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you. Come my deere Love,
The purchase made, the fruites are to ensue,
That profit's yet to come 'twene me, and you.
Goodnight.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome *Iago*: we must to the Watch.

Iago. Not this houre Lieutenant : 'tis not yet ten o'th'clocke.
Our Generall cast us thus carely for the love of his *Desdemona* :
Who, let us not therefore blame ; he hath not yet made wanton
the night with her : and she is sport for *Jove*.

Cas. She's a most exquisite Lady.

Iago. And Ile warrant her, full of Game.

Cas. Indeed shes a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she ha's ?
Methinkes it sounds a parley to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye :
And yet me thinkes right modest.

Iago. And when she speakes,
Is it not an Alarum to Love ?

Cas. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well : happinesse to their Sheetes. Come Lieutenant,
I have a stope of Wine, and heere without are a brace of Cyprus
Gallants, that would faine have a measure to the health of blacke
Othello.

Cas. Not to night, good *Iago*, I have very poore, and un-

happie Braines for drinking. I could well wish Curtesie would invent some other Custome of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our Friends : but one Cup, Ile drinke for you.

Cassio. I have drunke but one Cup to night, and that was craftily qualified too : and behold what inovation it makes heere. I am infortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taske my weaknesse with any more.

Iago. What man ? 'Tis a night of Revels, the Gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they ?

Iago. Heere, at the doore : I pray you call them in.

Cas. Ile do't, but it dislikes me.

Exit.

Iago. If I can fasten but one Cup upon him

With that which he hath drunke to night alreadie,

He'l be as full of Quarrell, and offence

As my yong Mistris dogge.

Now my sickle Foole *Rodorigo*,

Whom Love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,

To *Desdemona* hath to night Carrows'd.

Potations, pottle-deepe ; and he's to watch.

Three else of Cyprus, Noble swelling Spirites,

(That hold their Honours in a wary distance,

The very Elements of this Warrelike Isle) :

Have I to night fluster'd with flowing Cups,

And they Watch too.

Now 'mongst this Flocke of drunkards

Am I to put our *Cassio* in some Action

That may offend the Isle. But here they come.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

If Consequence do but approve my dreame,

My Boate sailes freely, both with winde and Streame.

Cus. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rowse already.

Mon. Good-faith a litle one : not past a pint, as I am a Souldier.

Iago. Some Wine hoa.

*And let me the Cannakin clinke, clinke :
And let me the Cannakin clinke,
A Souldiers a man : Ob, mans life's but a span,
Why then let a Souldier drinke.*

Some Wine Boyes.

Cas. 'Fore Heaven : an excellent Song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England : where indeed they are most potent in Potting. Your Dane, your Germaine, and your Swag-belly'd Hollander, (drinke hoa) are nothing to your English.

Cassio. Is your Englishmen so exquisite in his drinking ?

Iago. Why, he drinkes you with facillitie, your Dane dead drunke. He sweates not to overthrow your Almaine. He gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next Pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our Generall.

Mon. I am for it Lieutenant : and Ile do you Justice.

Iago. Oh sweet England.

*King Stephen was and-a worthy Peere,
His Breeches cost him but a Crowne,
He held them Six pence all to deere,
With that he cal'd the Tailor Lowne :
He was a wight of high Renowne,
And thou art but of low degree :
'Tis Pride that pulls the Country downe,
And take thy awl'd Cloake about thee.*

Some Wine hoa.

Cassio. Why this is a more exquisite Song then the other.

Iago. Will you heare't againe ?

Cas. No : for I hold him to be unworthy of his Place, that do's those things. Well : heav'ns above all : and there be soules must be saved, and there be soules must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good Lieutenant.

Cas. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of qualitie : I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too Lieutenant.

Cassio. I: (but by your leave) not before me. The Lieutenant is to be saved before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this: let's to our Affaires. Forgive us our sinnes: Gentlemen let's looke to our businesse. Do not thinke Gentlemen, I am drunke: this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunke now: I can stand well enough, and I speake well enough.

Genl. Excellent well.

Cas. Why very well then: you must not thinke then, that I am drunke. *Exit.*

Monta. To th'Platforme (Masters) come, let's set the Watch.

Iago. You see this Fellow, that is gone before,
He's a Souldier, fit to stand by *Cesar*,
And give direction. And do but see his vice,
'Tis to his vertue, a just Equinox,
The one as long as th'other. 'Tis pittie of him:
I fear the trust *Othello* put him in,
On some odde time of his infirmities
Will shake this Island.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore his prologue to his sleepe,
He'll watch the Horologe a double Set,
If Drinke rocke not his Cradle.

Mont. It were well

The Generall were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the vertue that appears in *Cassio*,
And lookes not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now *Rodorigo*?

I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.

Mon. And 'tis great pittie, that the Noble Moore
Should hazard such a Place, as his owne Second

With one of an ingraft Infirmities,
It were an honest Action, to say so
To the Moore.

Iago. Not I, for this faire Island,
I do love *Cassio* well: and would do much
To cure him of this evill. But hearke, what noise?

Enter Cassio pursuing Rodorigo.

Cas. You Rogue: you Rascall.

Mon. What's the matter Lieutenant?

Cas. A Knave teach me my dutie? Ile beate the Knave into
a Twiggen-Bottle.

Rod. Beate me?

Cas. Dost thou prate, Rogue?

Mon. Nay, good Lieutenant:

I pray you Sir, hold your hand.

Cassio. Let me go (Sir)

Or Ile knocke you o're the Muzard.

Mon. Come, come: you're drunke.

Cassio. Drunke?

Iago. Away I say: go out and cry a Mutinie.

Nay good Lieutenant. Alas Gentlemen:

Helpe hoa. Lieutenant. Sir *Montano*:

Helpe Masters. Heere's a goodly Watch indeed.

Who's that which rings the Bell: Diablo, hoa:

The Towne will rise. Fie, fie Lieutenant,

You'll be asham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Othe. What is the matter heere?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to th'death. He dies.

Othe. Hold for your lives.

Iag. Hold hoa: Lieutenant, Sir *Montano*, Gentlemen:

Have you forgot all place of sense and dutie?

Hold. The Generall speaks to you: hold for shame.

Othe. Why how now hoa? From whence cometh this?
Are we turn'd Turkes? and to ourselves do that
Which Heaven hath forbid the *Ottomites*
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous Brawle :
He that stirs next, to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soule light : He dies upon his Motion.
Silence that dreadfull Bell, it frights the Isle,
From her propriety. What is the matter, Masters?
Honest *Iago* that looks dead with greiving,
Speake : who began this? On thy love I charge thee?

Iago. I do not know : Friends all, but now, even now.
In Quarter, and in termes like Bride, and Groome
Devesting them for Bed : and then, but now :
(As if some Planet had unwitting men)
Swords out, and tilting one at others breastes,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any beginning to this peevish oddes.
And would, in Action glorious, I had lost
Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.

Othe. How comes it (*Michaell*) you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.

Othe. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont to be civill :
The gravitic, and stillnesse of your youth
The world hath noted. And your name is great
In mouthes of wisest Censure. What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? Give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer *Iago*, can informe you,
While I spare speech which something now offends me,
Of all that I do know, nor know I ought
By me, that's said, or done amisse this night,
Unlesse selfe-charitie be sometimes a vice,
And to defend our selves, it be a sinne

When violence assailes us.

Othe. Now by Heaven,
My blood begins my safer Guides to rule,
And passion (having my best judgement collied)
Assaies to leade the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this Arme, the best of you
Shall sinke in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foule Rout began : Who set it on,
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loose me. What in a Towne of warre,
Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim-full of feare,
To Manage private, and domesticke Quarrell ?
In night, and on the Court and Guard of safetie ?
'Tis monstrous : *Iago*, who began't ?

Mon. If partially Affin'd, or league in office,
Thou dost deliver more, or lesse then Truth,
Thou art no Souldier.

Iago. Touch me not so neere,
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Then it should do offence to *Michaell Cassio*.
Yet I perswade my selfe, to speake the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. This it is Generall :
Montano and my selfe being in speech,
There comes a Fellow, crying out for helpe,
And *Cassio* following him with determin'd Sword
To execute upon him. Sir, this Gentleman,
Steppes in to *Cassio*, and entreats his pause :
My selfe, the crying Fellow did pursue,
Least by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The Towne might fall in fright. He, (swift of foote)
Out-ran my purpose : and I return'd then rather
For that I heard the clinke, and fall of Swords,
And *Cassio* high in oath : Which till to night
I nere might say before. When I came backe

(For this was briefe) I found them close together
 At blow, and thrust, even as againe they were
 When you your selfe did part them.
 More of this matter cannot I report,
 But Men are Men : The best sometimes forget,
 Though *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
 As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
 Yet surely *Cassio*, I beleeve receiv'd
 From him that fled, some strange Indignitie,
 Which patience could not passe.

Othe.

I know *Iago*

Thy honestie, and love doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to *Cassio* : *Cassio*, I love thee,
 But never more be Officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona attended.

Looke if my gentle Love be not rais'd up :
 Ile make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter (Deere ?)

Othe.

All's well, Sweeting :

Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts,
 My selfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off :
Iago, looke with care about the Towne,
 And silence those whom this vil'd brawle distracted.
 Come *Desdemona*, 'tis the Soldier's life,
 To have their Balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

Exit.

Iago. What are you hurt Lieutenant ?

Cas. I, past all Surgery.

Iago. Marry Heaven forbid.

Cas. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation : Oh I have lost my
 Reputation. I have lost the immortall part of my selfe, and what
 remaines is bestiall. My Reputation, *Iago*, my Reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man I had thought you had received
 some bodily wound ; there is more sence in that then in Reputa-
 tion. Reputation is an idle, and most false imposition ; oft got
 without merit, and lost without deserving. You have lost no

Reputation at all, unlesse you repute your selfe such a looser. What man, there are more wayes to recover the Generall againe. You are but now cast in his moode, (a punishment more in policie, then in malice) even so as one would beate his offencelesse dogge, to affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to him againe, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceive so good a Commander, with so alight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an Officer. Drunke? And speake Parrat? And Squabble? Swagger? Swear? And discourse Fustian with ones owne shadow? Oh thou invisible spirit of Wine, if thou hast no name to be knowne by, let us call thee Divell.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your Sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a masse of things, but nothing distinctly: a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an Enemie in their mouthes, to steale away their Braines? that we should with joy, pleasance, revell and applause, transforme our selves into Beasts.

Iago. Why? But you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the divell drunkennesse, to give place to the divell wrath, one unperfectnesse, shewes me another to make me frankly despise my selfe.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a Moraller. As the Time, the Place, & the Condition of this Country stands I could hartily wish this had not befallne: but since it is, as it is, mend it for your owne good.

Cas. I will aske him for my Place againe, he shall tell me, I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a Foole, and presently a Beast. Oh strange! Every inordinate cup is unbles'd, and the Ingredient is a divell.

Iago. Come, come : good wine, is a good familiar Creature, if it be well us'd : exclaime no more against it. And good Lieutenant, I thinke, you thinke I love you.

Cassio. I have well approved it, Sir. I drunke ?

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunke at a time man. I tell you what you shall do : Our General's Wife, is now the Generall. I may say so, in this respect, for that he hath devoted, and given up himselfe to the Contemplation, marke : and denotement of her parts and Graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her : Importune her helpe to put you in your place againe. She is of so free, so kinde, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodnesse, not to do more then she is requested. This broken joynt betweene you, and her husband, entreat her to splinter. And my Fortunes against any lay worth naming, this cracke of your Love, shall grow stronger, then it was before.

Cassio. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest in the sinceritie of Love, and honest kindnesse.

Cassio. I thinke it freely : and betimes in the morning, I will beseech the vertuous *Desdemona* to undertake for me : I am desperate of my Fortunes if they check me.

Iago. You are in the right : good night Lieutenant, I must to the Watch.

Cassio. Good night, honest *Iago*.

Exit Cassio.

Iago. And what's he then,
That saies I play the Villaine ?
When this advise is free I give, and honest,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moore againe,
For 'tis most easie
Th'inclyning *Desdemona* to subdue
In any honest Suite. She's fram'd as fruitfull
As the free Elements. And then for her
To win the Moore, were to renounce his Baptisme,
All Seales, and Simbols of redeemed sin :
His soule is so enfetter'd to her Love,

That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her Appetite shall play the God,
With his weake Function. How am I then a Villaine,
To Counsell *Cassio* to this paralell course,
Directly to his good? Divinitie of hell,
When divels will the blackest sinnes put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shewes,
As I do now. For whiles this honest Foole
Plies *Desdemona*, to repaire his Fortune,
And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore,
He powre this pestilence into his eare:
That she repeales him, for her bodies Lust,
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her Credite with the Moore.
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodnesse make the Net,
That shall en-mash them all.
How now *Rodorigo*?

Enter Rodorigo.

Rodorigo. I do follow heere in the Chace, not like a Hound
that hunts, but one that filles up the Crie. My Money is almost
spent; I have bin to night exceedingly well Cudgell'd: And I
thinke the issue will bee, I shall have so much experience for my
paines; And so, with no money at all, and a little more Wit,
returne againe to Venice.

Iago. How poore are they that have not Patience?
What wound did ever heale but by degrees?
Thou know'st we worke by Wit, and not by Witchcraft,
And Wit depends on dilatory time:
Does't not go well? *Cassio* hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hath casheer'd *Cassio*:
Though other things grow faire against the Sun,
Yet Fruites that blossome first, will first be ripe:
Content thy selfe, a-while. Introth 'tis Morning;

Pleasure, and Action, make the houres seeme short.

Retire thee, go where thou art Billited :

Away, I say, thou shalt know more heereafter :

Nay get thee gone.

Exit Rodorigo.

Two things are to be done :

My Wife must move for *Cassio* to her Mistris :

Ile set her on my selfe, a while, to draw the Moor apart,

And bring him jumpe, when he may *Cassio* finde

Soliciting his wife : I, that's the way :

Dull not Device, by coldnesse, and delay.

Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cassio, Musicians, and Clowne.

Cassio. Masters, play heere, I will content your paines. Something that's briefe : and bid, goodmorrow General.

Clo. Why Masters, have your Instruments bin in Naples, that they speake i'th' Nose thus ?

Mus. How Sir ? how ?

Clo. Are these I pray you, winde Instruments ?

Mus. I marry are they sir.

Clo. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir ?

Clow. Marry sir, by many a winde Instrument that I know. But Masters, heere's money for you : and the Generall so likes your Musick, that he desires you for loves sake to make no more noise with it.

Mus. Well Sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any Musicke that may not be heard, too't againe. But (as they say) to heare Musicke, the Generall do's not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clow. Then put up your Pipes in your bagge, for Ile away.
Go, vanish into ayre, away. *Exit Mu.*

Cassio. Dost thou heare me, mine honest Friend?

Clo. No, I heare not your honest Friend :
I heare you.

Cassio. Prythee keepe up thy Quillets, ther's a poore peece of
Gold for thee : if the Gentlewoman that attends the Generall be
stirring, tell her, there's one *Cassio* entreats her a little favour of
Speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring sir : if she will stirre hither, I shall seeme
to notifie unto her. *Exit Clo.*

Enter Iago.

In happy time, *Iago.*

Iago. You have not bin a-bed then?

Cassio. Why no : the day had broke before we parted.
I have made bold (*Iago*) to send in to your wife :
My suite to her is, that she will to vertuous *Desdemona*
Procure me some access.

Iago. Ile send her to you presently :
And Ile devise a meane to draw the Moore
Out of the way, that your converse and businesse
May be more free. *Exit.*

Cassio. I humbly thanke you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kinde, and honest.

Enter Emilia.

Æmil. Goodmorrow (good Lieutenant) I am sorrie
For your displeasure : but all will sure be well.
The Generall and his wife are talking of it,
And she speakes for you stoutly. The Moore replies,
That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus,
And great Affinitie : and that in wholesome wisdom
He might not but refuse you. But he protests he loves you
And needs no other Suitour, but his likings
To bring you in againe.

Cassio. Yet I beseech you,
If you thinke fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some breefe discourse
With *Desdemona* alone.

Æmil. Pray you come in :
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speake your bosome freely.

Cassio. I am much bound to you.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These Letters give (*Iago*) to the Pylot,
And by him do my duties to the Senate :
That done, I will be walking on the Workes,
Repaire there to mee.

Iago. Well, my good Lord, Ile doo't.

Oth. This Fortification (Gentlemen) shall we see't?

Gent. Well waite upon your Lordship. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Æmilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd (good *Cassio*) I will do
All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Æmil. Good Madam do :
I warrant it greeves my Husband,
As if the cause were his.

Des. Oh that's an honest Fellow, Do not doubt *Cassio*
But I will have my Lord, and you againe
As friendly as you were.

Cassio. Bounteous Madam,

What ever shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
He's never any thing but your true Servant.

Des. I know't : I thanke you : you do love my Lord :
You have knowne him long, and be you well assur'd
He shall in strangenesse stand no farther off,
Then in a politique distance.

Cassio. I, but Lady,
That policie may either last so long,
Or feede upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breede it selfe so out of Circumstances,
That I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My Generall will forget my Love, and Service.

Des. Do not doubt that : before *Æmilia* here,
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, Ile performe it
To the last Article. My Lord shall never rest,
Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience ;
His Bed shall seeme a Schoole, his Boord a Shrift,
Ile intermingle every thing he do's
With *Cassio's* suite : Therefore be merry *Cassio*,
For thy Solicitor shall rather dye,
Then give thy cause away.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Æmil. Madam, heere comes my Lord.

Cassio. Madam, Ile take my leave.

Des. Why stay, and heare me speake.

Cassio. Madam, not now : I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine owne purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion. *Exit Cassio.*

Iago. Hah ? I like not that.

Othel. What dost thou say ?

Iago. Nothing my Lord ; or if—I know not what.

Othel. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my wife ?

Iago. *Cassio* my Lord ? No sure, I cannot thinke it

That he would steale away so guilty-like,
Seeing your comming.

Oth. I do beleewe 'twas he.

Des. How now my Lord?

I have bin talking with a Suitor heere,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you meane?

Des. Why your Lieutenant *Cassio*: Good my Lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take.
For if he be not one, that truly loves you,
That erres in Ignorance, and not in Cunning,
I have no judgement in an honest face.
I prythee call him backe.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. I sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his greefe with mee
To suffer with him. Good Love, call him backe.

Othel. Not now (sweet *Desdemon*) some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner (Sweet) for you.

Des. Shall't be to night, at Supper?

Oth. No, not to night.

Des. To morrow Dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home:

I meete the Captaines at the Cittadell.

Des. Why then to morrow night, on Tuesday morne,
On Tuesday noone, or night; on Wensaday Morne.

I prythee name the time, but let it not

Exceed three dayes. Infaith hee's penitent:

And yet his Trespasse, in our common reason

(Save that they say the warres must make example)

Out of her best, is not almost a fault

T'encurre a private checke. When shall he come?

Tell me *Othello*. I wonder in my Soule

What you would aske me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mam'ring on? What? *Michael Cassio*,
That came a woing with you? and so many a time
(When I have spoke of you dispraisingly)
Hath tane your part, to have so much to do
To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much.

Oth. Prythee no more: Let him come when he will:
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a Boone:
'Tis as I should entreate you weare your Gloves,
Or feede on nourishing dishes, or keepe you warme,
Or sue to you, to do a peculiar profit
To your owne person. Nay, when I have a suite
Wherein I meane to touch your Love indeed,
It shall be full of poize, and difficult waight,
And fearefull to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to my selfe.

Des. Shall I deny you? No: farewell my Lord.

Oth. Farewell my *Desdemona*, Ile come to thee strait.

Des. *Æmilia* come; be as your Fancies teach you:
What ere you be, I am obedient.

Exit.

Oth. Excellent wretch: Perdition catch my Soule
But I do love thee: and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come againe.

Iago. My Noble Lord.

Oth. What dost thou say, *Iago*?

Iago. Did *Michael Cassio*
When he woo'd my Lady, know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last:

Why dost thou aske?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my Thought,
No further harme.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago*?

Iago. I did not thinke he had not acquainted with her.

Oth. O yes, and went betweene as very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed? I indubitate. Doubtless it thou oughtest to thinke?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my Lord?

Oth. Honest? I know.

Iago. My Lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou thinke?

Iago. Thinke, my Lord?

Oth. Thinke, my Lord? Alas, thou dost not see:

As if there were some Monster in my thought

Too hideous to be shewne. Thou dost mean something:

I heard thee say even now, thou lik'st not that.

When *Cassio* left my wife. What did'st not like?

And when I told thee, he was of my Counsaile.

Of my whole course of wooing: thou lov'st it, Indeeds?

And did'st contract, and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then had'st shut up in thy Braine

Some horrible Conceits. If thou dost love me,

Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My Lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I thinke thou dost:

And for I know thou'rt full of Love, and Hoonestie,

And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,

Therefore these stops of thine, fright me the more:

For such things in a false disloyall Knave

Are trickes of Custome: but in a man that's just,

They're close dilations, working from the heart,

That Passion cannot rule.

Iago. For *Michael Cassio*,

I dare be sworne, I thinke that he is honest.

Oth. I thinke so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seeme,

Or those that be not, would they might seeme none.

Oth. Certaine, men should be what they seeme.

Iago. Why then I thinke *Cassio's* an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this?

I prythee speake to me, as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminat, and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my Lord pardon me,
Though I am bound to every Acte of dutie,
I am not bound to that : All Slaves are free :
Utter my Thoughts ? Why say, they are vild, and falce ?
As where's that Palace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not ? Who ha's that breast so pure,
Wherein uncleanly Apprehensions
Keepe Leetes and Law-dayes, and in Sessions sit
With meditations lawfull ?

Oth. Thou do'st conspire against thy Friend (*Iago*)
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his care
A stranger to thy Thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my guesse
(As I confesse it is my Natures plague
To spy into Abuses, and of my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not) that your wisdom
From one, that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble
Out of his scattering, and unsure observance :
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my Manhood, Honesty, and Wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou meane ?

Iago. Good name in Man, & woman (deere my Lord)
Is the immediate Jewell of their Soules ;
Who steales my purse, steales trash ;
'Tis something, nothing ;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has bin slave to thousands :

But he that filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.

Oth. Ile know thy Thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor shall not, whil'st 'tis in my custodie.

Oth. Ha ?

Iago. Oh, beware my Lord, of jealousy,
It is the greene-ey'd Monster, which doth mocke
The meate it feeds on. That Cuckold lives in blisse,
Who certaine of his Fate, loves not his wronger :
But oh, what damned minutes tells he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts ; Suspects, yet soundly loves ?

Oth. O miserie.

Iago. Poore, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,
But Riches finelesse, is as poore as Winter,
To him that ever feares he shall be poore :
Good Heaven, the Soules of all my Tribe defend
From Jealousie.

Oth. Why ? why is this ?

Think'st thou, I'd make a Life of Jealousie ;
To follow still the changes of the Moone
With fresh suspitions ? No : to be once in doubt,
Is to be resolv'd : Exchange me for a Goat,
When I shall turne the businesse of my Soule
To such exufficate, and blow'd Surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me Jealous,
To say my wife is faire, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of Speech, Sings, Playes, and Dances :
Where Vertue is, these are more vertuous.
Nor from mine owne weake merites, will I draw
The smallest feare, or doubt of her revolt,
For she had eyes, and chose me. No *Iago*,
Ile see before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove ;
And on the prooffe, there is no more but this,

Away at once with Love, or Jealousie.

Ia. I am glad of this : For now I shall have reason
To shew the Love and Duty that I beare you
With franker spirit. Therefore (as I am bound)
Receive it from me. I speake not yet of prooffe :
Looke to your wife, observe her well with *Cassio*,
Weare your eyes, thus : not Jealous, nor Secure :
I would not have your free, and Noble Nature,
Out of selfe-Bounty, be abus'd : Looke too't :
I know our Country disposition well :
In Venice, they do let Heaven see the pranks
They dare not shew their Husbonds.
Their best Conscience,
Is not to leave't undone, but kept unknowne.

Oth. Dost thou say so ?

Iago. She did deceive her Father, marrying you,
And when she seem'd to shake, and feare your lookes,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why go too then :
Shee that so young could give out such a Seeming
To seele her Fathers eyes up, close as Oake,
He thought 'twas Witchcraft.
But I am much too blame :
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your Spirits :

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I feare it has :
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from your Love.
But I do see y'are moov'd :
I am to pray you not, to straine my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,

Then to Suspition.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so (my Lord)
My speech should fall into such vilde successe,
Which my Thoughts aym'd not.

Cassio's my worthy Friend :

My Lord, I see y'are mov'd.

Oth.

No, not much mov'd :

I do not thinke but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iago. Long live she so ;

And long live you to thinke so.

Oth. And yet how Nature erring from it selfe.

Iago. I, there's the point :

As (to be bold with you)

Not to affect many proposed Matches

Of her owne Clime, Complexion, and Degree,

Whereto we see in all things, Nature tends :

Foh, one may smel in such, a will most ranke,

Foule disproportions, Thoughts unnaturall.

But (pardon me) I do not in position

Distinctly speake of her, though I may feare

Her will, recoyling to her better judgement,

May fal to match you with her Country formes,

And happily repent.

Oth.

Farewell, farewell :

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more :

Set on thy wife to observe.

Leave me *Iago.*

Iago. My Lord, I take my leave.

Othel. Why did I marry ?

This honest Creature (doubtlesse)

Sees, and knowes more, much more then he unfolds.

Iago. My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honor
To scan this thing no farther: Leave it to time,
Although 'tis fit that *Cassio* have his Place ;

For sure he fills it up with great Ability ;
 Yet if you please, to him off a-while :
 You shall by that perceive him, and his meanes :
 Note if your Lady straine his Entertainment
 With any strong, or vehement importunitie,
 Much will be seene in that : In the meane time,
 Let me be thought too busie in my feares,
 (As worthy cause I have to feare I am)
 And hold her free, I do beseech your Honor.

Oib. Feare not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

Exit.

Oib. This Fellow's of exceeding honesty,
 And knowes all Quantities with a learn'd Spirit
 Of humane dealings. If I do prove her Haggard,
 Though that her Jesses were my deere heart-strings,
 I'd whistle her off, and let her downe the winde
 To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am blacke,
 And have not those soft parts of Conversation
 That Chamberers have : Or for I am declin'd
 Into the vale of yeares (yet that's not much)
 Shee's gone. I am abus'd, and my releefe
 Must be to loath her. Oh Curse of Marriage !
 That we can call these delicate Creatures ours,
 And not their Appetites ? I had rather be a Toad,
 And live upon the vapour of a Dungeon,
 Then keepe a corner in the thing I love
 For others uses. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones,
 Prerogativ'd are they lesse then the Base,
 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death :
 Even then, this forked plague is Fated to us,
 When we do quicken. Looke where she comes :

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, Heaven mock'd it selfe :
 Ile not beleeve't.

Des. How now, my deere *Oibello* ?

Your dinner, and the generous Islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am too blame.

Des. Why do you speake so faintly ?

Are you not well ?

Oth. I have a paine upon my Forehead, heere.

Des. Why that's with watching, 'twill away againe.

Let me but binde it hard, within this houre
It will be well.

Oth. Your Napkin is too little:

Let it alone : Come, Ile go in with you.

Exit.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

Æmil. I am glad I have found this Napkin :

This was her first remembrance from the Moore,
My wayward Husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steale it. But she so loves the Token,
(For he conjur'd her, she should ever keepe it)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kisse, and talke too. Ile have the worke tane out,
And giv't *Iago* : what he will do with it
Heaven knowes, not I :
I nothing, but to please his Fantasie.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now ? What do you heere alone ?

Æmil. Do not you chide : I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me ?

It is a common thing——

Æmil. Hah ?

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Æmil. Oh, is that all ? What will you give me now
For that same Handkerchiefe.

Iago. What Handkerchiefe ?

Æmil. What Handkerchiefe ?

Why that the Moore first gave to *Desdemona*,

That which so often you did bid me steale.

Iago. Hast stolne it from her ?

Æmil. No : but she let it drop by negligence,
And to th'advantage, I being heere, took't up :
Looke, heere 'tis.

Iago. A good wench, give it me.

Æmil. What will you do with't, that you have bene so earnest
to have me filch it ?

Iago. Why, what is that to you ?

Æmil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Giv't me againe. Poore Lady, shee'l run mad
When she shall lacke it.

Iago. Be not acknowne on't :

I have use for it. Go, leave me.

Exit Æmil.

I will in *Cassio's* Lodging loose this Napkin,
And let him finde it. Trifles light as ayre,
Are to the jealous, confirmations strong,
As proofes of holy Writ. This may do something.
The Moore already changes with my poyson :
Dangerous conceites, are in their Natures poysons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste :
But with a little afte upon the blood,
Burne like the Mines of Sulphure. I did say so.

Enter Othello.

Looke where he comes : Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowsie Syrrups of the world
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweete sleepe
Which thou owd'st yesterday.

Oth. Ha, ha, false to mee ?

Iago. Why how now Generall ? No more of that.

Oth. Avant, be gone : Thou hast set me on the Racke :
I sweare 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my Lord ?

Oth. What sense had I, in her stolne houres of Lust ?

I saw't not, thought it not : it harm'd not me :
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merrie.
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her Lippes :
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolne,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to heare this ?

Oth. I had beene happy, if the generall Campe,
Pyoners and all, had tasted her sweet Body,
So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for ever
Farewell the Tranquill minde ; farewell Content ;
Farewell the plumed Troopes, and the bigge Warres,
That makes Ambition, Vertue ! Oh farewell,
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpe,
The Spirit-stirring Drum, th'Eare-piercing Fife,
The Royall Banner, and all Qualitie,
Pride, Pompe, and Circumstance of glorious Warre :
And O you mortall Engines, whose rude throates
Th'immortall Joves dread Clamours, counterfet,
Farewell : *Othello's* Occupation's gone.

Iago. Is't possible my Lord ?

Oth. Villaine, be sure thou prove my Love a Whore ;
Be sure of it : Give me the Occular prooffe,
Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule,
Thou had'st bin better have bin borne a Dog
Then answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this ?

Oth. Make me to see't : or (at the least) so prove it,
That the probation beare no Hindge, nor Loope,
To hang a doubt on : Or woe upon thy life.

Iago. My Noble Lord.

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more : Abandon all remorse :
On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate :
Do deeds to make Heaven weepe, all Earth amaz'd ;
For nothing canst thou to damnation adde,

Greater then that.

Iago. O Grace ! O Heaven forgive me !
Are you a Man ? Have you a Soule ? or Sense ?
God buy you : take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole,
That lov'st to make thine Honesty, a Vice !
Oh monstrous world ! Take note, take note (O World)
To be direct and honest, is not safe.

I thanke you for this profit, and from hence
Ile love no Friend, sith Love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay stay : thou should'st be honest.

Iago. I should be wise ; for Honestie's a Foole,
And looses that it workes for.

Oth. By the World,
I thinke my Wife be honest, and thinke she is not :
I thinke that thou art just, and thinke thou art not :
Ile have some prooffe. My name that was as fresh
As *Dians* Visage, is now begrim'd and blacke
As mine owne face. If there be Cords, or Knives,
Poyson, or Fire, or suffocating streames,
Ile not indure it. Would I were satisfied.

Iago. I see you are eaten up with Passion :
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied ?

Oth. Would ? Nay, and I will.

Iago. And may : but how ? How satisfied, my Lord ?
Would you the super-vision grossely gape on ?
Behold her top'd ?

Oth. Death, and damnation. Oh !

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I thinke,
To bring them to that Prospect : Damne them then,
If ever mortall eyes do see them boulder
More then their owne. What then ? How then ?
What shall I say ? Where's Satisfaction ?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeyes,

As salt as Wolves in pride, and Fooles as grosse
As Ignorance, made drunke. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,
Which leade directly to the doore of Truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you might have't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyall.

Iago. I do not like the Office.

But sith I am entred in this cause so farre
(Prick'd too't by foolish Honesty, and Love)
I will go on. I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleepe. There are a kinde of men,
So loose of Soule, that in their sleepes will mutter
Their Affayres : one of this kinde is *Cassio* :
In sleepe I heard him say, sweet *Desdemona*,
Let us be wary, let us hide our Loves,
And then (Sir) would he gripe, and wring my hand :
Cry, oh sweet Creature : then kisse me hard,
As if he pluckt up kisses by the rootes,
That grew upon my lippes, laid his Leg ore my Thigh,
And sigh, and kisse, and then cry cursed Fate,
That gave thee to the Moore.

Oth. O monstrous ! monstrous !

Iago. Nay, this was but his Dreame.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion,
'Tis a shrew'd doubt, though it be but a Dreame.

Iago. And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. Ile teare her all to peeces.

Iago. Nay yet be wise ; yet we see nothing done,
She may be honest yet : Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seene a Handkerchiefe
Spotted with Strawberries, in your wives hand ?

Oth. I gave her such a one : 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that : but such a Handkerchiefe

(I am sure it was your wives) did I to day
See *Cassio* wipe his Beard with.

Oth. If it be that.

Iago. If it be that, or any, it was hers.
It speakes against her with the other proofes.

Othel. O that the Slave had forty thousand lives :
One is too poore, too weake for my revenge.
Now do I see 'tis true. Looke heere *Iago*,
All my fond love thus do I blow to Heaven. 'Tis gone,
Arise blacke vengeance, from the hollow hell,
Yield up (O Love) thy Crowne, and hearted Throne
To tyrannous Hate. Swell bosome with thy fraught,
For 'tis of Aspickes tongues.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood.

Iago. Patience I say : your minde may change.

Oth. Never *Iago*. Like to the Ponticke Sea,
Whose Icie Current, and compulsive course,
Nev'r keepes retyring ebbe, but keepes due on
To the Proponticke, and the Hellespont :
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall nev'r looke backe, nev'r ebbe to humble Love,
Till that a capeable, and wide Revenge
Swallow them up. Now by yond Marble Heaven,
In the due reverence of a Sacred vow,
I heere engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet :

Witnessse you ever-burning Lights above,
You Elements, that clip us round about,
Witnessse that heere *Iago* doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* Service. Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody businessse ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,

Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee too't.
Within these three dayes let me heare thee say,
That *Cassio's* not alive.

Iago. My Friend is dead :
'Tis done at your Request.
But let her live.

Oth. Damne her lewde Minx :
O damne her, damne her.
Come go with me a-part, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift meanes of death
For the faire Divell.
Now art thou my Lieutenant.

Iago. I am your owne for ever.

Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant *Cassio* lyes ?

Clow. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why man ?

Clow. He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Souldier lyes, 'tis
stabbing.

Des. Go too: where lodges he ?

Clow. To tell you where he lodges, is to tel you where I lye.

Des. Can any thing be made of this ?

Clow. I know not where he lodges, and for mee to devise a
lodging, and say he lies heere, or he lies there, were to lye in mine
owne throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out ? and be edified by report ?

Clow. I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make Ques-
tions, and by them answer.

Des. Seeke him, bidde him come hither: tell him, I have
moov'd my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To do this, is within the compasse of mans Wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it. *Exit Clo.*

Des. Where should I loose the handkerchiefe, *Æmilia*?

Æmil. I know not Madam.

Des. Beleeve me, I had rather have lost my purse Full of Cruzadoes. And but my Noble Moore Is true of minde, and made of no such basenesse, As jealous Creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill-thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne, Drew all such humors from him.

Æmil. Looke where he comes.

Enter Othello.

Des. I will not leave him now, till *Cassio* be Call'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord?

Oth. Well my good Lady. Oh hardnes to dissemble! How do you, *Desdemona*?

Des. Well, my good Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand.
This hand is moist my Lady.

Des. It hath felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulnessse, and liberall heart : Hot, hot, and moyst. This hand of yours requires A sequester from Liberty: Fasting, and Prayer, Much Castigation, Exercise devout, For heere's a yong, and sweating Divell heere That commonly rebels : 'Tis a good hand, A franke one.

Des. You may (indeed) say so :
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberall hand. The hearts of old, gave hands.
But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearta.

Des. I cannot speake of this :

Come, now your promise.

Oth. What promise Chucke ?

Des. I have sent to bid *Cassio* come speake with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry Rhewme offends me :

Lend me thy Handkerchiefe.

Des. Heere my Lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not ?

Des. No indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault : That Handkerchiefe

Did an *Ægyptian* to my Mother give :

She was a Charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,

'T would make her Amiable, and subdue my Father

Intirely to her love : But if she lost it,

Or made a Guift of it, my Fathers eye

Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits should hunt

After new Fancies. She dying, gave it me,

And bid me (when my Fate would have me Wiv'd)

To give it her. I did so ; and take heede on't,

Make it a Darling, like your precious eye :

To loose't, or giv't away, were such perdition,

As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible ?

Oth. 'Tis true. There's Magicke in the web of it :

A *Sybill* that had numbred in the world

The Sun to course, two hundred compasses,

In her Prophetticke furie sow'd the Worke :

The Wormes were hallowed, that did breede the Silke,

And it was dyde in Mummey, which the Skilfull

Conserv'd of Maidens hearta.

Des. Indeed ? Is't true ?

Oth. Most veritable, therefore looke too't well.

Des. Then would to Heaven, that I had never scene't ?

Oth. Ha? wherefore?

Des. Why do you speake so startingly and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? Is't gon? Speak, is't out o'th'way?

Des. Blesse us.

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost: but what and if it were?

Oth. How?

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetcht, let me see't.

Des. Why so I can: but I will not now:

This is a tricke to put me from my suite,

Pray you let *Cassio* be receiv'd againe.

Oth. Fetch me the Handkerchiefe,

My minde mis-gives.

Des. Come, come: you'l never meete a more sufficient man.

Oth. The Handkerchiefe.

Des. A man that all his time

Hath founded his good Fortunes on your love;

Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The Handkerchiefe.

Des. Insooth, you are too blame.

Oth. Away.

Exit Othello.

Æmil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I nev'r saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this Handkerchiefe,

I am most unhappy in the losse of it.

Æmil. 'Tis not a yeare or two shewes us a man:

They are all but Stomackes, and we all but Food,

They eate us hungerly, and when they are full

They belch us.

Enter Iago, and Cassio.

Looke you, *Cassio* and my Husband.

Iago. There is no other way: 'tis she must doo't:

And loe the happinesse: go, and importune her.

Des. How now (good *Cassio*) what's the newes with you?

Cassio. Madam, my former suite. I do beseech you,
 That by your vertuous meane, I may againe
 Exist, and be a member of his love,
 Whom I, with all the Office of my heart
 Intirely honour, I would not be delayd.
 If my offence, be of such mortall kinde,
 That nor my Service past, nor present Sorrowes,
 Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
 Can ransome me into his love againe,
 But to know so, must be my benefit :
 So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
 And shut my selfe up in some other course
 To Fortunes Almes.

Des. Alas (thrice-gentle *Cassio*)
 My Advocation is not now in Tune ;
 My Lord, is not my Lord ; nor should I know him,
 Were he in Favour, as in Humour alter'd.
 So helpe me every spirit sanctified,
 As I have spoken for you all my best,
 And stood within the blanke of his displeasure
 For my free speech. You must awhile be patient :
 What I can do, I will : and more I will
 Then for my selfe, I dare. Let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry ?

Æmil. He went hence but now :
 And certainly in strange unquietnesse.

Iago. Can he be angry ? I have seene the Cannon
 When it hath blowne his Rankes into the Ayre,
 And like the Divell from his very Arme
 Puff't his owne Brother: And is he angry ?
 Something of moment then : I will go meet him,
 There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Exit.

Des. I prythee do so. Something sure of State,
 Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practise
 Made demonstrable heere in Cyprus, to him,

Hath puddled his cleare Spirit : and in such cases,
 Mens Natures wrangle with inferiour things,
 Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so.
 For let our finger ake, and it endues
 Our other healthfull members, even to a sense
 Of paine. Nay, we must thinke men are not Gods,
 Nor of them looke for such observancie
 As fits the Bridall. Beshrew me much, *Æmilia*,
 I was (unhandsome Warrior, as I am)
 Arraigning his unkindnesse with my soule :
 But now I finde, I had suborn'd the Witnesse,
 And he's Indited falsely.

Æmil. Pray heaven it bee
 State matters, as you thinke, and no Conception,
 Nor no Jealous Toy, concerning you.

Des. Alas the day, I never gave him cause.

Æmil. But Jealous soules will not be answer'd so ;
 They are not ever jealous for the cause,
 But jealous, for they're jealous. It is a Monster
 Begot upon it selfe, borne on it selfe.

Des. Heaven keepe the Monster from *Othello's* mind.

Æmil. Lady, Amen.

Des. I will go seeke him. *Cassio*, walke heere about :
 If I doe finde him fit, Ile move your suite,
 And seeke to effect it to my uttermost.

Exit.

Cas. I humbly thanke your Ladyship.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Save you (Friend *Cassio*.)

Cassio. What make you from home ?
 How is't with you, my most faire *Bianca* ?

Indeed (sweet Love) I was comming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your Lodging, *Cassio*.
 What ? keepe a weeke away ? Seven dayes, and Nights ?
 Eight score eight houres ? And Lovers absent howres

More tedious then the Diall, eight score times?
Oh weary reck'ning.

Cassio. Pardon me, *Bianca* :
I have this while with leaden thoughts beene prest,
But I shall in a more continueate time
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet *Bianca*
Take me this worke out.

Bianca. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this?
This is some Token from a newer Friend,
To the felt-Absence : now I feele a Cause :
Is't come to this? Well, well.

Cassio. Go too, woman :
Throw your vilde gesses in the Divels teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from some Mistris, some remembrance ;
No, in good troth *Bianca*.

Bian. Why, who's is it ?

Cassio. I know not neither :
I found it in my Chamber,
I like the worke well ; Ere it be demanded
(As like enough it will) I would have it coppied :
Take it, and doo't, and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you ? Wherefore ?

Cassio. I do attend heere on the Generall,
And thinke it no addition nor my wish
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you ?

Cassio. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me,
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And say, if I shall see you soone at night ?

Cassio. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend heere : But Ile see you soone.

Bian. 'Tis very good : I must be circumstanc'd.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Will you thinke so ?

Oth. Thinke so, *Iago* ?

Iago. What, to kisse in private ?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kisse ?

Iago. Or to be naked with her Friend in bed,
An houre, or more, not meaning any harme ?

Oth. Naked in bed (*Iago*) and not meane harme ?

It is hypocrisie against the Divell :

They that meane vertuously, and yet do so,
The Divell their vertue tempts, and they tempt Heaven.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a Veniall slip :

But if I give my wife a Handkerchiefe.

Oth. What then ?

Iago. Why then, 'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers,
She may (I thinke) bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is Protectresse of her honor too :

May she give that ?

Iago. Her honor is an Essence that's not seene,

They have it very oft, that have it not.

But for the Handkerchiefe.

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it :

Thou saidst (oh, it comes ore my memorie,

As doth the Raven o're the infectious house :

Boading to all) he had my Handkerchiefe.

Iago. I : what of that ?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iag. What if I had said, I had seene him do you wrong ?

Or heard him say (as Knaves be such abroad,

Who having by their owne importunate suit,

Or voluntary dotage of some Mistris,

Convinced or supply'd them, cannot chuse

But they must blab.)

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago He hath (my Lord) but be you well assur'd,
No more then he'll un-sweare.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did: I know not what he did.

Oth. What? What?

Iago. Lye.

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her? On her: what you will.

Oth. Lye with her? lye on her? We say lye on her, when they be-lye-her. Lye with her: that's fullsome: Handkerchiefe: Confessions: Handkerchiefe. To confesse, and be hang'd for his labour. First, to be hang'd, and then to confesse: I tremble at it. Nature would not invest her selfe in such shadowing passion, without some Instruction. It is not words that shakes me thus, (pish) Noes, Eares, and Lippes: is't possible. Confesse? Handkerchiefe? O divell.

Falls in a Traunce.

Iago. Worke on,
My Medicine workea. Thus credulous Fooles are caught,
And many worthy, and chaste Dames even thus,
(All guiltlesse) meete reproach: what hoa? My Lord?
My Lord, I say: *Othello.*

Enter Cassio.

How now *Cassio*?

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My Lord is falne into an Epilepsie,
This is his second Fit: he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the Temples.

Iago. The Lethargie must have his quyet course:
If not, he foames at mouth: and by and by
Breakes out to savage madnesse. Looke, he stirres:
Do you withdraw your selfe a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion, speake with you.

How is it Generall? Have you not hurt your head?

Othe. Dost thou mocke me?

Iago. I mocke you not, by Heaven :

Would you would beare your Fortune like a Man.

Othe. A Horned man's a Monster, and a Beast.

Iago. Ther's many a Beast then in a populous Citty,
And many a civill Monster.

Othe. Did he confesse it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man :

Thinke every bearded fellow that's but yoa'k'd
May draw with you. There's Millions now alive,
That nightly lye in those unproper beds,
Which they dare sweare peculiar. Your case is better.
Oh, 'tis the spight of hell, the Fiends Arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure Cowch ;
And to suppose her chast. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shallbe.

Oth. Oh, thou art wise : 'tis certaine.

Iago. Stand you a while apart,

Confine your selfe but in a patient List,
Whil'st you were heere, o're-whelmed with your griefe :
(A passion most resulting such a man)

Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,
And layd good scuses upon your Extasie,
Bad him anon returne : and heere speake with me,
The which he promis'd. Do but encave your selfe,
And marke the Fleeres, the Gybes, and notable Scornes
That dwell in every Region of his face.
For I will make him tell the Tale anew ;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is againe to cope your wife.
I say, but marke his gesture : marry Patience,
Or I shall say y'are all in all in Spleene,
And nothing of a man.

Othe. Do'st thou heare, *Iago*,

I will be found most cunning in my Patience :

But (do'st thou heare) most bloody.

Iago.

That's not amisse,

But yet keepe time in all : will you withdraw ?

Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*,

A Huswife, that by selling her desires

Buyes her selfe Bread, and Cloath. It is a Creature

That dotes on *Cassio*, (as 'tis the Strumpets plague

To be-guile many, and be be-guil'd by one)

He, when he heares of her, cannot restraine

From the excesse of Laughter. Heere he comes.

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, *Othello* shall go mad :

And his unbookish Jelousie must conserve

Poore *Cassio's* smiles, gestures, and light behaviours

Quite in the wrong. How do you Lieutenant ?

Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even killes me.

Iago. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't :

Now, if this Suit lay in *Bianca's* dowre,

How quickly should you speed ?

Cas.

Alas poore Caitiffe.

Oth. Looke how he laughs already.

Iago. I never knew woman love man so.

Cas. Alas poore Rogue, I thinke indeed she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly : and laughs it out.

Iago. Do you heare *Cassio* ?

Oth.

Now he importunes him

To tell it o're : go too, well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her.

Do you intend it ?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Do ye triumph, Romaine ? do you triumph ?

Cas. I marry. What ? A customer ; prythee beare
Some Charitie to my wit, do not thinke it

So unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, so, so, so : they laugh, that winnes.

Iago. Why the cry goes, that you marry her.

Cas. Prythee say true.

Iago. I am a very Villaine else.

Oth. Have you scoar'd me ? Well.

Cas. This is the Monkeys owne giving out :

She is perswaded I will marry her

Out of her owne love & flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. *Iago* becomes me : now he begins the story.

Cassio. She was heere even now : she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the Seabanke with certaine Venetians, and thither comes the Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.

Oth. Crying oh deere *Cassio*, as it were : his jesture imports it.

Cassio. So hangs, and lolls, and weepes upon me.

So shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how she pluckt him to my Chamber : oh, I see that nose of yours, but not that dogge, I shall throw it to.

Cassio. Well, I must leave her companie.

Iago. Before me : looke where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

Cas. 'Tis such another Fitchew : marry a perfum'd one ? What do you meane by this haunting of me ?

Bian. Let the divell, and his dam haunt you : what did you meane by that same Handkerchiefe, you gave me even now ? I was a fine Foole to take it : I must take out the worke ? A likely piece of worke, that you should finde it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there. This is some Minxes token, & I must take out the worke ? There, give it your Hobbey-horse, wheresoever you had it, Ile take out no worke on't.

Cassio. How now, my sweete *Bianca* ?

How now ? How now ?

Oth. By Heaven, that should be my Handkerchiefe.

Bian. If you'le come to supper to night you may, if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit.*

Iago. After her : after her.

Cas. I must, shee'l rayle in the streets else.

Iago. Will you sup there ?

Cassio. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you : for I would very faine speake with you.

Cas. Prythee come : will you ?

Iago. Go too : say no more.

Oth. How shall I murder him, *Iago.*

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice ?

Oth. Oh, *Iago.*

Iago. And did you see the Handkerchiefe ?

Oth. Was that mine ?

Iago. Yours by this hand : and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife : she gave it him, and he hath giv'n it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine yeeres a killing :

A fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman ?

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Othello. I, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to night, for she shall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to stone : I strike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a sweeter Creature : she might lye by an Emperours side, and command him Taskes.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but say what she is : so delicate with her Needle : an admirable musitian. Oh she will sing the Savagenesse out of a Beare : of so high and plenteous wit, and invention ?

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times :

And then of so gentle a condition ?

Iago. I too gentle.

Othe. Nay that's certaine :

But yet the pittie of it, *Iago* : oh *Iago*, the pittie of it *Iago*.

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquitie : give her pattent to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes neere no body.

Oth. I will chop her into Messes : Cuckold me ?

Iago. Oh, 'tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer ?

Iago. That's fouler.

Othe. Get me some poyson, *Iago*, this night. Ile not expose-
tulate with her : least her body and beautie unprovide my mind
again : this night *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poyson, strangle her in her bed,
Even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good :

The Justice of it pleases : very good.

Iago. And for *Cassio*, let me be his undertaker :

You shall heare more by midnight.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Othe. Excellent good : What Trumpet is that same ?

Iago. I warrant something from Venice,

'Tis *Lodovico* this, comes from the Duke.

See, your wife's with him.

Lodo. Save you worthy Generall.

Othe. With all my heart Sir.

Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of Venice greet you.

Othe. I kisse the Instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the newes, good cozen *Lodovico* ?

Iago. I am very glad to see you Signior :

Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thanke you : how do's Lieutenant *Cassio* ?

Iago. Lives Sir,

Des. Cozen, there's falne betweene him, & my Lord,

An unkind breach : but you shall make all well.

Othe. Are you sure of that ?

Des. My Lord ?

Othe. This faile you not to do, as you will——

Lod. He did not call : he's basic in the paper,
Is there devision 'twixt my Lord, and *Cassio* ?

Des. A most unhappy one : I would do much
T'attone them for the love I beare to *Cassio*.

Othe. Fire, and brimstone.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wise ?

Des. What is he angrie ?

Lod. May be the Letter mov'd him,
For as I thinke, they do command him home,
Deputing *Cassio* in his Government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Othe. Indeed ?

Des. My Lord ?

Othe. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweete *Othello* ?

Othe. Divell.

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleev'd in Venice,
Though I should sweare I saw't. 'Tis very much,
Make her amends : she weepes.

Othe. Oh divell, divell :

If that the earth could teeme with womans teares,
Each drop she falls, would prove a Crocodile :
Out of my sight.

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

Lod. Truly obedient Lady :

I do beseech your Lordship call her backe.

Othe. Mistria.

Des. My Lord.

Othe. What would you with her, Sir ?

Lod. Who I, my Lord ?

Othe. I, you did wish, that I would make her turne :
Sir, she can turne, and turne : and yet go on
And turne againe. And she can weepe, Sir, weepe.
And she's obedient : as you say obedient,
Very obedient : proceed you in your teares.
Concerning this Sir, (oh well-painted passion)
I am commanded home : get you away :
He send for you anon. Sir I obey the Mandate,
And will returne to Venice. Hence, avaunt :
Cassio shall have my Place. And Sir, to night
I do entreat, that we may sup together.
You are welcome Sir to Cyprus.

Goates, and Monkeys.

Exit.

Lod. Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all sufficient ? Is this the Nature
Whom Passion could not shake ? Whose solid vertue
The shot of Accident, nor dart of Chance
Could neither graze, nor pierce ?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe ? Is he not light of Braine ?

Iago. He's that he is : I may not breath my censure.
What he might bee if what he might, he is not,
I would to heaven he were.

Lod. What ? Strike his wife ?

Iago. 'Faith that was not so well : yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use ?

Or did the Letters, worke upon his blood,
And new create his fault ?

Iago. Alas, alas :

It is not honestie in me to speake
What I have seene, and knowne. You shall observe him,
And his owne courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech : do but go after

And marke how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello and Emilia.

Othe. You have seene nothing then?

Æmil. Nor ever heard: nor ever did suspect.

Othe. Yes, you have seene *Cassio*, and she together.

Æmi. But then I saw no harme: and then I heard,
Each syllable that breath made up betweene them.

Othe. What? Did they never whisper?

Æmil. Never my Lord.

Othe. Nor send you out o'th'way?

Æmil. Never.

Othe. To fetch her Fan, her Gloves, her Mask, nor nothing?

Æmil. Never my Lord.

Othe. That's strange.

Æmil. I durst (my Lord) to'wager, she is honest:
Lay downe my Soule at stake: If you thinke other,
Remove your thought. It doth abuse your bosome:
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let Heaven requit it with the Serpents curse,
For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy. The purest of their Wives
Is foule as Slander.

Othe. Bid her come hither: go. *Exit Emilia.*
She saies enough: yet she's a simple Baud
That cannot say as much. This is a subtile Whore:
A Closset Locke and Key of Villanous Secrets,
And yet she'le kneele, and pray: I have seene her do't.

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

Des. My Lord, what is your will?

Othe. Pray you Chucke come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure ?

Oth. Let me see your eyes : looke in my face.

Des. What horrible Fancie's this ?

Oth. Some of your Function Mistris :

Leave Procreants alone, and shut the doore :

Cough, or cry hem ; if any body come :

Your Mystery, your Mystery. May dispatch. *Exit Æmi.*

Des. Upon my knee, what doth your speech import ?

I understand a Fury in your words.

Oth. Why ? What art thou ?

Des. Your wife my Lord : your true and loyall wife.

Othello. Come sweare it : damne thy selfe, least being like one
of Heaven, the divells themselves should feare to ceaze thee.
Therefore be double damn'd, sweare thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truely know it.

Oth. Heaven truely knowes, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom my Lord ?

With whom ? How am I false ?

Oth. Ah *Desdemon*, away, away, away.

Des. Alas the heavy day : why do you weepe ?

Am I the motive of these teares my Lord ?

If happely you my Father do suspect,

An Instrument of this your calling backe,

Lay not your blame on me : if you have lost him,

I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd Heaven,

To try me with affliction, had they rain'd

All kind of Sores, and Shames on my bare-head :

Steep'd me in povertie to the very lippes.

Given to Captivitie, me, and my utmost hopes,

I should have found in some place of my Soule

A drop of patience. But alas, to make me

The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne,

To point his slow, and moving finger at.

Yet could I beare that too, well, very well :

But there where I have garnerd up my heart,
 Where either I must live, or beare no life,
 The Fountaine from the which my currant runnes,
 Or else dries up : to be discarded thence,
 Or keepe it as a Cesterne, for foule Toades
 To knot and gender in. Turne thy complexion there :
 Patience, thy young and Rose-lip'd Cherubin,
 I heere looke grim as hell.

Des. I hope my Noble Lord esteemes me honest.

Othe. Oh I, as Sommer Flyes are in the Shambles,
 That quicken even with blowing. Oh thou weed :
 Who art so lovely faire, and smell'st so sweete,
 That the Sense akes at thee,
 Would thou had'st never bin borne.

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed ?

Othe. Was this faire Paper ? This most goodly Booke
 Made to write Whore upon ? What committed,
 Committed ? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,
 I should make very Forges of my Cheekes,
 That would to Cynders burne up Modestie,
 Did I but speake thy deedes. What committed ?
 Heaven stoppes the Nose at it, and the Moone winks :
 The baudy winde that kisses all it meetes,
 Is hush'd within the hollow Myne of Earth
 And will not hear't. What committed ?

Des. By Heaven you do me wrong.

Othe. Are not you a Strumpet ?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.

If to preserve this vessell for my Lord,
 From any other foule unlawfull touch
 Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.

Othe. What, not a Whore ?

Des. No, as I shall be sav'd.

Othe. Is't possible ?

Des. O Heaven forgive ua,

Oth. I cry you mercy then.
 I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,
 That married with *Othello*. You *Mistria*,

Enter Emilia.

That have the office opposite to Saint *Peter*,
 And keepes the gate of hell. You, you : I you.
 We have done our course : there's money for your paines :
 I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsaile. *Exit.*

Emil. Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceive ?
 How do you Madam ? how do you my good Lady ?

Des. Faith, halfe a sleepe.

Emi. Good Madam,
 What's the matter with my Lord ?

Des. With who ?

Emil. Why, with my Lord, Madam ?

Des. Who is thy Lord ?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet Lady.

Des. I have none : do not talke to me, *Emilia*,
 I cannot weepe : nor answeres have I none,
 But what should go by water. Prythee to night,
 Lay on my bed my wedding sheetes, remember,
 And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Heere's a change indeed. *Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meete I should be us'd so : very meete.
 How have I bin behav'd, that he might sticke
 T'he small'st opinion on my least misuse ?

Enter Iago, and Emilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure, Madam ?
 How is't with you ?

Des. I cannot tell : those that do teach yong Babes
 Do it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes.
 He might have chid me so : for in good faith
 I am a Child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter Lady ?

Æmil. Alas (*Iago*) my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Throwne such dispiight, and heavy termes upon her
That true hearts cannot beare it.

Des. Am I that name, *Iago*?

Iago. What name, (*faire Lady*?)

Des. Such as she said my Lord did say I was.

Æmil. He call'd her Whore : a Begger in his drinke :
Could not have laid such termes upon his Callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know : I am sure I am none such

Iago. Do not weepe, do not weepe : alas the day.

Æmil. Hath she forsooke so many Noble Matches?
Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?
To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weepe?

Des. It is my wretched Fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for't :

How comes this Tricke upon him?

Des. Nay, Heaven doth know.

Æmi. I will be hang'd, if some eternall Villaine,
Some busie and insinuating Rogue,
Some cogging, cozening Slave, to get some Office,
Have not devis'd this Slander : I will be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man : it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, Heaven pardon him.

Æmil. A halter pardon him :

And hell gnaw his bones.

Why should he call her Whore?

Who keepe her companie?

What Place? What Time?

What Forme? What liklyhood?

The Moore's abus'd by some most villanous Knave,
Some base notorious Knave, some scurvy Fellow.
Oh Heavens, that such companions thou'd'st unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the Rascalls naked through the world,

Even from the East to th' West.

Iago. Speake within doore.

Æmil. Oh fie upon them : some such Squire he was
That turn'd your wit, the seamy-side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moore,

Iago. You are a Foole : go too.

Des. Alas *Iago*,

What shall I do to win my Lord againe ?

Good Friend, go to him : for by this light of Heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Heere I kneele :

If ere my will did trespass 'gainst his Love,
Either in discoure of thought, or actuall deed,
Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence
Delighted them : or any other Forme.

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, (though he do shake me off
To beggerly divorcement) Love him deerely,
Comfort forswear me. Unkindnesse may do much,
And his unkindnesse may defeat my life,
But never taynt my Love. I cannot say Whore,
It do's abhorre me now I speake the word,
To do the Act, that might the addition earne,
Not the worlds Masse of vanitie could make me.

Iago. I pray you be content : 'tis but his humour :
The businesse of the State do's him offence.

Des. If 'twere no other.

Iago. It is but so, I warrant,
Hearke how these Instruments summon to supper :
The Messengers of Venice staies the meate,
Go in, and weepe not : all things shall be well.

Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.

Enter Rodorigo.

How now *Rodorigo* ?

Rod. I do not finde
That thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrarie?

Rodori. Every day thou dafts me with some devise *Iago*, and rather, as it seemes to me now, keep'st from me all conveniencie, then suppliest me with the least advantage of hope : I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perswaded to put up in peace, what already I have foolishly suffred.

Iago. Will you heare me *Rodorigo* ?

Rodori. I have heard too much : and your words and Performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rodo. With naught but truth : I have wasted my selfe out of my meanes. The Jewels you have had from me to deliver *Desdemona*, would halfe have corrupted a Votarist. You have told me she hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sodaine respect, and acquaintance, but I finde none.

Iago. Well, go too : very well.

Rod. Very well, go too : I cannot go too, (man) nor 'tis not very well. Nay I think it is scurvy : and begin to finde my selfe fopt in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rodor. I tell you, 'tis not very well : I will make my selfe knowne to *Desdemona*. If she will returne me my Jewels, I will give over my Suit, and repent my unlawfull solicitation. If not, assure your selfe, I will seeke satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rodo. I : and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee : and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion then ever before : give me thy hand *Rodorigo*. Thou hast taken against me a most just exception : but yet I protest I have dealt most directly in thy Affaire.

Rod. It hath not appeer'd.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeer'd : and your suspicion

is not without wit and judgement. But *Redorigo*, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to beleeeve now then ever (I meane purpose, Courage, and Valour) this night shew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not *Desdemona*, take me from this world with Treacherie, and devise Engines for my life.

Rod. Well: what is it? Is it within, reason and compasse?

Iago. Sir, there is especiall Commission come from Venice to depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true? Why then *Othello* and *Desdemona* returne againe to Venice.

Iago. Oh no: he goes into Mauritania and taketh away with him the faire *Desdemona*, unlesse his abode be lingred heere by some accident. Wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How do you meane removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of *Othello's* place: knocking out his braines.

Rod. And that you would have me to do.

Iago. I: if you dare do your selfe a profit, and a right. He sups to night with a Harlotry: and thither will I go to him. He knowes not yet of his Honourable Fortune, if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out betweene twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure. I will be neere to second your Attempt, and he shall fall betweene us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me: I will shew you such a necessitie in his death, that you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time: and the night growes to wast. About it.

Rod. I will heare further reason for this.

Iago. And you shalbe satisfi'd.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you Sir, trouble your selfe no further.

Oth. Oh pardon me : 'twill do me good to walke.

Lodov. Madam, goodnight : I humbly thanke your Ladyship.

Des. Your Honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walke Sir? Oh *Desdemona*.

Des. My Lord.

Othello. Get you to bed on th' instant, I will be return'd forth-
with : dismiss your Attendant there : look't be done. *Exit.*

Des. I will my Lord.

Em. How goes it now? He lookes gentler then he did.

Des. He saies he will returne incontinent,
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to dismiss you.

Emi. Dismiss me?

Des. It was his bidding : therefore good *Emilia*,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We must not now displease him.

Emil. I, would you had never seene him.

Des. So would not I : my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornesse, his checks, his frownes,
(Prythee un-pin me) have grace and favour.

Emi. I have laid those Sheetes you bad me on the bed.

Des. All's one : good Father, how foolish are our minds :
If I do die before, prythee shrow'd me
In one of these same Sheetes.

Emil. Come, come : you talke.

Des. My Mother had a Maid call'd *Barbarie*,
She was in love : and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her. She had a Song of Willough,
An old thing 'twas : but it express'd her Fortune,
And she dy'd singing it. That Song to night,
Will not go from my mind : I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side
And sing it like poore *Brabarie* : prythee dispatch.

Emi. Shall I go fetch your Night-gowne?

Des. No, un-pin me here,

This *Lodovico* is a proper man.

Æmil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Æmil. I know a Lady in Venice would have walk'd barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. The poore Soule sat singing, by a Sicamour tree.

Sing all a greene Willough :

Her hand on her bosome her head on her knee,

Sing Willough, Willough, Willough.

The fresh Streames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes,

Sing Willough, &c.

Her salt teares fell from her, and softned the stones,

Sing Willough, &c.

(Lay by these)

Willough, Willough. (Prythee high thee : he'll come anon)

Sing all a greene Willough must be my Garland.

Let no body blame him, his scorne I approve.

(Nay that's not next. Harke, who is't that knocks ?

Æmil. It's the wind.

Des. I call'd my Love false Love : but what said he then ?

Sing Willough, &c.

If I court no women, you'll couch with no men.

So get thee gone, good night : mine eyes do itch :

Doth that boade weeping ?

Æmil.

'Tis neyther heere, nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so. O these Men, these men !

Do'st thou in conscience thinke (tell me *Æmilia*)

That there be women do abuse their husbands

In such grosse kinde ?

Æmil.

There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world ?

Æmil. Why, would not you ?

Des.

No, by this Heavenly light.

Æmil. Nor I neither, by this Heavenly light :

I might doo't as well i'th'darke.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for al the world ?

Æmil. The world's a huge thing :
It is a great price, for a small vice.

Des. Introth, I thinke thou would'st not.

Æmil. Introth I thinke I should, and undoe't when I had done. Marry, I would not doe such a thing for a joynt Ring, nor for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world : why, who would not make her husband a Cuckold, to make him a Monarch ? I should venture Purgatory for't.

Des. Beahrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th'world ; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not thinke there is any such woman.

Æmil. Yes, a dozen : and as many to'th'vantage, as would store the world they plaid for.

But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults
If Wives do fall : (Say, that they slacke their duties,
And powre our Treasures into forraigne laps ;
Or else breake out in peevish Jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us : Or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despight)
Why we have galles : and though we have some Grace,
Yet have we some Revenge. Let Husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them : They see, and smell,
And have their Palats both for sweet, and sowre,
As Husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others ? Is it Sport ?
I thinke it is : and doth Affection breed it ?
I thinke it doth. Is't Frailty that thus erreth ?
It is so too. And have not we Affections ?
Desires for Sport ? and Frailty, as men have ?
Then let them use us well : else let them know,
The illes we do, their illes instruct us so.

Des. Good night, good night :
Heaven me such uses send,
Not to picke bad, from bad ; but by bad, mend.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Iago, and Rodorigo.

Iago. Heere, stand behinde this Barke,
Straight will he come :
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home :
Quicke, quicke, feare nothing ; Ile be at thy Elbow,
It makes us, or it marres us, thinke on that,
And fixe most firme thy Resolution.

Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Heere, at thy hand : Be bold, & take thy stand.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed,
And yet he hath given me satisfying Reasons :
'Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword : he dies.

Iago. I have rub'd this yong Quat almost to the sense,
And he growes angry. Now, whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gaine. Live *Rodorigo*,
He calles me to a restitution large
Of Gold, and Jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As Gifts to *Desdemona*.

It must not be : If *Cassio* do remaine,
He hath a dayly beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly : and besides, the Moore
May unfold me to him : there stand I in much perill :
No, he must dye. But so, I heard him comming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate, 'tis he : Villaine thou dyest.

Cas. That thrust had beene mine enemy indeed,

Bnt that my Coate is better then thou know'st :
I will make prooffe of thine.

Rod. Oh, I am slaine.

Cassio. I am maym'd for ever :
Helpe hoa : Murther, murther.

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voyce of *Cassio*, *Iago* keepes his word.

Rod. O Villaine that I am.

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. Oh helpe hoa : Light, a Surgeon.

Oth. 'Tis he : O brave *Iago*, honest, and just,
That hast such Noble sense of thy Friends wrong,
Thou teachest me. Minion, your deere lyes dead,
And your unblest Fate highes : Strumpet I come :
For of my heart, those Charmes thine Eyes, are blotted,
Thy Bed lust-stain'd, shall with Lusts blood bee spotted.

Exit Othello.

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.

Cas. What hoa ? no Watch ? No passage ?
Murther, Murther.

Gra. 'Tis some mischance, the voyce is very direfull.

Cas. Oh helpe.

Lodo. Hearke.

Rod. Oh wretched Villaine.

Lod. Two or three groane. 'Tis heavy night ;
These may be counterfeits : Let's think't unsafe
To come into the cry, without more helpe.

Rod. Nobody come : then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago.

Lod. Hearke.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with Light, and Weapons.

Iago. Who's there ?

Who's noyce is this that cries on murther ?

Lodo. We do not know.

Iago. Do not you heare a cry?

Cas. Heere, heere : for heaven sake helpe me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is *Othello's* Ancient, as I take it.

Lodo. The same indeede, a very valiant Fellow.

Iago. What are you heere, that cry so greevously?

Cas. *Iago*? Oh I am spoyl'd, undone by Villaines :
Give me some helpe.

Iago. O mee, Lieutenant !

What Villaines have done this?

Cas. I thinke that one of them is heereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. Oh treacherous Villaines :

What are you there? Come in, and give some helpe.

Rod. O helpe me there.

Cassio. That's one of them.

Iago. Oh murd'rous Slave ! O Villaine !

Rod. O damn'd *Iago* ! O inhumane Dogge !

Iago. Kill men i'th'darke ?

Where be these bloody Theeves ?

How silent is this Towne ? Hoa, murther, murther.

What may you be? Are you of good, or evill?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior *Lodovico* ?

Lod. He Sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy : here's *Cassio* hurt by Villainea.

Gra. *Cassio* ?

Iago. How is't Brother ?

Cas. My Legge is cut in two.

Iago. Marry heaven forbid :

Light Gentlemen, Ile binde it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter hoa ? Who is't that cry'd

Iago. Who is't that cry'd ?

Bian. Oh my deere *Cassio*,

My sweet *Cassio* : Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Iago. O notable Strumpet. *Cassio*, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you ?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to finde you thus ;

I have beene to seeke you.

Iago. Lend me a Garter. So :——Oh for a Chaire
To beare him easily hence.

Bian. Alas he faints. Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Traash
To be a party in this Injurie.

Patience awhile, good *Cassio*. Come, come ;
Lend me a Light : know we this face, or no ?

Alas my Friend, and my deere Countryman
Rodorigo ? No : Yes sure : Yes, 'tis *Rodorigo*.

Gra. What, of Venice ?

Iago. Even he Sir : Did you know him ?

Gra.

Know him ? I.

Iago. Signior *Gratiano* ? I cry your gentle pardon :
These bloody accidents must excuse my Manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you *Cassio* ? Oh, a Chaire, a Chaire.

Gra. *Rodorigo* ?

Iago. He, he, 'tis he :

Oh that's well said, the Chaire.

Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
He fetch the Generall's Surgeon. For you Mistris,
Save you your Labour. He that lies slaine heere (*Cassio*)
Was my deere friend. What malice was between you ?

Cas. None in the world : nor do I know the man ?

Iago. What ? looke you pale ? Oh beare him o'th' Ayre.
Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris ?

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?
 Nay, if you stare, we shall heare more anon.
 Behold her well: I pray you looke upon her:
 Do you see Gentlemen? Nay, guiltiness will speake
 Though tongues were out of use.

Æmil. Alas, what is the matter?

What is the matter, Husband?

Iago. *Cassio* hath heere bin set on in the darke
 By *Rodorigo*, and Fellowes that are scap'd:
 He's almost slaine, and *Rodorigo* quite dead.

Æmil. Alas good Gentleman: alas good *Cassia*.

Iago. This is the fruits of whoring. Prythee *Æmilia*,
 Go know of *Cassio* where he sapt to night.
 What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He sapt at my house, but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O did he so? I charge you go with me.

Æmil. Oh fie upon the Strumpet.

Bian. I am no Stumpet, but of life as honest,
 As you that thus abuse me.

Æmil. As I? Fie upon thee.

Iago. Kinde Gentlemen:

Let's go see poore *Cassio* drest.

Come Mistris, you must tel's another Tale.

Æmilia, run you to the Cittadell,

And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath happ'd:

Will you go on afore? This is the night

That either makes me, or foredoes me quight.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the Cause, it is the Cause (my Soule)

Let me not name it to you, you chaste Starres,

It is the Cause. Yet Ile not shed her blood,

Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, then Snow,
 And smooth at Monumentall Alablaster :
 Yet she must dye, else shee'l betray more men :
 Put out the Light, and then put out the Light :
 If I quench thee, thou flaming Minister,
 I can againe thy former light restore,
 Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,
 Thou cunning'st Patterne of excelling Nature,
 I know not where is that *Promethean* heate
 That can thy Light re-Lume.
 When I have pluck'd thy Rose,
 I cannot give it vitall growth againe,
 It needs must wither. Ile smell thee on the Tree.
 Oh Balmy breath, that dost almost perswade
 Justice to breake her Sword. One more, one more :
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And love thee after. One more, and that's the last.
 So sweet, was ne're so fatall. I must weepe,
 But they are cruell Teares : This sorrow's heavenly,
 It strikes, where it doth love. She wakes.

Des. Who's there? *Othello*?

Othel. I *Desdemona*.

Des. Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to night, *Desdemon*?

Des. I my Lord.

Oth. If you bethinke your selfe of any Crime
 Unreconcil'd as yet to Heaven, and Grace,
 Solicite for it straight.

Des. Alacke, my Lord?

What may you meane by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be breefe, I will walke by :
 I would not kill thy unprepared Spirit,
 No, Heavens fore-fend, I would not kill thy Soule.

Des. Talke you of killing?

Oth. I, I do.

Des. Then Heaven have mercy on mee.

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Des. If you say, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humh.

Des. And yet I feare you : for you're fatall then
When your eyes rowle so.

Why I should feare, I know not,

Since guiltinesse I know not : But yet I feele I feare.

Oth. Thinke on thy sinnes.

Des. They are Loves I beare to you.

Oth. I, and for that thou dy'st.

Des. That death's unnaturall, that kills for loving.

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether-lip ?

Some bloody passion shakes your very Frame :

These are portents : but yet I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Des. I will so : What's the matter ?

Oth. That Handkerchiefe

Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'st to *Cassio*.

Des. No by my Life, and Soule : send for the man,
And aske him.

Oth. Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Perjury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. I, but not yet to dye.

Oth. Presently.

Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne :

For to deny each Article with Oath,

Cannot remove, nor choake the strong Conception

That I do grone withall. Thou art to dye.

Des. O Heaven have mercy on me.

Oth. I say, Amen.

Des. And have you mercy too. I never did
Offend you in my life : never lov'd *Cassio*,
But with such generall warrantie of Heaven,

As I might love. I never gave him Token.

Oth. By Heaven I saw my Handkerchiefe in's hand.
O perjur'd woman, thou do'st stone my heart,
And makes me call, what I intend to do,
A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.
I saw the Handkerchiefe.

Des. He found it then :
I never gave it him : Send, for him hither :
Let him confesse a truth.

Oth. He hath confest.

Des. What, my Lord ?

Oth. That, he hath us'd thee.

Des. How ? unlawfully ?

Oth. I.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No : his mouth is stopp'd :
Honest *Iago* hath 'tane order for't.

Des. Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead ?

Oth. Had all his haire bin lives, my great Revenge
Had stomacke for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out Strumpet : weep'st thou for him to my face ?

Des. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Downe Strumpet.

Des. Kill me to morrow, let me live to night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive.

Des. But halfe an houre.

Oth. Being done, there is no pawse.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late; *Smother's her.*

Æmilia at the doore.

Æmil. My Lord, my Lord ? What hoa ?

My Lord, my Lord.

Oth. What noise is this ? Not dead ? not yet quite dead ?

I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
 I would not have thee linger in thy paine?
 So, so.

Æmil. within. What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?

Oth. Who's there?

Æmil. Oh good my Lord, I would speake a word with you.

Oth. Yes: 'Tis *Æmilia*: by and by. Shee's dead.

'Tis like she comes to speake of *Cassio's* death:

The noise was high. Hah, no more mooving?

Still as the Grave. Shall she come in? Wer't good?

I thinke she stirres againe. No, what's best to do?

If she come in, shee'l sure speake to my wife:

My wife, my wife: what wife? I have no wife.

Oh insupportable! Oh heavy houre!

Me thinkes, it should be now a huge Eclipse

Of Sunne, and Moone; and that th'affrighted Globe

Did yawne at Alteration.

Æmil. I do beseech you
 That I may speake with you. Oh good my Lord.

Oth. I had forgot thee: oh come in *Æmilia*.

Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw.

Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers done.

Oth. What? now?

Æmil. But now, my Lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
 She comes more neerer Earth then she was wont,
 And makes men mad.

Æmil. *Cassio*, my Lord, hath kill'd
 A young Venetian, call'd *Rodorigo*.

Oth. *Rodorigo* kill'd? and *Cassio* kill'd?

Æmil. No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.

Oth. Not *Cassio* kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,

And sweet Revenge growes harsh.

Des. O falsely, falsely murder'd.

Emil.

Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That? What?

Emil. Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voice.

Helpe, helpe hee, helpe. Oh Ladies speake againe,

Sweet *Desdemona*, oh sweet *Mistress*, speake.

Des. A guiltlesse death, I dye.

Emil. Oh who hath done this deed?

Des. No body: I my selfe, farewell:

Commend me to my kinde Lord: oh farewell.

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emil.

Alas: who knowes?

Oth. You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.

Emil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's like a Liar gone to burning hell,

'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. Oh the more Angell she, and you the blacker Divell.

Oth. She turn'd to folly: and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou do'st bely her, and thou art a divell.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil.

Thou art rash as fire, to say

That she was false. Oh she was heavenly true.

Oth. *Cassio* did top her: Ask thy husband else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.

Emil. My Husband?

Oth. Thy Husband.

Emil. That she was false to *Wedlocke*?

Oth. I, with *Cassio*: had she bin true,

If Heaven would make me such another world,

Of one entyre and perfect *Chrysolite*,

I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My Husband?

Oth. I, 'twas he that told me on her first,
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That stickes on filthy deeda.

Æmil. My Husband?

Oth. What needs this itterance, Woman?
I say, thy Husband.

Æmil. Oh Mistris,
Villany hath made mockes with love :
My Husband say she was false?

Oth. He, Woman ;
I say thy Husband : Do'st understand the word?
My Friend, thy Husband ; honest, honest *Iago*.

Æmil. If he say so, may his pernicious Soule
Rot halfe a graine a day : he lyes to'th'heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy Bargaine.

Oth. Hah?

Æmil. Do thy worst :
This deede of thine is no more worthy Heaven,
Then thou was't worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Æmil. Thou hast not halfe that powre to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. Oh Gull, oh dolt,
As ignorant as durt : thou hast done a deed
(I care not for thy Sword) Ile make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives. Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe :
The Moore hath kill'd my Mistris. Murther, murther.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

Mon. What is the matter? How now Generall?

Æmil. Oh, are you come, *Iago* : you have done well,
That men must lay their Murthers on your necke.

Gra. What is the matter?

Æmil. Disprove this Villaine, if thou bee'st a man :
He sayes, thou told'st him that his wife was false :
I know thou did'st not : thou'rt not such a Villain.

Speake, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought,
And told no more
Then what he found himselfe was apt, and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him,
She was false ?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a Lye an odious damned Lye :
Upon my Soule, a Lye ; a wicked Lye.
Shee false with *Cassio* ?

Did you say with *Cassio* ?

Iago. With *Cassio*, Mistris ?
Go too, charme your tongue.

Emil. I will not charme my Tongue ;
I am bound to speake,
My Mistris heere lyes murdered in her bed.

All. O Heavens, forefend.

Emil. And your reports have set the Murder on.

Othello. Nay stare not Masters,
It is true indeede.

Gra. 'Tis a strange Truth.

Mont. O monstrous Acte.

Emil. Villany, villany, villany :
I thinke upon't, I thinke : I smel't : O Villany :
I thought so then : Ile kill my selfe for greefe.
O villany ! villany !

Iago. What, are you mad ?
I charge you get you home.

Emil. Good Gentlemen, let me have leave to speake :
'Tis proper I obey him ; but not now :
Perchance *Iago*, I will ne're go home.

Oth. Oh, oh, oh.

Emil. Nay, lay thee downe, and roare :
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That ere did lift up eye.

Oth. Oh she was fowle !

I scarce did know you Unkle, there lies your Neece,
Whose breath (indeed) these hands have newly stopp'd :
I know this acte shewes horrible and grim.

Gra. Poore *Desdemon* :

I am glad thy Father's dead,
Thy Match was mortall to him : and pure greefe
Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he live now,
This sight would make him to do a desperate turne :
Yea, curse his better Angell from his side,
And fall to Reprobance.

Oth. 'Tis pittifull : but yet *Iago* knowes
That she with *Cassio*, hath the Act of shame,
A thousand times committed. *Cassio* confest it,
And she did gratifie his amorous workes
With that Recognizance and pledge of Love
Which I first gave her : I saw it in his hand :
It was a Handkerchiefe, an Antique Token
My Father gave my Mother.

Emil. Oh Heaven ! oh heavenly Powres !

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace ?

No, I will speake as liberall as the North ;
Let Heaven, and Men, and Divels, let them all,
All, all, crie shame against me, yet Ile speake.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

Gra. Fye, your Sword upon a Woman.

Emil. Oh thou dull Moore,

That Handkerchiefe thou speak'st of
I found by Fortune, and did give my Husband :
For often, with a solemne earnestnesse,
(More then indeed belong'd to such a Trifle)
He begg'd of me, to steale't.

Iago. Villanous Whore.

Emil. She give it *Cassio*? No, alas I found it,
And I did gi't my Husband.

Iago. Faith, thou lyest.

Emil. By Heaven I do not, I do not Gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous Coxcombe, what should such a Foole
Do with so good a wife?

Oth. Are there no stones in Heaven,
But what serves for the Thunder?
Precious Villaine.

Gra. The woman falls:
Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.

Emil. I, I: oh lay me by my Mistis side.

Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious Villain: take you this weapon
Which I have recover'd from the Moore:
Come guard the doore without, let him not passe,
But kill him rather. Ile after that same villaine,
For 'tis a damned Slave.

Exit.

Oth. I am not valiant neither:
But every Punie whipster gets my Sword.
But why should Honor out-live Honesty?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy Song boad Lady?
Hearke, canst thou heare me? I will play the Swan,
And dye in Musicke: *Willoughb, Willoughb, Willoughb.*
Moore, she was chaste: She lov'd thee, cruell Moore,
So come my Soule to blisse, as I speake true:
So speaking as I thinke, alas, I dye.

Oth. I have another weapon in this Chamber,
It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper:
Oh heere it is: Unkle I must come forth.

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee deere;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Looke in upon me then, and speake with me,
Or naked as I am I will assault thee.

Gra. What is the matter ?

Othel. Behold, I have a weapon :

A better never did it selfe sustaine

Upon a Soldiers Thigh. I have scene the day,

That with this little Arme, and this good Sword,

I have made my way through more impediments

Then twenty times your stop. But (oh vaine boast)

Who can controll his Fate ? 'Tis not so now.

Be not affraid, though you do see me weapon'd :

Heere is my journies end, heere is my butt

And verie Sea-marke of my utmost Saile.

Do you go backe dismayd ? 'Tis a lost feare :

Man but a Rush against *Otbello's* brest,

And he retires. Where should *Otbello* go ?

Now : how dost thou looke now ? Oh ill-Starr'd wench,

Pale as thy Smocke : when we shall meeete at compt,

This looke of thine will hurle my Soule from Heaven,

And Fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girle ?

Even like thy Chastity. O cursed, cursed Slave !

Whip me ye Divels,

From the possession of this Heavenly sight :

Blow me about in windes, roast me in Sulphure,

Wash me in steepe-downe gulfes of Liquid fire.

Oh *Desdemon* ! dead *Desdemon* : dead. Oh, oh !

Enter Lodovico, Cassio, Montano, and Iago, with Officers.

Lod. Where is this rash, and most unfortunate man ?

Oth. That's he that was *Otbello* : heere I am.

Lod. Where is that Viper ?

Bring the Villaine forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet ; but that's a Fable,

If that thou bee'st a Divell, I cannot kill thee.

Lod. Wrench his Sword from him.

Iago.

I bleed Sir, but not kill'd.

Othel. I am not sorry neither, Il'd have thee live :

For in my sense, 'tis happinesse to die.

Lod. Oh thou *Othello*, that was once so good,
False in the practise of a cursed Slave,
What shall be saide to thee.

Oth. Why any thing :
An honourable Murderer, if you will :
For nought I did in hate, but all in Honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his Villany :
Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death.

Oth. I.

Cas. Deere Generall, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do beleeeve it, and I aske your pardon :
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Divell,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my Soule and Body.

Iag. Demand me nothing : what you know, you know :
From this time forth, I never will speake word.

Lod. What ? not to pray ?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir,
You shall understand what hath befalne,
(Which, as I thinke, you know not) heere is a Letter
Found in the pocket of the slaine *Rodorigo*,
And heere another, the one of them imports
The death of *Cassio*, to be undertooke
By *Rodorigo*.

Oth. O Villaine !

Cassio. Most Heathenish, and most grosse.

Lod. Now, heere's another discontented paper
Found in his pocket too : and this it seemes
Rodorigo meant t'have sent this damned villaine :
But that (belike) *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and satisf'd him.

Oth. Oh thou pernicious Caitiffe :
v came you (*Cassio*) by that Handkerchiefe

That was my wives?

Cassio. I found it in my Chamber :
And he himselfe confest it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a speciall purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Othel. O Foole, foole, foole !

Cassio. There is besides, in *Rodorigo's* Letter,
How he upbraides *Iago*, that he made him
Brave me upon the Watch : whereon it came
That I was cast : and even but now he spake
(After long seeming dead) *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this roome, and go with us :
Your Power, and your Command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in Cyprus. For this Slave,
If there be any cunning Crueltie,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close Prisoner rest,
Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne
To the Venetian State. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you ; a word or two before you goe :
I have done the State some service, and they know't :
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
When you shall these unluckie deeds relate,
Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set downe aught in malice.
Then must you speake,
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well :
Of one, not easily Jealous, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreame : Of one, whose hand
(Like the base Judean) threw a Pearle away
Richer then all his Tribe : Of one, whose subdu'd Eyes,
Albeit un-used to the melting moode,
Drops teares as fast as the Arabian Trees
Their Medicinable gumme. Set you downe this :

And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turke
Beate a Venetian, and traduc'd the State,
I tooke by th'throat the circumcised Dogge,
And smoate him, thus.

Lod. Oh bloody period.

Gra. All that is spoke, is marr'd

Oth. I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee : No way but this,
Killing my selfe, to dye upon a kisse.

Dyer.

Cas. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon :
For he was great of heart.

Lod. Oh Sparton Dogge :
More fell then Anguish, Hunger, or the Sea :
I looke on the Tragicke Loading of this bed :
This is thy worke :
The Object poysons Sight,
Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keepe the house,
And seize upon the Fortunes of the Moore,
For they succede on you. To you, Lord Governor,
Remaines the Censure of this hellish villaine :
The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inforce it :
My selfe will straight aboard, and to the State,
This heaue Act, with heaue heart relate.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

The Names of the Actors.

(: * * :)



Othello, *the Moore.*

Brabantio, *Father to Desdemona.*

Cassio, *an Honourable Lieutenant.*

Iago, *a Villaine.*

Rodorigo, *a gull'd Gentleman.*

Duke of Venice.

Senators.

Montano, *Governour of Cyprus.*

Gentlemen of Cyprus.

Lodovico and Gratiano, *two Noble Venetians.*

Saylors.

Clowne.

Desdemona, *wife to Othello.*

Æmilia, *wife to Iago.*

Bianca, *a Curtezian.*





ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

(Act V. Sc. II.)



THE TRAGEDIE OF Anthonie, and Cleopatra.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Philo.



Ay, but this dotage of our Generals
Ore-flows the measure : those his goodly eyes
That or'e the Files and Musters of the Warre,
Have glow'd like plated Mars :

Now bend, now turne
The Office and Devotion of their view
Upon a Tawny Front. His Captaines heart,
Which in the scuffles of great Fights hath burst
The Buckles on his brest, reneages all temper,
And is become the Bellows and the Fan
To coole a Gypsies Lust.

*Flourish. Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the
Traine, with Eunuchs fanning her.*

Looke where they come :
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
(The Triple Pillar of the world) transform'd
Into a Strumpets Foole. Behold and see.

Cleo. If it be Love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggery in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. Ile set a bourne how farre to be below'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs finde out new Heaven, new
Earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Newes (my good Lord) from Rome.

Ant. Grates me, the summe.

Cleo. Nay heare them *Antibony*.

Fulvia perchance is angry : Or who knowes,
If the scarce-bearded *Cesar* have not sent
His powrefull Mandate to you, Do this, or this ;
Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchise that :
Perform't, or else we damne thee.

Ant. How, my love ?

Cleo. Perchance ? Nay, and most like :

You must not stay heere longer, your dismission
Is come from *Cesar*, therefore heare it *Antibony*.
Where's *Fulvias* Processe ? (*Cesars* I would say) both ?
Call in the Messengers : As I am Egypts Queene,
Thou blushest *Antibony*, and that blood of thine
Is *Cesars* homager : else so thy cheek payes shame,
When shrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* scolda. The Messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the raing'd Empire fall : Heere is my space,
Kingdomes are clay : Our dungie earth alike
Feeds Beast as Man ; the Noblenesse of life
Is to do thus : when such a mutuall paire,
And such a twaine can doo't, in which I binde
One paine of punishment, the world to weete
We stand up Peerelesse.

Cleo. Excellent falshood :

Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her ?

Ile seeme the Foole I am not. *Antibony* will be himselfe.

Ant. But stirr'd by *Cleopatra*.

Now for the love of Love, and her soft houres,
Let's not confound the time with Conference harah ;
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to night ?

Cleo. Heare the Ambassadors.

Ant. Fye wrangling Queene :
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weepe : whose every passion fully strives
To make it selfe (in Thee) faire, and admir'd.
No Messenger but thine, and all alone, to night
Wee'l wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
Last night you did desire it. Speake not to us.

Exeunt with the Traine.

Dem. Is *Cesar* with *Anthony* priz'd so slight ?

Philo. Sir sometimes when he is not *Anthony*,
He comes too short of that great Property
Which still should go with *Anthony*.

Dem. I am full sorry, that hee approves the common Lyar,
who thus speakes of him at Rome ; but I will hope of better
deeds to morrow. Rest you happy.

Exeunt.

*Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Soothsayer, Rannius, Lucillius,
Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas.*

Char. L. *Alexas*, sweet *Alexas*, most any thing *Alexas*, almost
most absolute *Alexas*, where's the Soothsayer that you prais'd so
to'th'Queene ? Oh that I knewe this Husband, which you say,
must change his Hornes with Garlands.

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will ?

Char. Is this the Man ? Is't you sir that know things ?

Sooth. In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I can
read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enob. Bring in the Banket quickly : Wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drinke.

Char. Good sir, give me good Fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sootb. You shall be yet farre fairer then you are.

Char. He meanes in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vex not his prescience, be attentive.

Char. Hush.

Sootb. You shall be more beloving, then beloved.

Char. I had rather heate my Liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, heare him.

Char. Good now some excellent Fortune: Let mee be married to three Kings in a forenoone, and Widdow them all: Let me have a Childe at fifty, to whom *Herode* of Jewry may do Homage. Finde me to marrie me with *Octavius Cesar*, and companion me with my Mistris.

Sootb. You shall out-live the Lady whom you serve.

Char. Oh excellent, I love long life better then Figs.

Sootb. You have scene and proved a fairer former fortune, then that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my Children shall have no names: Prythee how many Boyes and Wenches must I have.

Sootb. If every of your wishes had a wombe, & foretell every wish, a Million.

Char. Out Foole, I forgive thee for a Witch.

Alex. You thinke none but your sheets are privie to your wishes.

Char. Nay come, tell *Iras* hers.

Alex. Wee'l know all our Fortunes.

Enob. Mine, and most of our Fortunes to night, shall be drunke to bed.

Iras. There's a Palme presages Chastity, if nothing els.

Char. E'ne as the o're-flowing Nylus presageth Famine.

Iras. Go you wilde Bedfellow, you cannot Soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oylly Palme bee not a fruitfull Prognostication, I cannot scratch mine eare. Prythee tel her but a worky day Fortune.

Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how, give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of Fortune better then she ?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better then I where would you choose it.

Iras. Not in my Husbands nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts Heavens mend.

Alexas. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet *Isis*, I beseech thee, and let her dye too, and give him a worse, and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good *Isis* heare me this Prayer, though thou denie me a matter of more waight : good *Isis* I beseech thee.

Iras. Amen, deere Goddess, heare that prayer of the people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-Wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow, to beholde a foule Knave uncuckolded : Therefore deere *Isis* keep *decorum*, and Fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make mee a Cuckold, they would make themselves Whores, but they'ld doo't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Enob. Hush, heere comes *Anthony*.

Char. Not he, the Queene.

Cleo. Sawe you, my Lord.

Enob. No Lady.

Cleo. Was he not heere ?

Char. No Madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sodaine
A Romane thought hath strooke him.

Enobarbus ?

Enob. Madam.

Cleo. Seeke him, and bring him hither : wher's *Alexias* ?

Alex. Heere at your service.
My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthony, with a Messenger.

Cleo. We will not looke upon him :
Go with us.

Exeunt.

Messen. *Fulvia* thy Wife,
First came into the Field.

Ant. Against my Brother *Lucius* ?

Messen. I : but soone that Warre had end,
And the times state
Made friends of them, joynting their force 'gainst *Cesar*,
Whose better issue in the warre from Italy,
Upon the first encounter drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst.

Mess. The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller.

Ant. When it concerns the Foole or Coward : On.
Things that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus,
Who tels me true, though in this Tale lye death,
I heare him as he flatter'd.

Mes. *Labiens* (this is stiffe-newes)

Hath with his Parthian Force
Extended Asia : from Euphrates his conquering
Banner shooke, from Syria to Lydia,
And to Ionia, whil'st——

Ant. *Anthony* thou would'st say.

Mes. Oh my Lord.

Ant. Speake to me home,
Mince not the generall tongue, name
Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome :
Raile thou in *Fulvia's* phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full License, as both Truth and Malice
Have power to utter. Oh then we bring forth weeds,
When our quicke windes lye still, and our illes told us
Is as our earing : fare thee well awhile.

Mes. At your Noble pleasure.

Exit Messenger.

Enter another Messenger.

Ant. From Scicion how the newes? Speake there.

1. *Mes.* The man from Scicion,
Is there such an one?

2. *Mes.* He stayes upon your will.

Ant. Let him appeare :
These strong Egyptian Fetters I must breake,
Or loose my selfe in dotage.

Enter another Messenger with a Letter.

What are you?

3. *Mes.* *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where dyed she.
Mes. In Scicion, her length of sicknesse,
With what else more serious,
Importeth thee to know, this beares.

Antibo. Forbeare me
There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I desire it :
What our contempts doth often hurle from us,
We wish it ours againe. The present pleasure,
By revolution lowring, does become
The opposite of it selfe : she's good being gon,
The hand could plucke her backe, that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting Queene breake off,
Ten thousand harmes, more then the illes I know
My idlenesse doth hatch.

Enter Enobarbus.

How now *Enobarbus*.

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir?

Antb. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We see how mortall
an unkindnesse is to them. If they suffer our departure, death's
the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling an occasion, let women die. It were

pitty to cast them away for nothing, though betweene them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. *Cleopatra* catching but the least noyse of this, dies instantly: I have seene her dye twenty times uppon farre poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving acte upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past mans thought.

Eno. Alacke Sir no, her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure Love. We cannot cal her winds and waters, sighes and teares: They are greater stormes and Tempests then Almanackes can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shewre of Raine as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never scene her.

Eno. Oh sir, you had then left unscene a wonderfull peece of worke, which not to have beene blest withall, would have discredited your Travaile.

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. Sir.

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. *Fulvia*?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why sir, give the Gods a thankfull Sacrifice: when it pleaseth their Deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shewes to man the Tailors of the earth: comforting therein, that when olde Robes are worne out, there are members to make new. If there were no more Women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeede a cut: and the case to be lamented: This greefe is crown'd with Consolation, your old Smocke brings foorth a new Petticoate, and indeed the teares live in an Onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The businesse she hath broached in the State,
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the businesse you have broach'd heere cannot be without you, especially that of *Cleopatra's*, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light Answeres:

Let our Officers
 Have notice what we purpose. I shall breake
 The cause of our Expedience to the Queene,
 And get her leave to part. For not alone
 The death of *Fulvia*, with more urgent touches
 Do strongly speake to us : but the Letters too
 Of many our contriving Friends in Rome,
 Petition us at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
 Have given the dare to *Cesar*, and commands
 The Empire of the Sea. Our slippery people,
 Whose Love is never link'd to the deserver,
 Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his Dignities
 Upon his Sonne, who high in Name and Power,
 Higher then both in Blood and Life, stands up
 For the maine Souldier. Whose quality going on,
 The sides o'th'world may danger. Much is breeding,
 Which like the Coursers heire, hath yet but life,
 And not a Serpents poyson. Say our pleasure,
 To such whose places under us, require
 Our quicke remove from hence.
Enob. I shall doo't.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he ?

Cleo. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is,

Whose with him, what he does :

I did not send you. If you finde him sad,

Say I am dauncing : if in Myrth, report

That I am sodaine sicke. Quicke, and returne.

Cbar. Madam, me thinkes if you did love him deerly,
 You do not hold the method, to enforce

The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not ?

Ch. In each thing give him way, crosse him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a foole : the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too farre. I wish forbear,
In time we hate that which we often feare.

Enter Anthony.

But heere comes *Anthony*.

Cleo. I am sicke, and sullen.

An. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.

Cleo. Helpe me away deere *Charmian*, I shall fall,
It cannot be thus long, the sides of Nature
Will not sustaine it.

Ant. Now my deereast Queene.

Cleo. Pray you stand farther from mee.

Ant. What's the matter ?

Cleo. I know by that same eye ther's some good news.

What sayes the married woman you may goe ?

Would she had never given you leave to come.

Let her not say 'tis I that keepe you heere.

I have no power upon you : Hers you are.

Ant. The Gods best know.

Cleo. Oh never was there Queene

So mightily betrayed : yet at the first

I saw the Treasons planted,

Ant. *Cleopatra.*

Cleo. Why should I thinke you can be mine, & true,

(Though you in swearing shake the Throaned Gods)

Who have beene false to *Fulvia* ?

Riotous madnesse,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vowes,

Which breake themselves in swearing.

Ant. Most sweet Queene.

Cleo. Nay pray you seeke no colour for your going,

But bid farewell, and goe :

When you sued staying,

Then was the time for words : No going then,

Eternity was in our Lippen, and Eyes,
 Blisse in our browes bent : none our parts so poore,
 But was a race of Heaven. They are so still,
 Or thou the greatest Souldier of the world,
 Art turn'd the greatest Lyar.

Ant. How now Lady ?

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou should'st know
 There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Heare me Queene :

The strong necessity of Time, commands
 Our Services a-while : but my full heart
 Remaines in use with you. Our Italy,
 Shines o're with civill Swords ; *Sextus Pompeius*
 Makes his approaches to the Port of Rome,
 Equality of two Domesticke powers,
 Breed scrupulous faction : The hated growne to strength
 Are newly growne to Love : The condemn'd *Pompey*,
 Rich in his Fathers Honor, creepes apace
 Into the hearts of such, as have not thrived
 Upon the present state, whose Numbers threaten,
 And quietnesse growne sicke of rest, would purge
 By any desperate change : My more particular,
 And that which most with you should safe my going,
 Is *Fulvias* death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom
 It does from childishnesse. Can *Fulvia* dye ?

Ant. She's dead my Queene.

Looke heere, and at thy Sovereigne leysure read
 The Garboyles she awak'd : at the last, best,
 See when, and where shee died.

Cleo. O most false Love !

Where be the Sacred Violles thou should'st fill
 With sorrowfull water ? Now I see, I see,
 In *Fulvias* death, how mine receiv'd shall be,

Ant. Quarrell no more, but bee prepar'd to know

The purposes I beare : which are, or cease,
As you shall give th'advice. By the fire
That quickens Nylus slime, I go from hence
Thy Souldier, Servant, making Peace or Warre,
As thou affects.

Cleo. Cut my Lace, *Charmian* come,
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So *Anthony* loves.

Ant. My precious Queene forbear,
And give true evidence to his Love, which stands
An honourable Triall.

Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.
I prythee turne aside, and weepe for her,
Then bid adiew to me, and say the teares
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it looke
Like perfect Honor.

Ant. You'l heat my blood no more ?

Cleo. You can do better yet : but this is meetly.

Ant. Now by Sword.

Cleo. And Target. Still he mends.
But this is not the best. Looke prythee *Charmian*,
How this Herculean Roman do's become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. Ile leave you Lady.

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word :
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it :
Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it :
That you know well, something it is I would :
Oh, my Oblivion is a very *Anthony*,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your Royalty
Holds Idlenesse your subject, I should take you
For Idlenesse it selfe.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating Labour.

To beare such Idlenesse so neere the heart
 As *Cleopatra* this. But Sir, forgive me,
 Since my becommings kill me, when they do not
 Eye well to you. Your Honor calles you hence,
 Therefore be deafe to my unpittied Folly,
 And all the Gods go with you. Upon your Sword
 Sit Lawrell victory, and smooth successe
 Be strew'd before your feete.

Ant. Let us go.
 Come: Our separation so abides and flies,
 That thou reciding heere, goes yet with mee;
 And I hence fleeing, heere remaine with thee.
 Away.

Exeunt.

*Enter Octavius reading a Letter, Lepidus, and
 their Traine.*

Cas. You may see *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
 It is not *Casars* Naturall vice, to hate
 One great Competitor. From Alexandria
 This is the newes: He fishes, drinkes, and wastes
 The Lampes of night in revell: Is not more manlike
 Then *Cleopatra*: nor the Queene of *Ptolomy*
 More Womanly then he. Hardly gave audience
 Or vouchsafe to thinke he had Partners. You
 Shall finde there a man, who is th'abstracts of all faults,
 That all men follow.

Lep. I must not thinke
 There are, evils enow to darken all his goodnesse:
 His faults in him, seeme as the Spots of Heaven,
 More fierie by nights Blacknesse; Hereditarie,
 Rather then purchaste: what he cannot change,
 Then what he chooseth.

Cas. You are too indulgent. Let's graunt it is not
 Amisse to tumble on the bed of *Ptolomy*,
 To give a Kingdome for a Mirth, to sit

And keepe the turne of Tipling with a Slave,
 To reele the streets at noone, and stand the Buffet
 With knaves that smels of sweate : Say this becoms him
 (As his composure must be rare indeed,
 Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must *Anthony*
 No way excuse his foyles, when we do beare
 So great waight in his lightnesse. If he fill'd
 His vacancie with his Voluptuousnesse,
 Full surfets, and the drinesse of his bones,
 Call on him for't. But to confound such time,
 That drummes him from his sport, and speakes as lowd
 As his owne State, and ours, 'tis to be chid :
 As we rate Boyes, who being mature in knowledge,
 Pawne their experience to their present pleasure,
 And so rebell to judgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Heere's more newes.

Mes. Thy biddings have beene done, & everie houre
 Most Noble *Cesar*, shalt thou have report
 How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is strong at Sea,
 And it appeares, he is belov'd of those
 That only have feard *Cesar*: to the Ports
 The discontents repaire, and mens reports
 Give him much wrong'd.

Cas. I should have knowne no lesse,
 It hath bin taught us from the primall state
 That he which is was wisht, untill he were :
 And the ebb'd man,
 Ne're lov'd, till ne're worth love,
 Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common bodie,
 Like to a Vagabond Flagge upon the Streame,
 Goes too, and backe, lacking the varying tyde
 To rot itselke with motion.

Mes. *Cesar* I bring thee word,

Menacrates and *Menas* famous Pyrates
 Makes the Sea serve them, which they eare and wound
 With keeles of every kinde. Many hot inrodes
 They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime
 Lacke blood to thinke on't, and flush youth revolt,
 No vessell can peepe forth : but 'tis as soone
 Taken as scene : for *Pompeyes* name strikes more
 Then could his Warre resisted.

Cesar. *Anthony,*
 Leave thy lascivious Vassailes. When thou once
 Was beaten from *Medena*, where thou slew'st
Hirsius, and *Pausa* Consuls, at thy heele
 Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
 (Though daintily brought up) with patience more
 Then Savages could suffer. Thou did'st drinke
 The stale of Horses, and the gilded Puddle
 Which Beasts would cough at. Thy pallat then did daine
 The roughest Berry, on the rudest Hedge.
 Yea, like the Stagge, when Snow the Pasture Sheets,
 The barks of Trees thou brows'd. On the Alpes,
 It is reported thou did'st eate strange flesh,
 Which some did dye to looke on : And all this
 (It wounds thine Honor that I speake it now)
 Was borne so like a Soldiour, that thy cheekke
 So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pittie of him.

Ces. Let his shames quickly
 Drive him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine
 Did shew our selves i'th'Field, and to that end
 Assemble me immediate counsell, *Pompey*
 Thrives in our Idlenesse.

Lep. To morrow *Cesar*,
 I shall be furnisht to informe you rightly
 Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
 To front this present time.

Con. Till which encounter, it is my business too. *Farwell.*

Lep. Farwell my Lord, what you shall know some time
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you Sir
To let me be partaker.

Conar. Doubt not sir, I know it for my Bond. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, & Mardian.

Clea. Charmian.

Char. Madam.

Clea. Ha, ha, give me to drink *Mandragora*.

Char. Why Madam?

Clea. That I might sleep out this great gap of time :
My Anthony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Clea. O tis Treason.

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Clea. Thou, Eunucho *Mardian*?

Mar. What's your Highness pleasure?

Clea. Not now to hear thee sing. I take no pleasure
In ought an Eunuch ha's: 'Tis well for thee,
That being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not flye forth of Egypt. Hast thou Affections?

Mar. Yes gracious Madam.

Clea. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing
But what in deede is honest to be done :
Yet have I fierce Affections, and thinke
What Venus did with Mars.

Clea. Oh Charmian :

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walke? Or is he on his horse?
Oh happy horse to beare the weight of *Anthony*!
Do bravely Horse, for wot'st thou whom thou moov'st,
The demy *Atlas* of this Earth, the Arme
And Borganet of men. Hee's speaking now,

Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nile,
 (For so he calls me :) Now I feede my selfe
 With most delicious poyson. Thinke on me
 That am with Phœbus amorous pinches blacke,
 And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad-fronted *Cesar*,
 When thou was't heere above the ground, I was
 A morsell for a Monarke : and great *Pompey*
 Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
 There would he anchor his Aspect, and dye
 With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas from Cesar.

Alex. Sovereigne of Egypt, haile.

Cleo. How much unlike art thou *Marke Anthony* ?
 Yet comming from him, that great Med'cine hath
 With his Tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave *Marke Antonie* ?

Alex. Last thing he did (deere Queene)
 He kist the last of many doubled kisses
 This Orient Pearle. His speech stickes in my heart.

Cleo. Mine eare must plucke it thence.

Alex. Good Friend, quoth he :
 Say the firme Roman to great Egypt sends
 This treasure of an Oyster : at whose foote
 To mend the petty present, I will peece
 Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the East,
 (Say thou) shall call her Mistris. So he nodded,
 And soberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steede,
 Who neigh'd so hie, that what I would have spoke,
 Was beastly dumbe by him.

Cleo. What was he sad, or merry ?

Alex. Like to the time o'th'yeare, between the extremes
 Of hot and cold, he was not sad nor merrie.

Cleo. Oh well divided disposition : Note him,
 Note him good *Charmian*, 'tis the man : but note him.

He was not sad, for he would shine on those
 That make their lookes by his. He was not merrie,
 Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
 In Egypt with his joy, but betweene both.
 Oh heavenly mingle! Bee'st thou sad, or merrie,
 The violence of either thee becomes,
 So do's it no mans else. Met'st thou my Posts?

Alex. I Madam, twenty severall Messengers.

Why do you send so thicke?

Cleo. Who's borne that day, when I forgot to send to *Antonie*,
 shall dye a Begger. Inke and paper *Charmian*. Welcome my
 good *Alexas*. Did I *Charmian*, ever love *Cesar* so?

Char. Oh that brave *Cesar*!

Cleo. Be choak'd with such another Emphasis,
 Say the brave *Anthony*.

Char. The valiant *Cesar*.

Cleo. By *Isis*, I will give thee bloody teeth,
 If thou with *Cesar* Paragon againe:
 My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
 I sing but after you.

Cleo. My Sallad dayes,
 When I was greene in judgement, cold in blood,
 To say, as I saide then. But come, away,
 Get me Inke and Paper,
 He shall have every day a severall greeting, or Ile unpeople
 Egypt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in warlike manner.

Pom. If the great Gods be just, they shall assist
 The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know worthy *Pompey*, that what they do delay, they
 not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are sutors to their Throne, decays the thing
 we sue for.

Mene. We ignorant of our selves,
 Begge often our owne harmes, which the wise Powres
 Deny us for our good : so finde we profit
 By loosing of our Prayers.

Pom. I shall do well :
 The people love me, and the Sea is mine ;
 My powers are Cressent, and my Auguring hope
 Sayes it will come to'th'full. *Marke Anthony*
 In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
 No warres without doores. *Cesar* gets money where
 He looses hearts : *Lepidus* flatters both,
 Of both is flatter'd : but he neither loves,
 Nor either cares for him.

Mene. *Cesar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,
 A mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'Tis false.

Mene. From *Sibonius*, Sir.

Pom. He dreames : I know they are in Rome together
 Looking for *Anthony* : but all the charmes of Love,
 Salt *Cleopatra* soften thy wand lip,
 Let Witchcraft joyne with Beauty, Lust with both,
 Tye up the Libertine in a field of Feasts,
 Keepe his Braine fuming. Epicurean Cookes,
 Sharpen with cloylesse sawce his Appetite,
 That sleepe and feeding may prorogue his Honour,
 Even till a Lethied dulnesse——

Enter Varrius.

How now *Varrius* ?

Var. This is most certaine, that I shall deliver :

Marke Anthony is every houre in Rome
 Expected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis
 A space for farther Travaile.

Pom. I could have given lesse matter
 A better eare. *Menas*, I did not thinke
 This amorous Surfetter would have donn'd his Helme

For such a petty Warre : His Souldiership
Is twice the other twaine : But let us reare
The higher our Opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypts Widdow, plucke
The neere Lust-wearied *Antibony*.

Mene. I cannot hope,
Cesar and *Antibony* shall well greet together ;
His Wife that's dead, did trespasses to *Cesar*,
His Brother wan'd upon him, although I thinke
Not mov'd by *Antibony*.

Pom. I know not *Menas*,
How lesser Enmities may give way to greater,
Were't not that we stand up against them all :
'Twer pregnant they should square between themselves,
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords : but how the feare of us
May Ciment their divisions, and binde up
The petty difference, we yet not know :
Bee't as our Gods will have't ; it onely stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands
Come *Menas*.

Excunt.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to intreat your Captaine
To soft and gentle speech.

Enob. I shall intreat him
To answer like himselfe : if *Cesar* move him,
Let *Antibony* looke over *Cesars* head,
And speake as lowd as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of *Antonios* Beard,
I would not shave't to day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private stomacking.

Eno. Every time serves for the matter that is then borne in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion : but pray you stirre
No Embers up. Heere comes the Noble *Anthony*.

Enter Anthony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder *Cesar*.

Enter Cesar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well heere, to Parthia :
Hearke *Ventidius*.

Cesar. I do not know *Mecenas*, aske *Agrippa*.

Lep. Noble Friends :
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amisse,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our triviall difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners,
The rather for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sowrest points with sweetest tearmes,
Nor curtesse grow to'th'matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well :
Were we before our Armies, and to fight
I should do thus.

Flourish.

Ces. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thanke you.

Ces. Sit.

Ant. Sit sir.

Ces. Nay then.

Ant. I learne, you take things ill, which are not so :
Or being, concerne you not.

Ces. I must be laught at, if or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say my selfe offended, and with you
Chiefely i'th'world. More laught at, that I should
Once name you derogately : when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt *Cesar*, what was't to you ?

Ces. No more then my reciding heere at Rome

Might be to you in Egypt : yet if you there
Did practise on my State, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd ?

Cas. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did heere befall me. Your Wife and Brother
Made warres upon me, and their contestation
Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre.

Ant. You do mistake your busines, my Brother never
Did urge me in his Act : I did inquire it,
And have my Learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you, did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the warres alike against my stomacke,
Having alike your cause. Of this, my Letters
Before did satisfie you. If you'l patch a quarrell,
As matter whole you have to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cas. You praise your selfe, by laying defects of judgement to
me : but you patcht up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so :

I know you could not lacke. I am certaine on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I
Your Partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with gracefull eyes attend those Warres
Which fronted mine owne peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit, in such another,
The third oth'world is yours, which with a Snaffle,
You may pace easie, but not such a wife.

Enobar. Would we had all such wives, that the men might go
to Warres with the women.

Antib. So much uncurbable, her Garboiles (*Cesar*)
Made out of her impatience : which not wanted
Shrodenesse of policie to : I greiving grant,
Did you too much disquiet, for that you must,

But say I could not helpe it ?

Cesar. I wrote to you, when rioting in Alexandria you
Did pocket up my Letters : and with taunts
Did gibe my Misive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell upon me, ere admitted, then :
Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i'th'morning : but next day
I told him of my selfe, which was as much
As to have askt him pardon. Let this Fellow
Be nothing of our strife : if we contend
Out of our question wipe him.

Cesar. You have broken the Article of your oath, which you
shall never have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft *Cesar.*

Ant. No *Lepidus*, let him speake,
The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lackt it : but on *Cesar*,
The Article of my oath.

Cesar. To lend me Armes, and aide when I requir'd them,
the which you both denied.

Anth. Neglected rather :
And then when poysoned houres had bound me up
From mine owne knowledge, as neerely as I may,
Ile play the penitent to you. But mine honesty,
Shall not make poore my greatnesse, nor my power
Worke without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To have me out of Egypt, made Warres heere,
For which my selfe, the ignorant motive, do
So farre aske pardon, as befits mine Honour
To stoope in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis Noble spoken.

Mecc. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefes betweene ye : to forget them quite,
Were to remember : that the present neede,
Speakes to attone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken *Mecenas*.

Enobar. Or if you borrow one anothers Love for the instant, you may when you heare no more words of *Pompey* returne it againe : you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Anth. Thou art a Souldier, onely speake no more.

Enob. That trueth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Anth. You wrong this presence, therefore speake no more.

Enob. Go too then : your Considerate stone.

Cesar. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech : for't cannot be,
We shall remaine in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew,
What Hoope should hold us staunch from edge to edge
Ath'world : I would persue it.

Agri. Give me leave *Cesar*.

Cesar. Speake *Agrippa*.

Agri. Thou hast a Sister by the Mothers side, admir'd
Octavia ? Great *Mark Anthony* is now a widdower.

Cesar. Say not, say *Agrippa* ; if *Cleopater* heard you, your
proofe were well deserved of rashnesse.

Anth. I am not marryed *Cesar* : let me heere *Agrippa* further
speake.

Agri. To hold you in perpetuall amitie,
To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an un-slipping knot, take *Anthony*,
Octavia to his wife : whose beauty claimes
No worse a husband then the best of men : whose
Vertue, and whose generall graces, speake
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little Jelousies which now seeme great,
And all great feares, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truth's would be tales,
Where now halfe tales be truth's : her love to both,
Would each to other, and all loves to both

Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Anth. Will *Cesar* speake?

Cesar. Not till he heares how *Anthony* is toucht,
With what is spoke already.

Anth. What power is in *Agrippa*,
If I would say *Agrippa*, be it so,
To make this good?

Cesar. The power of *Cesar*,
And his power, unto *Octavia*.

Anth. May I never
(To this good purpose, that so fairely shewes)
Dreame of impediment: let me have thy hand
Further this act of Grace: and from this houre,
The heart of Brothers governe in our Loves,
And sway our great Designes.

Cesar. There's my hands
A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did ever love so deerely. Let her live
To joyne our kingdomes, and our hearts, and never
Flie off our Loves againe.

Lepi. Happily, Amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my Sword 'gainst *Pompey*,
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great
Of late upon me. I must thanke him onely,
Least my remembrance, suffer ill report:
At heele of that, defie him.

Lepi. Time calls upon's,
Of us must *Pompey* presently be sought,
Or else he seekes out us.

Anth. Where lies he?

Cesar. About the Mount-Mesena.

Anth. What is his strength by land?

Cesar. Great, and encreasing:

But by Sea he is an absolute Master.

Anth. So is the fame,
Would we had spoke together. Hast we for it,
Yet ere we put our selves in Armes, dispatch we
'The businesse we have talkt of.

Cesar. With most gladnesse,
And do invite you to my Sisters view,
Whether straight Ile lead you.

Anth. Let us *Lepidus* not lacke your companie.

Lep. Noble *Anthony*, not sicknesse should detaine me.

Flourish. *Exit omnes.*

Manet Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecenas.

Mec. Welcome from Ægypt Sir.

Eno. Halfe the heart of *Cesar*, worthy *Mecenas*. My honour-
able Friend *Agrippa*.

Agri. Good *Enobarbus*.

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well
digested : you staid well by't in Egypt.

Enob. I Sir, we did sleepe day out of countenance : and made
the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight Wilde-Boares rosted whole at a breakfast : and
but twelve persons there. Is this true ?

Eno. This was but as a Flye by an Eagle : we had much
more monstrous matter of Feast, which worthily deserved
noting.

Mecenas. She's a most triumphant Lady, if report be square
to her.

Enob. When she first met *Marke Anthony*, she purst up his
heart upon the River of Sidnis.

Agri. There she appear'd indeed : or my reporter devis'd well
for her.

Eno. I will tell you,
The Barge she sat in, like a burnisht Throne
Burnt on the water : the Poope was beaten Gold,

Purple the Sails : and as perceived that
The Winds were Love-sick
With them the Oars were Silver,
Which in the time of Flutes kept service, and made
The water which they hear, to answer music :
As numerous of their swimmers. For her own person,
It begg'd all description, she did live
In her Pavilion, cloth of Gold, of Tissue,
O're-painting that Venus, where we see
The fancy our-work's Nature. On each side her,
Stood pretty Dimpled Boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers colour'd Fannes whose wind did seeme,
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did coole,
And what they undid did.

Agrip. Oh rare for *Anthony*.

Eno. Her Gentlewoman, like the Nereides,
So many Mer-maides tended her i'th'eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the Helme,
A seeming Mer-maide steeres : The Silken-Tackle,
Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent Wharfe. The Citty cast
Her people out upon her : and *Anthony*
Enthron'd i'th'Market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to'th'ayre : which but for vacancie,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopater* too,
And made a gap in Nature.

Agri. Rare Egiptian.

Eno. Upon her landing, *Anthony* sent to her,
Invited her to Supper : she replied,
It should be better, he became her guest :
Which she entreated, our Courteous *Anthony*,
Whom nere the word of no woman hard speakr,
Being barber'd ten times o're, goes to the Feast ;

And for his ordinary, paies his heart,
For what his eyes eate onely.

Agri. Royall Wench :

She made great *Cesar* lay his Sword to bed,
He ploughed her, and she cropt.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty Paces through the publicke streete,
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And breathlesse powre breath forth.

Mace. Now *Anthony*, must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never he will not :

Age cannot wither her, nor custome stale
Her infinite variety : other women cloy
The appetites they feede, but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vildest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy Priests
Blesse her, when she is Riggish.

Mace. If Beauty, Wisedome, Modesty, can settle
The heart of *Anthony* : *Octavia* is
A blessed Lottery to him.

Agrip. Let us go. Good *Enobarbus*, make your selfe my
guest, whilst you abide heere.

Eno. Humbly Sir I thanke you.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony, Cesar, Octavia betweene them.

Anth. The world, and my great office, will
Sometimes devide me from your bosome.

Octa. All which time, before the Gods my knee shall bowe my
prayers to them for you.

Anth. Goodnight Sir. My *Octavia*
Read not my blemishes in the worlds report :
I have not kept my square, but that to come
Shall all be done byth' Rule : good night deere Lady :
Good night Sir.

Cesar. Goodnight.

Exit.

Enter Soothsayer.

Antb. Now Sirrah : you do wish your selfe in Egypt ?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither.

Ant. If you can, your reason ?

Sooth. I see it in my motion : have it not in my tongue.

But yet hie you to Egypt againe.

Antb. Say to me, whose Fortunes shall rise higher
Casars or mine ?

Soot. Casars. Therefore (oh *Anthony*) stay not, by his side
Thy Dæmon that thy spirit which keepes thee, is
Noble, Courageous, high unmatchable,
Where *Casars* is not. But neere him, thy Angell
Becomes a feare : as being o're-powrd, therefore
Make space enough betweene you.

Antb. Speake this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee no more but : when to thee,
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to loose : And of that Naturall lucke,
He beats thee 'gainst the oddes. Thy Luster thickens,
When he shines by : I say againe, thy spirit
Is all affraid to governe thee neere him :
But he away 'tis Noble.

Antb. Get thee gone :

Say to *Ventigius* I would speake with him.

Exit.

He shall to Parthia, be it Art or hap,
He hath spoken true. The very Dice obey him,
And in our sports my better cunning faines,
Under his chance, if we draw lots he speeds,
His Cocks do winne the Battaile, still of mine,
When it is all to naught : and his Quailes ever
Beate mine (in hoopt) at odd's. I will to Egypte :
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I'th'East my pleasure lies. Oh come *Ventigius*.

Enter Ventigius.

You must to Parthia, your Commissions ready :
Follow me, and recive't.

Exeunt.

Enter Lepidus, Mecenus and Agrippa.

Lepidus. Trouble your selves no further : pray you hasten your Generals after.

Agr. Sir, *Marke Anthony*, will e'ne but kisse *Octavia*, and wee'll follow.

Lepi. Till I shall see you in your Souldiers dresse, Which will become you both : Farewell.

Mec. We shall : as I conceive the journey, be at Mount before you *Lepidus*.

Lepi. Your way is shorter, my purposes do draw me much about, you'll win two dayes upon me.

Both. Sir good successe.

Lepi. Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopater, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some Musicke : Musicke, moody foode of us that trade in Love.

Omnes. The Musicke, hoa.

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to Billards : come *Charmian*.

Char. My arme is sore, best play with *Mardian*.

Cleopa. As well a woman with an Eunuch plaide, as with a woman. Come you'll play with me Sir ?

Mardi. As well as I can Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shewed,
Though't come to short
The Actor may pleade pardon. Ile none now,
Give me mine Angle, wee'll to'th'River there
My Musicke playing farre off. I will betray
Tawny fine fishes, my bended hooke shall pierce
Their slimy jawes, and as I draw them up,
Ile thinke them every one an *Anthony*,
And say, ah ha ; y'are caught.

Char. 'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Angling, when your diver did hang a salt fish on his hooke which he with fervencie drew up.

Cleo. That time? Oh times :
I laught him out of patience : and that night
I laught him into patience, and next morne,
Ere the ninth houre, I drunke him to his bed :
Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whilst
I wore his Sword Phillippan. Oh from Italie,

Enter a Messenger.

Ramme thou thy fruitfull tidings in mine eares,
That long time hath bin barren.

Mes.

Madam, Madam.

Cleo. *Anthony's* dead.

If thou say so Villaine, thou kil'st thy Mistris :
But well and free, if thou so yeild him.
There is Gold, and heere
My blewest vaines to kisse : a hand that Kings
Have lipt, and trembled kissing.

Mes. First Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why there's more Gold.

But sirrah marke, we use

To say, the dead are well : bring it to that,
The Gold I give thee, will I melt and powr
Downe thy ill uttering throate.

Mes. Good Madam heare me.

Cleo.

Well, go too I will :

But there's no goodnesse in thy face if *Anthony*
Be free and healthfull ; so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings. If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Furie crown'd with Snakes,
Not like a formall man.

Mes.

Wilt please you heare me ?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st :
Yet if thou say *Anthony* lives, 'tis well,

Or friends with *Cesar*, or not Captive to him,
 Ile set thee in a shower of Gold, and haile
 Rich Pearles upon thee.

Mes. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mes. And Friends with *Cesar*.

Cleo. Th'art an honest man.

Mes. *Cesar*, and he, are greater Friends then ever.

Cleo. Make thee a Fortune from me.

Mes. But yet Madam.

Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does alay
 The good precedence, fie upon but yet,
 But yet is as a Jaylor to bring foorth
 Some monstrous Malefactor. Prythee Friend,
 Powre out the packe of matter to mine eare,
 The good and bad together : he's friends with *Cesar*,
 In state of health thou saist, and thou saist, free.

Mes. Free Madam, no : I made no such report,
 He's bound unto *Othavia*.

Cleo. For what good turne ?

Mes. For the best turne i'th'bed.

Cleo. I am pale *Charmian*.

Mes. Madam, he's married to *Othavia*.

Cleo. The most infectious Pestilence upon thee.

Strikes him downe

Mes. Good Madam patience.

Cleo. What say you ? *Strikes him*

Hence horrible Villaine, or Ile spurne thine eyes
 Like balls before me : Ile unhaire thy head,

She bales him up and down

Thou shalt be whipt with Wyer, and stew'd in brine,
 Smarting in lingring pickle.

Mes. Gracious Madam,

I that do bring the newes, made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a Province I will give thee,

And make thy Fortunes proud : the blow thou had'st
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what guift beside
Thy modestie can begge.

Mes. He's married Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long. *Draw a knife.*

Mes. Nay then Ile runne :

What meane you Madam, I have made no fault. *Exit.*

Char. Good Madam keepe your selfe within your selfe,
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some Innocents scape not the thunderbolt :
Melt Egypt into Nyle : and kindly creatures
Turne all to Serpents. Call the slave againe,
Though I am mad, I will not byte him : Call ?

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him,
These hands do lacke Nobility, that they strike
A meaner then my selfe : since I my selfe
Have given my selfe the cause. Come hither Sir.

Enter the Messenger againe,

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad newes : give to a gracious Message
An host of tongues, but let ill tydings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mes. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married ?

I cannot hate thee worser then I do,
If thou againe say yea.

Mes. He's married Madam.

Cleo. The Gods confound thee,
Dost thou hold there still ?

Mes. Should I lye Madame ?

Cleo. Oh, I would thou didst :
So halfe my Egypt were submerg'd and made
A Cesterne for scald Snakes. Go get thee hence,

Had'st thou *Narcissus* in thy face to me,
Thou would'st appeere most ugly: He is married?

Mes. I crave your Highnesse pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend you,
To punnish me for what you make me do
Seemes much unequall, he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. Oh that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what th'art sure of. Get thee hence,
The Marchandize which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too deere for me:

Lye they upon thy hand, and be undone by em.

Char. Good your Highnesse patience.

Cleo. In praying *Anthony*, I have disprais'd *Cesar*.

Char. Many times Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now: lead me from hence,
I faint, oh *Iras*, *Charmian*: 'tis no matter.

Go to the Fellow, good *Alexas* bid him

Report the feature of *Octavia*: her yeares,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her haire. Bring me word quickly,

Let him for ever go, let him not *Charmian*,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other wayes a Mars. Bid you *Alexas*

Bring me word, how tall she is: pittie me *Charmian*,

But do not speake to me. Lead me to my Chamber. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. Enter *Pompey*, at one doore with Drum and Trumpet:
at another *Cesar*, *Lepidus*, *Anthony*, *Enobarbus*, *Mecenas*,
Agrippa, *Menas* with Souldiers Marching.

Pom. Your Hostages I have, so have you mine:
And we shall talke before we fight.

Cesar. Most meete that first we come to words,
And therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent,

Which if thou hast considered, let us know,
 If 'twill tye up thy discontented Sword,
 And carry backe to Cicelie much tall youth,
 That else must perish heere.

Pom. To you all three,
 The Senators alone of this great world,
 Chiefe Factors for the Gods. I do not know,
 Wherefore my Father should revengers want,
 Having a Sonne and Friends, since *Julius Cesar*,
 Who at Phillippi the good *Brutus* ghosted,
 There saw you labouring for him. What was't
 That mov'd pale *Cassius* to conspire? And what
 Made all-honor'd, honest, Romaine *Brutus*,
 With the arm'd rest, Courtiers of beautilous freedome,
 To drench the Capitoll, but that they would
 Have one man but a man, and that his it
 Hath made me rigge my Navie. At whose burthen,
 The anger'd Ocean fomes, with which I meant
 To scourge th'ingratitude, that despightfull Rome
 Cast on my Noble Father.

Cesar. Take your time.

Ant. Thou can'st not feare us *Pompey* with thy sailes.
 Weele speake with thee at Sea. At land thou know'st
 How much we do o're-count thee.

Pom. At Land indeed
 Thou dost orecount me of my Fathers house :
 But since the Cuckoo buildes not for himselfe,
 Remaine in't as thou maist.

Lepi. Be pleas'd to tell us,
 (For this is from the present how you take)
 The offers we have sent you.

Cesar. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated too,
 But waigh what it is worth imbrac'd.

Cesar. And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Cicelie, Sardinia : and I must
Rid all the Sea of Pirats. Then, to send
Measures of Wheate to Rome : this greed upon,
To part with unhackt edges, and beare backe
Our Targes undinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then I came before you heere,
A man prepar'd
To take this offer. But *Marke Anthony*,
Put me to some impatience : though I loose
The praise of it by telling. You must know
When *Cesar* and your Brother were at blowes,
Your Mother came to Cicelie, and did finde
Her welcome Friendly.

Ant. I have heard it *Pompey*,
And am well studied for a liberall thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand :
I did not thinke Sir, to have met you heere.

Ant. The beds i'th'East are soft, and thanks to you,
That cal'd me timelier then my purpose hither :
For I have gained by't.

Cesar. Since I saw you last, ther's a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts harsh Fortune cast's upon my face,
But in my bosome shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassaile.

Lep. Well met heere.

Pom. I hope so *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed :
I crave our composition may be written
And seal'd betweene us.

Cesar. That's the next to do.

Pom. Weele feast each other, ere we part, and lett's
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I *Pompey*.

Pompey. No *Anthony* take the lot : but first or last, your fine Egyptian cookerie shall have the same, I have heard that *Julius Caesar*, grew fat with feasting there.

Antb. You have heard much.

Pom. I have faire meaning Sir.

Ant. And faire words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard,
And I have heard *Appolodorus* carried——

Eno. No more that : he did so.

Pom. What I pray you ?

Eno. A certaine Queene to *Cesar* in a *Matris*.

Pom. I know thee now, how far'st thou Souldier ?

Eno. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceive
Foure Feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand,
I never hated thee : I have seene thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Enob. Sir, I never lov'd you much, but I ha'prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much,
As I have said you did.

Pom. Injoy thy plainnesse,
It nothing ill becomes thee :
Aboord my Gally, I invite you all.
Will you leade Lords ?

All. Shew's the way, sir.

Pom. Come. *Exeunt. Manet Enob. & Menas.*

Menas. Thy Father *Pompey* would ne're have made this Treaty.
You, and I have knowne sir.

Enob. At Sea, I thinke.

Menas. We have Sir.

Enob. You have done well by water.

Menas. And you by Land.

Enob. I will praise any man that will praise me, thogh it
cannot be denied what I have done by Land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Enob. Yes some-thing you can deny for your owne safety :
you have bin a great Theefe by Sea.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. There I deny my Land service : but give mee your
hand *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, heere they might take
two Theeves kissing.

Men. All mens faces are true, whatsomere their hands are.

Enob. But there is never a fayre Woman, ha's a true Face.

Men. No slander, they steale hearts.

Enob. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a Drinking.
Pompey doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

Enob. If he do, sure he cannot weep't backe againe.

Men. Y'have said Sir, we look'd not for *Marke Anthony*
heere, pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra* ?

Enob. *Cesars* Sister is call'd *Octavia*.

Men. True Sir, she was the wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

Enob. But she is now the wife of *Marcus Antonius*.

Men. Pray'ye sir.

Enob. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Cesar* and he, for ever knit together.

Enob. If I were bound to Divine of this unity, I wold not
Prophesie so.

Men. I thinke the policy of that purpose, made more in the
Marriage, then the love of the parties.

Enob. I thinke so too. But you shall finde the band that
seemes to tye their friendship together, will bee the very strangler
of their Amity : *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so ?

Eno. Not he that himselfe is not so : which is *Marke Anthony* :
he will to his Egyptian dish againe : then shall the sighes of
Octavia blow the fire up in *Cesar*, and (as I said before) that
which is the strength of their Amity, shall prove the immediate
Author of their variance. *Anthony* will use his affection where
it is. Hee married but his occasion heere.

Men. And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Enob. I shall take it sir : we have us'd our Throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away. *Exeunt.*

Musicke playes.

Enter two or three Servants with a Banquet.

1 Heere they'l be man : some o'th'their Plants are ill rooted already, the least winde i'th'world wil blow them downe.

2 *Lepidus* is high Conlord.

1 They have made him drinke Almes drinke.

2 As they pinch one another by the disposition, hee cries out, no more ; reconciles them to his entreatie, and himseife to'th' drinke.

1 But it raises the greater warre betweene him & his discretion.

2 Why this it is to have a name in great mens Fellowship : I had as live have a Reede that will doe me no service, as a Partizan I could not heave.

1 To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be seene to move in't, are the holes where eyes should bee, which pittifully disaster the cheekes.

A Sennet sounded.

Enter Caesar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Meneas, Enobarbus, Menes, with other Captaines.

Ant. Thus do they Sir : they take the flow o'th'Nyle By certaine scales i'th'Pyramid : they know By'th'height, the lownesse, or the meane : If dearth Or Foizon follow. The higher Nilus swels, The more it promises : as it ebbs, the Seedsman Upon the slime and Ooze scatters his graine, And shortly comes to Harvest.

Lep. Y'have strange Serpents there ?

Antb. I *Lepidus.*

Lep. Your Serpent of Egypt, is bred now of your mud by the operation of your Sun : 'so is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit, and some Wine : A health to *Lepidus*.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be :

But Ile ne're out.

Enob. Not till you have slept : I feare me you'l bee in till then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I have heard the *Ptolomies* Pyramis is are very goodly things : without contradiction I have heard that.

Menas. *Pompey*, a word.

Pomp. Say in mine eare, what is't.

Men. Forsake thy seate I do beseech thee Captaine,
And heare me speake a word.

Pom. Forbeare me till anon.

Whispers in's Eare.

This Wine for *Lepidus*.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your Crocodile ?

Ant. It is shap'd sir like it selfe, and it is as broad as it hath bredth ; It is just so high as it is, and mooves with it owne organs. It lives by that which nourisheth it, and the Elements once out of it, it Transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of ?

Ant. Of it owne colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange Serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so, and the teares of it are wet.

Cas. Will this description satisfie him ?

Ant. With the Health that *Pompey* gives him, else he is a very Epicure.

Pomp. Go hang sir, hang : tell me of that ? Away :
Do as I bid you. Where's this Cup I call'd for ?

Men. If for the sake of Merit thou wilt heare mee,
Rise from thy stoole.

Pom. I thinke th'art mad : the matter ?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy Fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast ser'v'd me with much faith ? what's else to say ?
Be jolly Lords.

Anth. These Quicke-sands *Lepidus*,
Keepe off them, for you sinke.

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?

Pom. What saist thou?

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world?
That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertaine it, and though thou thinke me poore, I am
the man will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunke well.

Men. No *Pompey*, I have kept me from the cup,
Thou art if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
What ere the Ocean pales, or skie inclippes,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which way?

Men. These three World-sharers, these Competitors
Are in thy vessell. Let me cut the Cable,
And when we are put off, fall to their throates:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on't. In me 'tis villanie,
In thee, 't had bin good service: thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour:
Mine Honour it, Repent that ere thy tongue,
Hath so betraide thine acte. Being done unknowne,
I should have found it afterwards well done,
But must condemne it now: desist, and drinke.

Men. For this, Ile never follow
Thy paul'd Fortunes more,
Who seekes and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never finde it more.

Pom. This health to *Lepidus*.

Ant. Beare him ashore,
Ile pledge it for him *Pompey*.

Eno. Heere's to thee *Menas*.

Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong Fellow *Menas*.

Men. Why?

Eno. A beares the third part of the world man : seest not ?

Men. The third part, then he is drunk : would it were all,
that it might go on wheelles.

Eno. Drinke thou : encrease the Reeles.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian Feast.

Ant. It ripen's towards it : strike the Vessels ho.

Heere's to *Cesar*.

Cesar. I could well forbear't, it's monstrous labour when I
wash my braine, and it grow fouler.

Ant. Be a Child o'th'time.

Cesar. Possesse it, Ile make answer : but I had rather fast from
all, foure dayes, then drinke so much in one.

Enob. Ha my brave Emperour, shall we daunce now the
Egyptian Backenals, and celebrate our drinke ?

Pom. Let's ha't good Souldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,

Till that the conquering Wine hath steep't our sense,
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands :

Make battery to our eares with the loud Musicke,
The while, Ile place you, then the Boy shall sing.
The holding every man shall beate as loud,
As his strong sides can volly.

Musicke Playes. *Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*

The Song.

*Come thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpie Bacchus, with pinkie cyne :
In thy Fattes our Cares be drown'd,
With thy Grapes our baires be Crown'd.
Cup us till the world go round,
Cup us till the world go round.*

Cesar. What would you more ?
Pompey goodnight. Good Brother
 Let me request you of our graver businesse,
 Frownes at this levitie. Gentle Lords let's part,
 You see we have burnt our cheekes. Strong *Enobarbe*
 Is weaker then the Wine, and mine owne tongue
 Spleet's what it speakes : the wilde disguise hath almost
 Antickt us all. What needs more words ? goodnight.
 Good *Anthony* your hand.

Pom. Ile try you on the shore.

Antib. And shall Sir, gives your hand.

Pom. Oh *Anthony*, you have my Father house.
 But what, we are Friends ?
 Come downe into the Boate.

Eno. Take heed you fall not *Menas*. Ile not on shore,
 No to my Cabin : these Drummes,
 These Trumpets, Flutes : what
 Let Neptune heare, we bid aloud farewell
 To these great Fellowes. Sound and be hang'd, sound out.

Sound a Flourish with Drummes.

Enor. Hoo saies a there's my Cap.

Men. Hoa, Noble Captaine, come.

Exeunt.

*Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, the dead body of Pacorus
 borne before him.*

Ven. Now darting Parthya art thou stroke, and now
 Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Crassus* death
 Make me revenger. Beare the Kings Sonnes body,
 Before our Army thy *Pacorus Orades*,
 Paies this for *Marcus Crassus*.

Romaine. Noble *Ventidius*,
 Whil'st yet with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme,
 The Fugitive Parthians follow. Spurre through Media,
 Mesopotamia, and the shelters, whether
 The routed flie. So thy grand Captaine *Anthony*

Shall set thee on triumphant Chariots, and
Put Garlands on thy head.

Ven. Oh *Sillius, Sillius*,
I have done enough. A lower place note well
May make too great an act. For learne this *Sillius*,
Better to leave undone, then by our deed
Acquire too high a Fame, when him we serves away.
Cesar and *Anthony*, have ever wonne
More in their officer, then person. *Sossius*
One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant,
For quicke accumulation of renowne,
Which he atchiv'd by'th'minute, lost his favour.
Who does i'th'Warres more then his Captaine can,
Becomes his Captaines Captaine: and Ambition
(The Souldiers vertue) rather makes choise of losse
Then gaine, which darkens him.
I could do more to do *Antonius* good,
But 'twould offend him. And in his offence,
Should my performance perish.

Rom. Thou hast *Ventidius* that, without the which a Souldier
and his Sword graunts scarce distinction: thou wilt write to
Anthony.

Ven. He humbly signifie what in his name,
That magicall word of Warre we have effected,
How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks,
The nere-yet beaten Horse of Parthia,
We have jaded out o'th Field.

Rom. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens, whither with what hast
The waight we must convey with's, will permit:
We shall appeare before him. On their, passe along. *Exeunt.*

Enter Agrippa at one doore, Enobarbus at anober.

Agri. What art the Brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatcht with *Pompey*, he is gone,

The other three are Sealing. *Octavia* weepes
To part from Rome : *Cesar* is sad, and *Lepidus*
Since *Pompey's* feast, as *Menas* saies, is troubled
With the Greene-Sickness.

Agri. 'Tis a Noble *Lepidus*.

Eno. A very fine one : oh, how he loves *Cesar*.

Agri. Nay but how deerely he adores *Mark Anthony*.

Eno. *Cesar* ? why he's the Jupiter of men.

Ant. What's *Anthony*, the God of Jupiter ?

Eno. Spake you of *Cesar* ? How, the non-pareill ?

Agri. Oh *Anthony*, oh thou Arabian Bird !

Eno. Would you praise *Cesar*, say *Cesar* go no further.

Agri. Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves *Cesar* best, yet he loves *Anthony* :

Hoo Hearts, Tongues, Figure,

Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot

Thinke, speake, cast, write, sing, number : hoo,

His love to *Anthony*. But as for *Cesar*,

Kneele downe, kneele downe, and wonder.

Agri. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, for

This is to horse : Adieu, Noble *Agrippa*.

Agri. Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.

Enter Cesar, Anthony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Antio. No further Sir.

Cesar. You take from me a great part of my selfe :

Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife

As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest Band

Shall passe on thy approofe : most Noble *Anthony*,

Let not the peece of Vertue which is set

Betwixt us, as the Cyment of our love

To keepe it builded, be the Ramme to batter

The Fortresse of it : for better might we

Have lov'd without this meane, if on both parts

This be not cherisht.

Ant. Make me not offended, in your distrust.

Cesar. I have said.

Ant. You shall not finde,
Though you be therein curious, the lest cause
For what you seeme to feare, so the Gods keepe you,
And make the hearts of Romaines serve your ends :
We will heere part.

Cesar. Farewell my deereest Sister, fare thee well,
The Elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort : farethee well.

Oſa. My Noble Brother.

Ant. The Aprill's in her eyes, it is Loves spring,
And these the showers to bring it on : be cheerfull.

Oſa. Sir, looke well to my Husbands house : and—

Cesar. What *Oſavia*?

Oſa. Ile tell you in your eare.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart informe her tongue.
The Swannes downe feather
That stands upon the Swell at the of full Tide :
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will *Cesar* weepe ?

Agr. He ha's a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a Horse so is he
being a man.

Agr. Why *Enobarbus* :

When *Anthony* found *Julius Cesar* dead,
He cried almost to roaring : and he wept,
When at Phillippi he found *Brutus* slaine.

Eno. That yeare indeed, he was troubled with a rume,
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd,
Beleev't till I weepe too.

Cesar. No sweet *Oſavia*,
You shall heare from me still : the time shall not

Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come Sir, come,
Ile wrastle with you in my strength of love,
Looke heere I have you, thus I, let you go,
And give you to the Gods.

Cesar. Adieu be happy.

Lep. Let all the number of the Starres give light
To thy faire way.

Cesar. Farewell, farewell. *Kisses Othavia.*

Ant. Farewell.

Trumpets sound. Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the Fellow?

Alex. Halfe afear'd to come.

Cleo. Go too, go too : Come hither Sir.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good Majestie : *Herod* of Jury dare not looke upon you,
but when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That *Herods* head, Ile have : but how ? When *Anthony*
is gone, through whom I might commaund it : Come thou
neere.

Mes. Most gracious Majestie.

Cleo. Did'st thou behold *Othavia*?

Mes. I dread Queene.

Cleo. Where?

Mes. Madam in Rome, I lookt her in the face : and saw her
led betweene her Brother, and *Marke Anthony*.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mes. She is not Madam.

Cleo. Didst heare her speake?

Is she shrill tongu'd or low?

Mes. Madam, I heard her speake she is low voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good : he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? Oh *Isis*: 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I thinke so *Charmian*: dull of tongue, & dwarfish
What Majestie is in her gate, remember
If ere thou look'st on Majestie.

Mes. She creepes: her motion, & her station are as one.
She shewes a body, rather then a life,
A statue, then a Breather.

Cleo. Is this certaine?

Mes. Or I have no observance.

Cha. Three in Egypt cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceiv't,
There's nothing in her yet.
The Fellow ha's good judgement.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guesse at her yeares, I prythee.

Mess. Madam, she was a widdow.

Cleo. Widdow? *Charmian*, hearke.

Mes. And I do thinke she's thirtie.

Cle. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?

Mess. Round, even to faultinesse.

Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so. Her
haire what colour?

Mess. Browne Madam: and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's Gold for thee,
Thou must not take my former sharpenesse ill,
I will imploy thee backe againe: I finde thee
Most fit for businesse. Go, make thee ready,
Our Letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why me think's by him,
This Creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing Madam.

Cleo. The man hath seene some Majesty, and should know.

Char. Hath he seene Majestie? *Isis* else defend : and serving you so long.

Cleopa. I have one thing more to aske him yet good *Char-mian* : but 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me where I will write ; all may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you Madam.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay *Octavia*, not onely that,
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd
New Warres 'gainst *Pompey*. Made his will, and read it,
To publicke eare, spoke scantily of me,
When perforce he could not
But pay me tearmes of Honour : cold and sickly
He vented then most narrow measure : lent me,
When the best hint was given him : he not look't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octavi. Oh my good Lord,
Beleeve not all, or if you must beleeve,
Stomacke not all. A more unhappie Lady,
If this devision chance, ne're stood betweene
Praying for both parts :
The good Gods wil mocke me presently,
When I shall pray : Oh blesse my Lord, and Husband,
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh blesse my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother,
Prayes, and distroyes the prayer, no midway
'Twixt these extreames at all.

Ant. Gentle *Octavia*,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it : if I loose mine Honour,
I loose my selfe : better I were not yours
Then yours so branchlesse. But as you requested,
Your selfe shall go between's, the meane time Lady,

He raise the preparation of a Warre
 Shall staine your Brother, make your soonest hast,
 So your desires are yours.

Os. Thanks to my Lord,

The Jove of power make me most weake, most weake,
 You reconciler: Warres 'twixt you twaine would be,
 As if the world should cleave, and that alaine men
 Shall soader up the Rift.

Anth. When it appeeres to you where this begins,
 Turne your displeasure that way, for our faults
 Can never be so equall, that your love
 Can equally move with them. Provide your going,
 Choose your owne company, and command what cost
 Your heart he's mind too.

Exeunt.

Enter Embarbus, and Eros.

Eno. How now Friend *Eros*?

Eros. Ther's strange Newes come Sir.

Eno. What man?

Eros. *Cesar* & *Lepidus* have made warres upon *Pompey*.

Eno. This is old, what is the successe?

Eros. *Cesar* having made use of him in the warres 'gainst
Pompey: presently denied him rivalry, would not let him
 partake in the glory of the action, and not resting here, accuses
 him of Letters he had formerly wrote to *Pompey*. Upon his
 owne appeale seizes him, so the poore third is up, till death
 enlarge his Confine.

Eno. Then would thou hadst a paire of chaps no more, and
 throw betweene them all the food thou hast, they'le grinde the
 other. Where's *Anthony*?

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus, and spurnes
 The rush that lies before him. Cries Foole *Lepidus*,
 And threats the throate of that his Officer,
 That muredred *Pompey*.

Eno. Our great Navies rig'd.

Eros. For Italy and *Cesar*, more *Domitius*,
My Lord desires you presently : my Newes
might have told heereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught, but let it be : bring me to *Anthony*.

Eros. Come Sir.

Exeunt.

Enter Agrippa, Mecenas, and Cesar.

Ces. Contemning Rome he ha's done all this, & more
In Alexandria : heere's the manner of't :
I'th'Market-place on a Tribunall silver'd,
Cleopatra and himselfe in Chaires of Gold
Were publikely enthron'd : at the feet, sat
Cesarion whom they call my Fathers Sonne,
And all the unlawfull issue, that their Lust
Since then hath made betweene them. Unto her,
He gave the stablishment of Egypt, made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, absolute Queene.

Mec. This in the publike eye ?

Cesar. I'th'common shew place, where they exercise,
His Sonnes hither proclaimed the King of Kings,
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia
He gave to *Alexander*. To *Ptolomy* he assign'd,
Syria, Silicia, and Phœnetia : she
In th'abiliments of the Goddess *Isis*
That day appeer'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus inform'd.

Agri. Who queazie with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Cesar. The people knowes it,
And have now receiv'd his accusations.

Agri. Who does he accuse ?

Cesar. *Cesar*, and that having in Cicilie
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'th'Isle. Then does he say, he lent me

Some shipping unrestor'd. Lastly, he frets
That *Lepidus* of the Triumpherate, should be depos'd,
And being that, we detain all his Revenue.

Agri. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cesar. 'Tis done already, and the Messenger gone :
I have told him *Lepidus* was growne too cruell,
That he his high Authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change : for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part : but then in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I demand the like.

Mec. Hee'l never yeeld to that.

Ces. Nor must not then be yeelded to in this.

Enter Octavia with her Train.

Octa. Haile *Cesar*, and my L. haile most deere *Cesar*.

Cesar. That ever I should call thee Cast-away.

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Ces. Why have you stoln upon us thus ? you come not
Like *Cesar's* Sister. The wife of *Anthony*
Should have an Army for an Usher, and
The neighes of Horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appeare. The trees by th'way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the Roofe of Heaven,
Rais'd by your populous Troopes : But you are come
A Market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The ostentation of our love ; which left unshewne,
Is often left unlov'd : we should have met you
By Sea, and Land, supplying every Stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord *Marke Anthony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted

My greeved eare withall : whereon I begg'd
His pardon for returne.

Ces. Which soone he granted,
Being an abstract 'twene his Lust, and him.

Ota. Do not say so, my Lord.

Ces. I have eyes upon him,
And his affaires come to me on the wind : wher is he now?

Ota. My Lord, in Athens.

Cesar. No my most wronged Sister, *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his Empire
Up to a Whore, who now are levying
The Kings o'th'earth for Warre. He hath assembled,
Bocbus the King of Lybia, *Archilaus*
Of Cappadocia, *Philadelphos* King
Of Paphlagonia : The Thracian King *Adullas*,
King *Mauchus* of Arabia, King of Pont,
Herod of Jewry, *Mithridates* King
Of Comageat, *Polemen* and *Amintas*,
The Kings of Mede, and Licoania,
With a more larger List of Scepters.

Ota. Aye me most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two Friends,
That does afflict each other.

Ces. Welcom hither : your Letters did with-holde our break-
ing forth
Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger : cheere your heart,
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O're your content, these strong necessities,
But let determin'd things to destinie
Hold unbewayl'd their way. Welcome to Rome,
Nothing more deere to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the marke of thought : and the high Gods
To do you Justice, makes his Ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort,

And ever welcom to us.

Agrip. Welcome Lady.

Max. Welcome deere Madam,
Each heart in Rome does love and pittie you,
Onely th'adulterous *Anthony*, most large
In his abhominations, turnes you off,
And gives his potent Regiment to a Trull
That noyes it against us.

Oba. Is it so sir ?

Cas. Most certaine : Sister welcome : pray you
Be ever knowne to patience. My deer'st Sister. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why ?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these warres,
And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well : is it, is it.

Cleo. If not, denounc'd against us, why should not we be there
in person.

Eno. Well, I could reply : if wee should serve with Horse
and Mares together, the Horse were meerly lost : the Mares
would beare a Soldiour and his Horse.

Cleo. What is't you say ?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle *Anthony*,
Take from his heart, take from his Braine, from's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Levity, and 'tis said in Rome,
That *Photinus* an Eunuch, and your Maides
Mannage this warre.

Cleo. Sinke Rome, and their tongues rot
That speake against us. A Charge we beare i'th'Warre,
And as the president of my Kingdome will
Appare there for a man. Speake not against it,
I will not stay behinde.

Enter Anthony and Camidius.

Eno. Nay I have done, here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not strange *Camidius*,
That from Tarrentum, and Brandusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
And take in Troine. You have heard on't (Sweet?)

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Then by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men
To taunt at slacknesse. *Camidius*, wee
Will fight with him by Sea.

Cleo. By Sea, what else?

Cam. Why will my Lord, do so?

Ant. For that he dares us too't.

Enob. So hath my Lord, dar'd him to single fight.

Cam. I, and to wage this Battell at Pharsalia,
Where *Cesar* fought with *Pompey*. But these offers
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.

Enob. Your Shippes are not well mann'd,
Your Marriners are Militers, Reapers, people
Ingroost by swift Impresse. In *Casars* Fleete,
Are those, that often have 'gainst *Pompey* fought,
Their Shippes are yare, yours heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.

Ant. By Sea, by Sea.

Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute Soldiership you have by Land.
Distract your Armie, which doth most consist
Of Warre-markt-footmen, leave unexecuted
Your owne renowned knowledge, quite forgoe
The way which promises assurance, and

Give up your selfe meerly to chance and hazard,
From firme Securitie.

Ant. Ile fight at Sea.

Cleo. I have sixty Sailes, *Cesar* none better.

Ant. Our over-plus of shipping will we burne,
And with the rest full mann'd, from th'head of Action
Beate th'approaching *Cesar*. But if we faile,
We then can doo't at Land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy Business?

Mes. The Newes is true, my Lord, he is descried,
Cesar ha's taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'Tis impossible
Strange, that his power should be. *Camidius*,
Our nineteene Legions thou shalt hold by Land,
And our twelve thousand Horse. Wee'l to our Ship,
Away my *Tbetis*.

Enter a Souldiour.

How now worthy Souldier?

Soul. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This Sword, and these my Wounds; let th'Egyptians
And the Phoenicians go a ducking: wee
Have us'd to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

Exit Ant. Cleo. & Enob.

Soul. By *Hercules* I thinke I am i'th'right.

Cam. Souldier thou art: but his whole action growes
Not in the power on't: so our Leaders leade,
And we are Womens men.

Soul. You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horse whole,
do you not?

*Ven. Marcus Obavius, Marcus Justus,
Publicola, and Celius, are for Sea:*

But we keepe whole by Land. This speede of *Cesars*
Carries beyond beleefe.

Soul. While he was yet in Rome
His power went out in such distractions,
As beguilde all Spies

Cam. Who's his Lieutenant, heare you?

Soul. They say, one *Towrus*.

Cam. Well, I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Emperor calls *Camidius*.

Cam. With Newes the times with Labour,
And throwes forth each minute, some. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cesar with his Army, marching.

Ces. Towrus?

Tow. My Lord.

Ces. Strike not by Land,
Keep whole, provoke not Battaile
Till we have done at Sea. Do not exceede
The prescript of this Scroule: Our fortune lyes
Upon this jumpe. *Exit.*

Enter Anthony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our Squadrons on yond side o'th'Hill,
In eye of *Cesars* battaile, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. *Exit.*

*Camidius Marcheth with his Land Army one way over the stage,
and Towrus the Lieutenant of Cesar the other way: After
their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea fight. Alarum.
Enter Enobarbus and Scarus.*

Eno. Naught, naught, al naught, I can behold no longer:
Tbanioniad, the Egyptian Admirall,
With all their sixty flye, and turne the Rudder:

To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarrus.

Scar. Gods, & Goddesses all the whol synod of them !

Eno. What's thy passion.

Scar. The greater Cantle of the world, is lost
With very ignorance, we have kist away
Kingdomes, and Provinces.

Eno. How appears the Fight ?

Scar. On our side, like the Token'd Pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred Nagge of Egypt,
(Whom Leprosie o're-take) i'th'midst o'th'fight,
When vantage like a payre of Twinnes appear'd
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder ;
(The breeze upon her) like a Cow in June,
Hoists Sailes, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld :

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Indure a further view.

Scar. She once being looft,
The Noble ruine of her Magicke, *Anthony*,
Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a doting Mallard)
Leaving the Fight in heighth, flies after her :
I never saw an Action of such shame ;
Experience, Man-hood, Honor, ne're before,
Did violate so it selfe.

Enob. Alacke, alacke.

Enter Camidus.

Cam. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And sinkes most lamentably. Had our Generall
Bin what he knew himselfe, it had gone well :
Oh his ha's given example for our flight,
Most grossely by his owne.

Enob. I, are you thereabouts ? Why then goodnight indeede.

Cam. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easie toot,

And there I will attend what further comes.

Camid. To *Cesar* will I render

My Legions and my Horse, sixe Kings alreadie

Shew me the way of yeelding.

Eno. Ile yet follow

The wounded chance of *Anthony*, though my reason

Sits in the winde against me.

Enter Anthony with Attendants.

Ant. Hearke, the Land bids me tread no more upon't,

It is asham'd to beare me. Friends, come hither,

I am so lated in the world, that I

Have lost my way for ever. I have a shippe,

Laden with Gold, take that, divide it : flye,

And make your peace with *Cesar*.

Omnes. Fly? Not wee.

Ant. I have fled my selfe, and have instructed cowards

To runne, and shew their shoulders. Friends be gone,

I have my selfe resolv'd upon a course,

Which has no neede of you. Be gone,

My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it : Oh,

I follow'd that I bluash to looke upon,

My very haire do mutiny : for the white

Reprove the browne for rashnesse, and they them

For feare, and doting. Friends be gone, you shall

Have Letters from me to some Friends, that will

Sweepe your way for you. Pray you looke not sad,

Nor make replyes of loathnesse, take the hint

Which my dispaire proclaimes. Let them be left

Which leaves it selfe, to the Sea-side straight way ;

I will possesse you of that ship and Treasure.

Leave me, I pray a little : pray you now,

Nay do so : for indeede I have lost command,

Therefore I pray you, Ile see you by and by.

Sits downe.

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Eros.

Eros. Nay gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do most deere Queene.

Char. Do, why, what else ?

Cleo. Let me sit downe : Oh *Juno.*

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you heere, Sir ?

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam.

Iras. Madam, oh good Empresse.

Eros. Sir, sir.

Ant. Yes my Lord, yes ; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'ne like a dancer, while I strooke
The leane and wrinkled *Cassius*, and 'twas I
That the mad *Brutus* ended : he alone
Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no practise had
In the brave squares of Warre : yet now : no matter.

Cleo. Ah stand by.

Eros. The Queene my Lord, the Queene.

Iras. Go to him, Madam, speake to him,
Hee's unqualited with very shame.

Ant. Well then, sustaine me : Oh.

Eros. Most Noble Sir arise, the Queene approaches,
Her head's declin'd, and death will cease her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended Reputation,
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the Queene.

Ant. Oh whether hast thou led me Egypt, see
I convey my shame, out of thine eyes,
Taking backe what I have left behinde
In dishonor.

Cleo. O my Lord, my Lord,

Forgive my fearfull sayles, I little thought
You would have followed.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by'th'strings,
And thou should'st stowe me after. O're my spirit
The full supremacie thou knew'st, and that
Thy becke, might from the bidding of the Gods
Command mee.

Cleo. Oh my pardon,

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble Treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lownes, who
With halfe the bulke o'th'world plaid as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conqueror, and that
My Sword, made weake by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a teare I say, one of them rates
All that is wonne and lost : Give me a kisse,
Even this repayes me.
We sent our Schoolemaster, is a come backe ?
Love I am full of Lead : some Wine
Within there, and our Viands : Fortune knowes,
We scorne her most, when most she offers blowes.

Exeunt.

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, and Dollabella, with others.

Cas. Let him appeare that's come from *Anthony*.
Know you him.

Dolla. Caesar, 'tis his Schoolemaster,
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He sends so poore a Pinnion of his Wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for Messengers,
Not many Moones gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Anibony.

Cesar. Approach, and speake.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Anibony* :

I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the Morne-dew on the Mertle leafe
To his grand Sea.

Cas. Bee't so, declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt, which not granted
He Lessons his Requests, and to thee sues
To let him breath betweene the Heavens and Earth
A private man in Athens : this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confesse thy Greatnesse,
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The Circle of the *Ptolomies* for her heyres,
Now hazarded to thy Grace.

Cas. For *Anibony*,

have no eares to his request. The Queene,
Of Audience, nor Desire shall faile, so shee
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced Friend,
Or take his life there. This if shee performe,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee.

Cas. Bring him through the Bands :

To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, dispatch,
From *Anibony* winne *Cleopatra*, promise
And in our Name, what she requires, adde more
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their best Fortunes strong ; but want will perjure
The ne're touch'd Vestall. Try thy cunning *Thidias*,
Make thine owne Edi&t for thy paines, which we
Will answer as a Law.

Thid. *Cesar*, I go.

Cesar. Observe how *Anibony* becomes his flaw,

And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that mooves.

Thid.

Cesar, I shall.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, & Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, *Enobarbus*?

Eno.

Thinke, and dye.

Cleo. Is *Anthony*, or we in fault for this?

Eno. *Anthony* onely, that would make his will
Lord of his Reason. What though you fled,
From that great face of Warre, whose severall ranges
Frighted each other? Why should he follow?
The itch of his Affection should not then
Have nickt his Captain-ship, at such a point,
When halfe to halfe the world oppos'd, he being
The meered question? 'Twas a shame no lesse
Then was his losse, to course your flying Flagges,
And leave his Navy gazing.

Cleo.

Prythee peace.

Enter the Ambassador, with Anthony.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Amb.

I my Lord.

Ant. The Queene shall then have courtesie,
So she will yeeld us up.

Am.

He sayes so.

Anto. Let her know't. To the Boy *Cesar* send this
grizled head, and he will fill thy wishes to the brimme,
With Principalities.

Cleo.

That head my Lord?

Ant. To him againe, tell him he weares the Rose
Of youth upon him: from which, the world should note
Something particular: His Coine, Ships, Legions,
May be a Cowards, whose Ministers would prevaile
Under the service of a Childe, as soone

As i'th'Command of *Cesar*. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay Comparisons a-part,
And answer me declin'd, Sword against Sword,
Our selves alone : Ile write it : Follow me.

Eno. Yes like enough : hye battel'd *Cesar* will
Unstate his happinesse, and be Stag'd to'th'shew
Against a Swarder. I see mens Judgements are
A parcell of their Fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To suffer all alike, that he should dreame,
Knowing all measures, the full *Cesar* will
Answer his emptinesse ; *Cesar* thou hast subdu'de
His judgement too.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A Messenger from *Cesar*.

Cleo. What no more Ceremony ? See my Women,
Against the blowne Rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the Buds. Admit him sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, beginne to square,
The Loyalty well held to Fooles, does make
Our Faith meere folly : yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegiance a false Lord,
Does conquer him that did his Master conquer,
And earns a place i'th'Story.

Enter Thidias.

Cleo. *Cesars* will.

Thid. Heare it apart.

Cleo. None but Friends : say boldly.

Thid. So haply are they Friends to *Anthony*.

Enob. He needs as many (Sir) as *Cesar* ha's,
Or needs not us. If *Cesar* please, our Master
Will leape to be his Friend : For us you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that is *Cesars*.

Thid. So. Thus then thou most renown'd, *Cesar* intreats,

Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further then he is *Casars*.

Cleo. Go on right Royall.

Thid. He knowes that you embrace not *Anthony*
As you did love, but as you feared him.

Cleo. Oh.

Thid. The scarre's upon your Honor, therefore he
Does pittie, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a God,
And knowes what is most right. Mine Honour
Was not yeelded, but conquer'd meerey.

Eno. To be sure of that, I will aske *Anthony*.
Sir, sir, thou art so leakie
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy deerest quit thee.

Exit Eno.

Thid. Shall I say to *Cesar*,
What you require of him : for he partly begges
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his Fortunes you should make a staffe
To leane upon. But it would warme his spirits
To heare from me you had left *Anthony*,
And put your selfe under his shrowd, the universal Landlord.

Cleo. What's your name ?

Thid. My name is *Thidias*.

Cleo. Most kinde Messenger,
Say to great *Cesar* this in disputation,
I kissee his conqu'ring hand : Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my Crowne at's feete, and there to kneele.
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath, I heare
The doome of Egypt.

Thid. 'Tis your Noblest course :
Wisdom and Fortune combatting together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay

My dutie on your hand.

Cleo. Your *Cesars* Father oft,
(When he hath mus'd of taking kingdomes in)
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Enter Anthony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours? By Jove that thunders. What art thou Fellow?

Thid. One that but performes
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipt.

Ant. Approch there: ah you Kite. Now Gods & divels
Authority melts from me of late. When I cried hoa,
Like Boyes unto a musse, Kings would start forth,
And cry, your will. Have you no eares?
I am *Anthony* yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Enter a Servant.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a Lions whelp,
Then with an old one dying.

Ant. Moone and Starres,
Whip him: wer't twenty of the greatest Tributaries
That do acknowledge *Cesar*, should I finde them
So sawcy with the hand of she heere, what's her name
Since she was *Cleopatra*? Whip him Fellowes,
Till like a Boy you see him crindge his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thid. Marke *Anthony*.

Ant. Tugge him away: being whipt
Bring him againe, the Jacke of *Cesars* shall
Beare us an arrant to him. *Exeunt with Thidias.*
You were halfe blasted ere I knew you: Ha?
Have I my pillow left unprest in Rome,

Forborne the getting of a lawfull Race,
And by a Jem of women, to be abus'd
By one that lookes on Feeders?

Cleo. Good my Lord.

Ant. You have beene a boggeler ever,
But when we in our viciousnesse grow hard
(Oh misery on't) the wise Gods seele our eyes
In our owne filth, drop our cleare judgements, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a Morsell, cold upon
Dead *Cæsars* Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment
Of *Gneius Pompeys*, besides what hotter houres
Unregistred in vulgar Fame you have
Luxuriously pickt out. For I am sure,
Though you can guesse what Temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a Fellow that will take rewards,
And say, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this Kingly Seale,
And plighter of high hearta. O that I were
Upon the hill of Basan to out-roare
The horned Heard, for I have savage cause,
And to proclaime it civilly, were like
A halter'd necke, which do's the Hangman thanke,
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?

Enter a Servant with Thidias.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a pardon?

Ser. He did aske favour.

Ant. If that thy Father live, let him repent
Thou was't not made his daughter, and be thou sorrie

To follow *Cæsar* in his Triumph, since
Thou hast bin whipt. For following him, henceforth
The white hand of a Lady Feaver thee,
Shake thou to looke on't. Get thee backe to *Cæsar*,
Tell him thy entertainment : looke thou say
He makes me angry with him. For he seemes
Proud and disdainfull, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time most easie 'tis to doo't :
When my good Starres, that were my former guides
Have empty left their Orbes, and shot their Fires
Into th'Abisme of hell. If he mislike,
My speech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hiparchus, my enfranched Bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like to quit me. Urge it thou :
Hence with thy stripes, be gone.

Exit Thid.

Cleo. Have you done yet ?

Ant. Alacke our Terrene Moone is now Eclipse,
And it portends alone the fall of *Anthony*.

Cleo. I must stay his time ?

Ant. To flatter *Cæsar*, would you mingle eyes
With one that tyes his points.

Cleo. Not know me yet ?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me ?

Cleo. Ah (Deere) if I be so,

From my cold heart let Heaven ingender haile,
And poyson it in the sourse, and the first stone
Drop in my necke : as it determines so
Dissolve my life, the next Cæsarian smile,
Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandring of this pelleted storme,
Lye gravelesse, till the Flies and Gnats of Nyle
Have buried them for prey.

Ant.

I am satisfied :

Cesar sets downe in Alexandria, where
 I will oppose his Fate. Our force by Land,
 Hath Nobly held, our sever'd Navie too
 Have knit againe, and Fleete, threatning most Sea-like
 Where hast thou bin my heart? Dost thou heare Lady?
 If from the Field I shall returne once more
 To kisse these Lips, I will appeare in Blood,
 I, and my Sword, will earne our Chronicle,
 There's hope in't yet.

Cleo.

That's my brave Lord.

Ant. I will be trebble-sinewed, hearted, breath'd,
 And fight maliciously : for when mine houres
 Were nice and lucky, men did ransome lives
 Of me for jests : But now, Ile set my teeth,
 And send to darkenesse all that stop me. Come,
 Let's have one other gawdy night : Call to me
 All my sad Captaines, fill our Bowles once more :
 Let's mocke the midnight Bell.

Cleo.

It is my Birth-day,

I had thought t'have held it poore. But since my Lord
 Is *Anthony* againe, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We will yet do well.*Cleo.* Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord.

Ant. Do so, wee'l speake to them,
 And to night Ile force

The Wine peepe through their scarres.

Come on (my Queene)

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight

Ile make death love me : for I will contend

Even with his pestilent Sythe.

Exeunt.

Eno. Now hee'l out-stare the Lightning, to be furious
 Is to be fright out of feare, and in that moode
 The Dove will pecke the Estridge ; and I see still
 A diminution in our Captaines braine,

Restores his heart ; when valour prayes in reason,
It eates the Sword it fights with : I will seeke
Some way to leave him.

Exeunt.

*Enter Caesar, Agrippa, & Mæcnas with his Army,
Caesar reading a Letter.*

Cas. He calles me Boy, and chides as he had power
To beate me out of Egypt. My Messenger
He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to personal Combat.
Caesar to Anthony : let the old Ruffian know,
I have many other wayes to dye : meane time
Laugh at his Challenge.

Mece. *Caesar* must thinke,
When one so great begins to rage, hee's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boote of his distraction : Never anger
Made good guard for it selfe.

Cas. Let our best heads know,
That to morrow, the last of many Battailes
We meane to fight. Within our Files there are,
Of those that serv'd *Marke Anthony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And Feast the Army, we have store to doo't,
And they have earn'd the waste. *Poore Anthony.* *Exeunt.*

*Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,
Iras, Alexas, with others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, *Domitian* ?

Eno. No ?

Ant. Why should he not ?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To morrow Soldier,
By Sea and Land Ile fight : or I will live,
Or bathe my dying Honor in the blood

Shall make it live againe. Woo't thou fight well.

Eno. Ile strike, and cry, Take all.

Ant. Well said, come on :
Call forth my Houshold Servants, lets to night

Enter 3 or 4 Servitors.

Be bounteous at our Meale. Give me thy hand,
Thou hast bin rightly honest, so hast thou,
Thou, and thou, and thou : you have serv'd me well,
And Kings have beene your fellowes.

Cleo. What meanes this ?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odde tricks which sorow shoots
Out of the minde.

Ant. And thou art honest too :
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapt up together, in
An *Anthony* : that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Omnes. The Gods forbid.

Ant. Well, my good Fellowes, wait on me to night :
Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me
As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he meane ?

Eno. To make his Followers weepe.

Ant. Tend me to night ;
May be, it is the period of your duty,
Haply you shall not see me more, or if,
A mangled shadow. Perchance to morrow,
You'l serve another Master. I looke on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest Friends,
I turne you not away, but like a Master
Married to your good service, stay till death :
Tend me to night two houres, I aske no more,
And the Gods yeeld you for't.

Eno. What meane you (Sir)

To give them this discomfort? Looke they weepe,
And I an Asse, am Onyon-cy'd; for shame,
Transforme us not to women.

Ant.

Ho, ho, ho:

Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.
Grace grow where those drops fall (my hearty Friends)
You take me in too dolorous a sence,
For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you
To burne this night with Torches: Know (my hearts)
I hope well of to morrow, and will leade you,
Where rather Ile expect victorious life,
Then death, and Honor. Let's to Supper, come,
And drowne consideration. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Company of Souldiours.

1 *Sol.* Brother, goodnight: to morrow is the day.

2 *Sol.* It will determine one way: Fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets.

1 Nothing: what newes?

2 Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good night to you.

1 Well sir, good night. *They meete other Soldiers.*

2 Souldiers, have carefull Watch.

1 And you: Goodnight, goodnight.

They place themselves in every corner of the Stage.

2 Heere we: and if to morrow

Our Navie thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our Landmen will stand up.

1 'Tis a brave Army, and full of purpose.

Musicke of the Hoboyes is under the Stage.

2 Peace, what noise?

1 List, list.

2 Hearke.

1 Musicke i'th'Ayre.

3 Under the earth.

4 It signes well, do's it not ?

3 No.

1 Peace I say : What should this meane ?

2 'Tis the God *Hercules*, whom *Anthony* loved,
Now leaves him.

1 Walke, let's see if other Watchmen
Do heare what we do ?

2 How now Maisters ? *Speak together.*

Omnes. How now ? how now ? do you heare this ?

1 I, is't not strange ?

3 Do you heare Masters ? Do you heare ?

1 Follow the noyse so farre as we have quarter.
Let's see how it will give off.

Omnes. Content : 'Tis strange. *Exeunt*

Enter Anthony and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. *Eros*, mine Armour *Eros*.

Cleo. Sleepe a little.

Ant. No my Chucke. *Eros*, come mine Armor *Eros*.

Enter Eros.

Come good Fellow, put thine Iron on,

If Fortune be not ours to day, it is

Because we brave her. Come.

Cleo. Nay, Ile helpe too, *Anthony*.

What's this for ? Ah let be, let be, thou art

The Armourer of my heart : False, false : This, this,

Sooth-law Ile helpe : Thus it must bee.

Ant. Well, well, we shall thrive now.

Seest thou my good Fellow. Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefely Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well ?

Ant. Rarely, rarely :

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To daft for our Repose, shall heare a storme.

Thou fumblest *Eros*, and my Queenes a Squire

More tight at this, then thou : Dispatch. O Love,
That thou couldst see my Warres to day, and knew'st
The Royall Occupation, thou should'st see
A Workeman in't.

Enter an Armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcome,
Thou look'st like him that knowes a warlike Charge :
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go too't with delight.

Soul. A thousand Sir, early though't be, have on their
Riveted trim, and at the Port expect you.

Showt.

Trumpets Flourish.

Enter Capitaines, and Souldiers.

Alex. The Morne is faire : Good morrow Generall.

All. Good morrow Generall.

Ant. 'Tis well blowne Lada.

This Morning, like the spirit of a youth
That meanes to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so : Come give me that, this way, well-sed.
Fare thee well Dame, what ere becomes of me,
'This is a Soldiers kisse : rebukeable,
And worthy shamefull checke it were, to stand
On more Mechanicke Complement, Ile leave thee.
Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight,
Follow me close, Ile bring you too't : Adieu.

Excunt.

Char. Please you retyre to your Chamber ?

Cleo.

Leade me :

He goes forth gallantly : That he and *Cesar* might
Determine this great Warre in single fight ;
Then *Anthony* ; but now. Well on.

Excunt.

Trumpets sound. Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Eros. The Gods make this a happy day to *Anthony*.

Ant. Would thou, & those thy scars had once prevaild

me fight at Land.

Had'st thou done so,
s that have revolted, and the Soldier
'*Thou*. his morning left thee, would have still
Followed thy heeles.

Ant. Whose gone this morning?

Eros. Who? one ever neere thee, call for *Enobarbus*,
He shall not heare thee, or from *Cesars* Campe,
Say I am none of thine.

Ant. What sayest thou?

Sold. Sir he is with *Cesar*.

Eros. Sir, his Chests and Treasure he has not with him,

Ant. Is he gone?

Sol. Most certaine.

Ant. Go *Eros*, send his Treasure after, do it,
Detaine no jot I charge thee : write to him,
(I will subscribe) gentle adieu's, and greetings ;
Say, that I wish he never finde more cause
To change a Master. Oh my Fortunes have
Corrupted honest men. Dispatch *Enobarbus*. *Exit.*

Flourish. Enter *Agrippa*, *Cesar*, with *Enobarbus*,
and *Dollabella*.

Cas. Go forth *Agrippa*, and begin the fight :
Our will is *Anthony* be tooke alive :
Make it so knowne.

Agrip. *Cesar*, I shall.

Cesar. The time of universall peace is neere :
Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three nook'd world
Shall beare the Olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. *Anthony* is come into the Field.

Cas. Go charge *Agrippa*,
Plant those that have revolted in the Vant,

That *Antony* may seeme to spend his Fury
Upon himselfe.

Exeunt.

Enob. Alexas did revolt, and went to *Jewry* on
Affaires of *Antony*, there did dissuade
Great *Herod* to incline himselfe to *Cesar*,
And leave his Master *Antony*. For this paines,
Cesar hath hang'd him : *Camindus* and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust : I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse my selfe so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cesars.

Sol. *Enobarbus, Antony*
Hath after thee sent all thy Treasure, with
His Bounty over-plus. The Messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now
Unloading of his Mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sol. Mocke not *Enobarbus*,
I tell you true : Best you saf't the bringer
Out of the hoast, I must attend mine Office,
Or would have done't my selfe. Your Emperor
Continues still a Jove.

Exit.

Enob. I am alone the Villaine of the earth,
And feele I am so most. Oh *Antony*,
Thou Mine of Bounty, how would'st thou have payed
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so Crowne with Gold. This blowes my hart,
If swift thought breake it not : a swifter meane
Shall out-strike thought, but thought will doo't. I feele
I fight against thee : No I will go seeke
Some Ditch, wherein to dye : the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life.

Exit.

Alarum, Drummes and Trumpets.

Enter Agrippa.

Agrip. Retire, we have engag'd our selves too farre :
Cesar himselfe ha's worke, and our oppression
 Exceeds what we expected.

Exit.

Alarums. Enter Anthony, and Scarrus wounded.

Scar. O my brave Emperor, this is fought indeed,
 Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
 With clowts about their heads.

Far off.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound heere that was like a T,
 But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retyre.

Scar. Wee'l beat 'em into Bench-holes, I have yet
 Roome for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten Sir, and our advantage serves
 For a faire victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
 And snatch 'em up, as we take Hares behinde,
 'Tis sport to maul a Runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
 Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
 For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. Ile halt after. *Exeunt.*

*Alarum. Enter Anthony againe in a March. Scarrus, with
 others.*

Ant. We have beate him to his Campe : Runne one
 Before, & let the Queen know of our guests : to morrow
 Before the Sun shall see's, wee'l spill the blood
 That ha's to day escap'd. I thanke you all,
 For doughty handed are you, and have fought

Not as you serv'd the Cause, but as't had beene
 Each mans like mine : you have shewne all *HeBors*,
 Enter the Citty, clip your Wives, your Friends,
 Tell them your feats, whil'st they with joyfull teares
 Wash the congealement from your wounds, and kisse
 The Honour'd-gashes whole.

Enter Cleopatra.

Give me thy hand,
 To this great Faery, Ile commend thy acts,
 Make her thankes blesse thee. Oh thou day o'th'world,
 Chaine mine arm'd necke, leape thou, Attyre and all
 Through prooffe of Harnesse to my heart, and there
 Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of Lords,
 Oh infinite Vertue, comm'st thou smiling from
 The worlds great snare uncaught.

Ant. Mine Nightingale,
 We have beate them to their Bede.
 What Gyrle, though gray
 Do something mingle with our yonger brown, yet ha we
 A Braine that nourishes our Nerves, and can
 Get gole for gole of youth. Behold this man,
 Commend unto his Lippes thy favouring hand.
 Kisse it my Warriour. He hath fought to day,
 As if a God in hate of Mankinde, had
 Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. Ile give thee Friend
 An Armour all of Gold : it was a Kings.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it Carbunkled
 Like holy Phœbus Carre. Give me thy hand,
 Through Alexandria make a jolly March,
 Beare our hackt Targets, like the men that owe them.
 Had our great Pallace the capacity
 To Campe this hoast, we all would sup together,
 And drinke Carowees to the next dayes Fate

Which promises Royall perill. Trumpeters
 With brazen dinne blast you the Citties eare,
 Make mingle with our ratling Tabourines,
 That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
 Applauding our approach. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Centerie, and his Company, Enobarbus follows.

Cent. If we be not releev'd within this houre,
 We must returne to th'Court of Guard : the night
 Is shiny, and they say, we shall embattaile
 By'th'second houre i'th'Morne.

1. *Watch.* This last day was a shrew'd one too's.

Enob. Oh beare me witness night.

2 What man is this ?

1 Stand close, and list him.

Enob. Be witness to me (O thou blessed Moone)
 When men revolted shall upon Record
 Beare hatefull memory : poore *Enobarbus* did
 Before thy face repent.

Cent. *Enobarbus ?*

2 Peace : Hearke further.

Enob. Oh Sovereigne Mistris of true Melancholly,
 The poysonous dampe of night dispunge upon me,
 That Life, a very Rebelle to my will,
 May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
 Against the flint and hardnesse of my fault,
 Which being dried with greefe, will breake to powder,
 And finish all foule thoughts. Oh *Anthony*,
 Nobler then my revolt is Infamous,
 Forgive me in thine owne particular,
 But let the world ranke me in Register
 A Master leaver, and a fugitive :
 Oh *Anthony* ! Oh *Anthony* !

1 Let's speake to him.

Cent. Let's heare him, for the things he speaks

May concerne *Cesar*.

2 Let's do so, but he sleepea.

Cent. Swoonds rather, for so bad a Prayer as his
Was never yet for sleepe.

1 Go we to him.

2 Awake sir, awake, speake to us.

1 Heare you sir?

Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.

Drummes afarre off.

Hearke the Drummes demurely wake the sleepers :
Let us beare him to'th'Court of Guard : he is of note :
Our houre is fully out.

2 Come on then, he may recover yet. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony and Scarrus with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea,
We please them not by Land.

Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i'th'Fire, or i'th'Ayre,
Wee'd fight there too. But this it is, our Foote
Upon the hilles adjoyning to the Citty
Shall stay with us. Order for Sea is given,
They have put forth the Haven :
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And looke on their endeavour. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cesar, and his Army.

Ces. But being charg'd, we will be still by Land,
Which as I tak't we shall, for his best force
Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,
And hold our best advantage. *Exeunt.*

Alarum afarre off, as at a Sea-fight.

Enter Anthony, and Scarrus.

Ant. Yet they are not joyn'd :
Where yon'd Pine does stand. I shall discover all.

Ile bring thee word straight, how 'tis like to go.

Exit.

Scar. Swallowes have built
In *Cleopatra's* Sailes their nests. The Auguries
Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly,
And dare not speake their knowledge. *Anthony*,
Is valiant, and dejected, and by starts
His fretted Fortunes give him hope and feare
Of what he has, and has not.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. All is lost :
This fowle Egyptian hath betrayed me :
My fleete hath yeilded to the Foe, and yonder
They cast their Caps up, and Carowse together
Like Friends long lost. Triple-turn'd Whore, 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this Novice, and my heart
Makes onely Warres on thee. Bid them all flye :
For when I am reveng'd upon my Charme,
I have done all. Bid them all flye, be gone.
Oh Sunne, thy uprise shall I see no more,
Fortune, and *Anthony* part heere, even heere
Do we shake hands ? All come to this ? The hearts
That pannelled me at heeles, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do dis-Candie, melt their sweets
On blossoming *Cesar* : And this Pine is barkt,
That over-top'd them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this false Soule of Egypt ! this grave Charme,
Whose eye beck'd forth my Wars, & cal'd them home :
Whose Bosome was my Crownet, my chicfe end,
Like a right Gypsie, hath at fast and loose
Beguil'd me, to the very heart of losse.
What *Eros*, *Eros* ?

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell ! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Love ?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,

And blemish *Cesars* Triumph. Let him take thee,
 And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians,
 Follow his Chariot, like the greatest spot
 Of all thy Sex. Most Monster-like be shewne
 For poor'st Diminutives, for Dolts, and let
 Patient *Obavia*, plough thy visage up
 With her prepared nailes.

Exit Cleopatra.

'Tis well th'art gone,
 If it be well to live. But better 'twere
 Thou fell'st into my furie, for one death
 Might have prevented many. *Eros*, hoa?
 The shirt of *Nessus* is upon me, teach me
Alcides, thou mine Ancestor, thy rage.
 Let me lodge *Licus* on the hornes o'th'Moone,
 And with those hands that graspt the heaviest Club,
 Subdue my worthiest selfe: The Witch shall die,
 To the young Roman Boy she hath sold me, and I fall
 Under this plot: She dyes for't. *Eros*, hoa?

Exit.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian.

Cleo. Helpe me my women: Oh hee's more mad
 Then *Telamon* for his Shield, the Boare of Thessaly
 Was never so imbest.

Char. To'th'Monument there locke your selfe,
 And send him word you are dead:
 The Soule and Body rive not more in parting,
 Then greatnesse going off.

Cleo. To'th'Monument:
Mardian, go tell him I have slaine my selfe.
 Say, that the last I spoke was *Anthony*,
 And word it (prythee) pitteously. Hence *Mardian*,
 And bring me how he takes my death to'th'Monument. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Ant. *Eros*, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. I Noble Lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a clowd that's Dragonish,
A vapour sometime, like a Beare, or Lyon,
A toward Cittadell, a pendant Rocke,
A forked Mountaine, or blew Promontorie
With Trees upon't, that nodde unto the world,
And mocke our eyes with Ayre
Thou hast seene these Signes,
They are blacke Vespers Pageants.

Eros. I my Lord.

Ant. That which is now a Horse, even with a thought the
Racke dislimes, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

Eros. It does my Lord.

Ant. My good knave *Eros*, now thy Captaine is
Even such a body: Heere I am *Anthony*,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape (my knave)
I made these warres for Egypt, and the Queene,
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine:
Which whil'st it was mine, had annex untoo't
A Million moe, (now lost :) shee *Eros* has
Packt Cards with *Cesars*, and false plaid my Glory
Unto an Enemies triumph.
Nay, weepe not gentle *Eros*, there is left us
Our selves to end our selves.

Enter Mardian.

Oh thy vilde Lady, she has rob'd me of my Sword.

Mar. No *Anthony*,
My Mistris lov'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.

Ant. Hence sawcy Eunuch peace, she hath betraid me,
And shall dye the death.

Mar. Death of one person, can be paide but once,
And that she ha's discharg'd. What thou would'st do

Is done unto thy hand : the last she spake
 Was *Anthony*, most Noble *Anthony*.
 Then in the midd'at a tearing grone did breake
 The name of *Anthony* : it was divided
 Betweene her heart, and lips : she rendred life
 Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then ?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarme *Eros*, the long dayes taske is done,
 And we must sleepe : That thou depart'st hence safe
 Does pay thy labour richly : Go. *Exit Mardian.*
 Off, plucke off,

The seven-fold shield of *Ajax* cannot keepe
 The battery from my heart. Oh cleave my sides.
 Heart, once be stronger then thy Continent,
 Cracke thy fraile Case. Apace *Eros*, apace ;
 No more a Soldier : bruised peeces go,
 You have bin Nobly borne. From me awhile. *Exit Eros.*
 I will o're-take thee *Cleopatra*, and
 Weepe for my pardon. So it must be, for now
 All length is Torture : since the Torch is out,
 Lye down and stray no farther. Now all labour
 Marres what it does : yea, very force entangles
 It selfe with strength : Seale then, and all is done.
Eros ? I come my Queene. *Eros ?* Stay for me,
 Where Soules do couch on Flowers, wee'l hand in hand,
 And with our sprightly Port make the Ghostes gaze :
Dido, and her *Aeneas* shall want Troopes,
 And all the haunt be ours. Come *Eros*, *Eros*.

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord ?

Ant. Since *Cleopatra* dyed,
 I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the Gods
 Detest my basenesse. I, that with my Sword,

Quarter'd the World, and o're greene Neptunes backe
 With Ships, made Cities; condemne my selfe, to lacke
 The Courage of a Woman, lesse Noble minde
 Then she which by her death, our *Cesar* telles
 I am Conqueror of my selfe. Thou art sworne *Eros*,
 That when the exigent should come, which now
 Is come indeed: When I should see behinde me
 Th'inevitable prosecution of disgrace and horror,
 That on my command, thou then would'st kill me.
 Doo't, the time is come: Thou strik'st not me,
 'Tis *Cesar* thou defeat'st. Put colour in thy Cheeke.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me,
 Shall I do that which all the Parthian Darts,
 (Though Enemy) lost ayme, and could not.

Ant. *Eros*,
 Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
 Thy Master thus with pleacht Armes, bending downe
 His corrigible necke, his face subdu'de
 To penetrative shame; whil'st the wheel'd seate
 Of Fortunate *Cesar* drawne before him, branded
 His Basenesse that ensued.

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then: for with a wound I must be cur'd.
 Draw that thy honest Sword, which thou hast worne
 Most usefull for thy Country.

Eros. O sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st you not then
 To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,
 Or thy precedent Services are all
 But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turne from me then that Noble countenance,
 Whercin the worship of the whole world lyes.

Ant. Loe thee.

Eros. My sword is drawne.

Ant. Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawne it.

Eros. My deere Master,
My Captaine, and my Emperor. Let me say
Before I strike this bloody stroke, Farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said man, and farewell.

Eros. Farewell great Chiefe. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now *Eros.* *Killes himselfe.*

Eros. Why there then :

Thus I do escape the sorrow of *Anthonies* death.

Ant. Thrice-Nobler then my selfe,
Thou teachest me : Oh valiant *Eros*, what
I should, and thou could'st not, my Queene and *Eros*
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A Noblenesse in Record. But I will bee
A Bride-groome in my death, and run intoo't
As to a Lovers bed. Come then, and *Eros*,
Thy Master dies thy Scholler ; to do thus
I learnt of thee. How, not dead? Not dead?
The Guard, how? Oh dispatch me.

Enter a Guard.

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my worke ill Friends :
Oh make an end of what I have begun.

2 The Starre is falne.

1 And time is at his Period.

All. Alas, and woe.

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 Not I.

2 Nor I.

3 Nor any one.

Excunt.

Dercetus. Thy death and fortunes bid thy folowers fly
This sword but shewne to *Cesar* with this tydings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Anthony*?

Decre. There *Diomed* there.

Diom. Lives he : wilt thou not answer man?

Ant. Art thou there *Diomed*?

Draw thy sword, and give mee,
Suffising strokes for death.

Diom. Most absolute Lord :

My Mistris *Cleopatra* sent me to thee.

Ant. When did shee send thee?

Diom. Now my Lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Diom. Lockt in her Monument : she had a Propheasyng feare
Of what hath come to passe : for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with *Cesar*, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead :
But fearing since how it might worke, hath sent
Me to proclaime the truth, and I am come
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late good *Diomed* : call my Guard I prythee.

Dio. What hoa : the Emperors Guard,
The Guard, what hoa? Come, your Lord calles.

Enter 4. or 5. of the Guard of Anthony.

Ant. Beare me good Friends where *Cleopatra* bides,
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 Woe, woe are we sir, you may not live to weare
All your true Followers out.

All. Most heavy day.

Ant. Nay good my Fellowes, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrowes. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to beare it lightly. Take me up,

I have led you oft, carry me now good Friends,
And have my thanks for all. *Exit bearing Anthony.*

*Enter Cleopatra, and her Maides aloft, with
Charmian & Iras.*

Cleo. Oh *Charmian*, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted deere Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not :

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we dispise ; our size of sorrow
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomed.

How now ? is he dead ?

Diom. His death's upon him, but not dead.

Looke out o'th other side your Monument,
His Guard have brought him thither.

Enter Anthony, and the Guard.

Cleo. Oh Sunne,

Burne the great Sphere thou mov'st in, darkling stand
The varrying shore o'th'world, O *Antony, Antony, Antony.*
Helpe *Charmian*, helpe *Iras* helpe : helpe Friends
Below, let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace,

Not *Cesars* Valour hath o'rethrowne *Anthony*,
But *Anthony's* hath Triumpht on it selfe.

Cleo. So it should be,

That none but *Anthony* should conquer *Anthony*,
But woe 'tis so.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying ; onely,
I heere importune death a-while, untill
Of many thousand kisses, the poore last
I lay upon thy lippea.

Cleo. I dare not Deere,

Deere my Lord pardon : I dare not,
 Least I be taken : not th'Imperious shew
 Of the full-Fortun'd *Cesar*, ever shall
 Be brooch'd with me, if Knife, Drugges, Serpents have
 Edge, sting, or operation. I am safe :
 Your Wife *Octavia*, with her modest eyes,
 And still Conclusion, should acquire no Honour
 Demuring upon me : but come, come *Anthony*,
 Helpe me my women, we must draw thee up :
 Assist good Friends.

Ant. Oh quicke, or I am gone.

Cleo. Heere's sport indeede :
 How heavy weigheas my Lord ?
 Our strength is all gone into heavinesse,
 That makes the waight. Had I great *Juno's* power,
 The strong wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
 And set thee by *Joves* side. Yet come a little,
 Wishers were ever Fooles. Oh come, come, come,
They heave Anthony aloft to Cleopatra.
 And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou hast liv'd,
 Quicken with kissing : had my lippes that power,
 Thus would I weare them out.

All. A heavy sight.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying.
 Give me some Wine, and let me speake a little.

Cleo. No, let me speake, and let me rayle so hye,
 That the false Huswife Fortune, breake her Wheele,
 Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word (sweet Queene)
 Of *Cesar* seeke your Honour, with your safety. Oh.

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle heare me.
 None about *Cesar* trust, but *Proculius*.

Cleo. My Resolution, and my hands, Ile trust,
 None about *Cesar*.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at : but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former Fortunes
Wherein I lived. The greatest Prince o'th'world,
The Noblest : and do now not basely dye,
Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to
My Countreyman. A Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my Spirit is going,
I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't dye ?
Hast thou no care of me, shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better then a Styce ? Oh see my women :
The Crowne o'th'earth doth melt. My Lord ?
Oh wither'd is the Garland of the Warre,
The Souldiers pole is false : young Boyes and Gyrls
Are leuell now with men : The oddes is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkeable
Beneath the visiting Moone.

Char. Oh quietnesse, Lady.

Iras. She's dead too, our Sovereigne.

Char. Lady.

Iras. Madam.

Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam.

Iras. Royall Egypt : Empresse.

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

Cleo. No more but in a Woman, and commanded
By such poore passion, as the Maid that Milkes,
And doe's the meanest chares. It were for me,
To throw my Scepter at the injurious Gods,
To tell them that this World did equall theyrs,
Till they had stolne our Jewell. All's but naught :
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a Dogge that's mad : Then is it sinne,
To rush into the secret house of death,

Ere death dare come to us. How do you Women?
 What, what good cheere? Why how now *Charmian*?
 My Noble Gyrls? Ah Women, women! Looke
 Our Lampe is spent, it's out. Good sirs, take heart,
 Wee'll bury him: And then, what's brave, what's Noble,
 Let's doo't after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away,
 This case of that huge Spirit now is cold.
 Ah Women, Women! Come, we have no Friend
 But Resolution, and the breifest end.

Exeunt, bearing of Antonies body.

*Enter Cesar, Agrippa, Dollabella, Menas, with his Counsell
 of Warre.*

Cesar. Go to him *Dollabella*, bid him yeeld,
 Being so frustrate, tell him,
 He mockes the pawses that he makes.

Dol.

Cesar, I shall.

Enter Decretas with the sword of Anthony.

Ces. Wherefore is that? And what art thou that dar'st
 Appeare thus to us?

Decr. I am call'd *Decretas*,

Marke Anthony I serv'd, who best was worthie
 Best to be serv'd: whil'st he stood up, and spoke
 He was my Master, and I wore my life
 To spend upon his haters. If thou please
 To take me to thee, as I was to him,
 Ile be to *Cesar*: if thou pleasest not, I yeild thee up my life.

Cesar. What is't thou say'st?

Dec. I say (Oh *Cesar*) *Anthony* is dead.

Cesar. The breaking of so great a thing, should make
 A greater cracke. The round World
 Should have shooke Lyons into civill streets,
 And Cittizens to their dennes. The death of *Anthony*

Is not a single doome, in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Dec. He is dead *Cesar*,
Not by a publike minister of Justice,
Nor by a hyred Knife, but that selfe-hand
Which writ his Honor in the Acts it did,
Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his Sword,
I robb'd his wound of it : behold it stain'd
With his most Noble blood.

Ces. Looke you sad Friends,
The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings
To wash the eyes of Kings.

Dol. And strange it is,
That Nature must compell us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and Honours, wag'd equal with him.

Dola. A Rarer spirit never
Did steere humanity : but you Gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. *Cesar* is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious Mirror's set before him,
He needes must see himselfe.

Cesar. Oh *Anthony*,
I have followed thee to this, but we do launch
Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce
Have shewne to thee such a declining day,
Or looke on thine : we could not stall together,
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With teares as Sovereigne as the blood of hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
In top of all designe ; my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,
The Arme of mine owne Body, and the Heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle ; that our Starres
Unreconcilable, should divide our equalnesse to this.

Heare me good Friends,
 But I will tell you at some meeter Season,
 The businesse of this man lookes out of him,
 Wee'l heare him what he sayes.

Enter an Egyptian.

Whence are you ?

Egypt. A poore Egyptian yet, the Queen my mistris
 Confin'd in all, she has her Monument
 Of thy intents, desires, instruction,
 That she preparedly may frame her selfe
 To'th'way shee's forc'd too.

Cesar. Bid her have good heart,
 She soone shall know of us, by some of ours,
 How honourable, and how kindly Wee
 Determine for her. For *Cesar* cannot leave to be ungentle.

Egypt. So the Gods preserve thee. *Exit.*

Ces. Come hither *Proculeius*. Go and say
 We purpose her no shame : give her what comforts
 The quality of her passion shall require ;
 Least in her greatnesse, by some mortall stroke
 She do defeate us. For her life in Rome,
 Would be eternall in our Triumph : Go,
 And with your speediest, bring us what she sayes,
 And how you finde of her.

Pro. *Cesar* I shall. *Exit Proculeius.*

Ces. *Gallus*, go you along : where's *Dolabella*, to second
Proculeius ?

All. *Dolabella.*

Ces. Let him alone : for I remember now
 How hee's imployd : he shall in time be ready.
 Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see
 How hardly I was drawne into this Warre,
 How calme and gentle I proceeded still
 In all my Writings. Go with me, and see
 What I can shew in this.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life : 'Tis paltry to be *Cesar* :
Not being Fortune, hee's but Fortunes knave,
A minister of her will : and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accedents, and bolts up change ;
Which sleepes, and never pallates more the dung,
The beggers Nurse, and *Cesars*.

Enter Proculius.

Pro. *Cesar* sends greeting to the Queene of Egypt,
And bids thee study on what faire demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name ?

Pro. My name is *Proculius*.

Cleo. *Anthony*

Did tell me of you, bad me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd
That have no use for trusting. If your Master
Would have a Queene his begger, you must tell him,
That Majesty to keepe *decorum*, must
No lesse begge then a Kingdome : If he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,
He gives me so much of mine owne, as I
Will kneele to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheere :
Y'are false into a Princely hand, feare nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is so full of Grace, that it flowes over
On all that neede. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependencie, and you shall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnesse
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cleo. Pray you tell him,
I am his Fortunes Vassall, and I send him
The Greatnesse he has got. I hourly learne
A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him i'th'Face.

Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pittied
Of him that caus'd it.

Pro. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd :
Guard her till *Cesar* come.

Iras. Royall Queene.

Char. Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken Queene.

Cleo. Quicke, quicke, good hands.

Pro. Hold worthy Lady, hold :
Doe not your selfe such wrong, who are in this
Releev'd, but not betraid.

Cleo. What of death too that rids our dogs of languish.

Pro. *Cleopatra*, do not abuse my Masters bounty, by
Th'undoing of your selfe : Let the World see
His Noblenesse well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou Death ?
Come hither come : Come, come, and take a Queene
Worth many Babes and Beggars.

Pro. Oh temperance Lady.

Cleo. Sir, I will eate no meate, Ile not drinke sir,
If idle talke will once be necessary
Ile not sleepe neither. This mortall house Ile ruine,
Do *Cesar* what he can. Know sir, that I
Will not waite pinnion'd at your Masters Court,
Nor once be chastic'd with the sober eye
Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoyst me up,
And shew me to the showing Varlotarie
Of censuring Rome ? Rather a ditch in Egypt.
Be gentle grave unto me, rather on Nylus mudde

Lay me starke-nak'd, and let the water-Flies
 Blow me into abhorring ; rather make
 My Countries high pyramides my Gibbet,
 And hang me up in Chainea.

Pro. You do extend
 These thoughts of horror further then you shall
 Finde cause in *Cesar*.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. *Proculcius,*
 What thou hast done, thy Master *Cesar* knowes,
 And he hath sent for thee : for the Queene,
 Ile take her to my Guard.

Pro. So *Dolabella,*
 It shall content me best : Be gentle to her,
 To *Cesar* I will speake, what you shall please,
 If you'l imploy me to him. *Exit Proculcius.*

Cleo. Say, I would dye.

Dol. Most Noble Empresse, you have heard of me.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter sir, what I have heard or knowne :
 You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreames,
 Is't not your tricke ?

Dol. I understand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dreamt there was an Emperor *Anthony*,
 Oh such another sleepe, that I might see
 But such another man.

Dol. If it might please ye.

Cleo. His face was as the Heav'ns, and therein stucke
 A Sunne and Moone, which kept their course, & lighted
 The little o'th'earth.

Dol. Most Sovereigne Creature.

Cleo. His legges bestrid the Ocean, his rear'd arme
 Crested the world : His voyce was propertied

As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends :
 But when he meant to quail, and shake the Orbe,
 He was as ratling Thunder. For his Bounty,
 There was no winter in't. An *Anthony* it was,
 That grew the more by reaping : His delights
 Were Dolphin-like, they shew'd his backe above
 The Element they liv'd in : In his Livery
 Walk'd Crownes and Crownets : Realms & Islands were
 As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol.

Cleopatra.

Cleo. Thinke you there was, or might be such a man
 As this I dreamt of?

Dol.

Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You Lye up to the hearing of the Gods :
 But if there be, nor ever were one such
 It's past the size of dreaming : Nature wants stuffe
 To vie strange formes with fancie, yet t' imagine
 An *Anthony* were Natures peece, 'gainst Fancie,
 Condemning shadowes quite.

Dol.

Heare me, good Madam :

Your losse is as your selfe, great ; and you beare it
 As answering to the waight, would I might never
 Ore-take pursu'de successe : But I do feele
 By the rebound of yours, a greefe that suites
 My very heart at roote.

Cleo.

I thanke you sir :

Know you what *Cesar* meanes to do with me ?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what, I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay pray your sir.

Dol.

Though he be Honourable.

Cleo. Hee'l leade me then in Triumph.

Dol. Madam he will I know't.

Flourish.

*Enter Proculeius, Cesar, Gallus, Mecenas, and others
 of his Traine.*

All. Make way there *Cesar*.

Ces. Which is the Queene of Egypt.

Dol. It is the Emperor Madam.

Cleo. kneels.

Cesar. Arise, you shall not kneele :

I pray you rise, rise Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the Gods will have it thus,
My Master and my Lord I must obey.

Cesar. Take to you no hard thoughts,
The Record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole Sir o'th'World,
I cannot project mine owne cause so well
To make it cleare, but do confesse I have
Bene laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our Sex.

Cesar. *Cleopatra* know,
We will extenuate rather then inforce :
If you apply your selfe to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall finde
A benefit in this change : but if you seeke
To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking
Antonies course, you shall bereave your selfe
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which Ile guard them from,
If thereon you relye. Ile take my leave.

Cleo. And may through all the world : tis yours, & we your
Scutcheons, and your signes of Conquest shall
Hang in what place you please. Here my good Lord.

Cesar. You shall advise me in all for *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. This is the breefe : of Money, Plate, & Jewels
I am possest of, 'tis exactly valewed,
Not petty things admitted. Where's *Seleucus* ?

Seleu. Heere Madam.

Cleo. This is my Treasurer, let him speake (my Lord)
Upon his perill, that I have reserv'd

To my selfe nothing. Speake the truth *Seleucus*.

Seleu. Madam, I had rather seele my lippes,
Then to my perill speake that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept backe.

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cesar. Nay blush not *Cleopatra*, I approve
Your Wisedome in the deede.

Cleo. See *Cesar*: Oh behold,

How pompe is follow'd: Mine will now be yours,
And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this *Seleucus*, does
Even make me wilde. Oh Slave, of no more trust
Then love that's hyr'd? What goest thou backe, thou shalt
Go backe I warrant thee: but Ile catch thine eyes
Though they had wings. Slave, Soule-lesse, Villain, Dog.
O rarely base!

Cesar. Good Queene, let us intreat you.

Cleo. O *Cesar*, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou vouchsafing heere to visit me,
Doing the Honour of thy Lordlinesse
To one so meeke, that mine owne Servant should
Parcell the summe of my disgraces, by
Addition of his Envy. Say (good *Cesar*)
That I some Lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toyes, things of such Dignitie
As we greet moderne Friends withall, and say
Some Nobler token I have kept apart
For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce
Their mediation, must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred: The Gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Prythee go hence,
Or I shall shew the Cynders of my spirits
Through th'Ashes of my chance: Wer't thou a man,
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cesar. Forbear *Seleucus*.

Cleo. Be it known, that we the greatest are mis-thought
For things that others do : and when we fall,
We answer others merits, in our name
Are therefore to be pittied.

Cesar. *Cleopatra,*
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd
Put we i'th' Roll of Conquest : still bee't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure, and beleeve
Cesar no Merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that Merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd,
Make not your thoughts your prisons : No deere Queen,
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Your selfe shall give us counsell : Feede, and sleepe :
Our care and pittie is so much upon you,
That we remaine your Friend, and so adieu.

Cleo. My Master, and my Lord.

Cesar. Not so : Adieu. *Flourish.*
Exeunt Cesar, and his Traine.

Cleo. He words me Gyrls, he words me,
That I should not be Noble to my selfe.
But hearke thee *Charmian.*

Iras. Finish good Lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the darke.

Cleo. Hye thee againe,
I have spoke already, and it is provided,
Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where's the Queene ?

Char. Behold sir.

Cleo. *Dolabella.*

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworne, by your command
(Which my love makes Religion to obey)
I tell you this : *Cesar* through Syria

Intends his journey, and within three dayes,
You with your Children will he send before,
Make your best use of this. I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. *Dolabella*, I shall remaine your debter.

Dol. I your Servant :

Adieu good Queene, I must attend on *Cesar*.

Exit.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks.

Now *Iras*, what think'st thou ?

Thou, an Egyptian Puppet shall be shewne
In Rome aswell as I : Mechanicke Slaves
With greazie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers shall
Uplift us to the view. In their thicke breathes,
Ranke of grosse dyet, shall we be enclowded,
And forc'd to drinke their vapour.

Iras. The Gods forbid.

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certaine *Iras* : sawcie Liſtors
Will catch at us like Strumpets, and scald Rimers
Ballads us out a Tune. The quicke Comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian Revels : *Anthony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking *Cleopatra* Boy my greatnesse
I'th' posture of a Whore.

Iras. O the good Gods !

Cleo. Nay that's certaine.

Iras. Ile never see't ? for I am sure mine Nails
Are stronger then mine eyes.

Cleo. Why that's the way to foole their preparation,
And to conquer their most absurd intent.

Enter Charmian.

Now *Charmian*.

Shew me my Women like a Queene : Go fetch
My best Attys. I am againe for *Cidrus*,
To meete *Marke Anthony*. Sirra *Iras*, go

(Now Noble *Charmian*, wee'l dispatch indeede,)
 And when thou hast done this chare, Ile give thee leave
 To play till Doomesday : bring our Crowne, and all.

A noise within.

Wherefore's this noise ?

Enter a Guardsman.

Guards. Heere is a rurall Fellow,
That will not be deny'de your Highnesse presence,
He brings you Figgea.

Cleo. Let him come in.

Exit Guardsman.

What poore an Instrument
May do a Noble deede : he brings me liberty :
My Resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me : Now from head to foote
I am Marble constant : now the fleeting Moone
No Planet is of mine.

Enter Guardsman, and Clowne.

Guards. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him.

Exit Guardsman.

Hast thou the pretty worme of Nylus there,
That killes and paines not ?

Clow. Truly I have him : but I would not be the partie that
should desire you to touch him, for his byting is immortall : those
that doe dye of it, doe seldome or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have dyed on't ?

Clow. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of
them no longer then yesterday, a very honest woman, but some-
thing given to lye, as a woman should not do, but in the way of
honesty, how she dyed of the byting of it, what paine she felt :
Truely, she makes a verie good report o'th' worme : but he that
will beleve all that they say, shall never be saved by halfe that
they do : but this is most falliable, the Worme's an odde
Worme.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clow. I wish you all joy of the Worme.

Cleo. Farewell.

Clow. You must thinke this (looke you,) that the Worme will do his kinde.

Cleo. I, I, farewell.

Clow. Looke you, the Worme is not to bee trusted, but in the keeping of wise people : for indeede, there is no goodnesse in the Worme.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.

Clow. Very good : give it nothing I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eate me ?

Clow. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the divell himselve will not eate a woman : I know, that a woman is a dish for the Gods, if the divell dresse her not. But truly, these same whorson divels doe the Gods great harme in their women : for in every tenne that they make, the divels marre five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clow. Yes forsooth : I wish you joy o'th'worm. *Exit.*

Cleo. Give me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I have Immortall longings in me. Now no more

The juyce of Egypts Grape shall moyst this lip.

Yare, yare, good *Iras* ; quicke : Me thinkes I heare

Anthony call : I see him rowse himselve

To praise my Noble Act. I heare him mock

The lucke of *Cesar*, which the Gods give men

To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come :

Now to that name, my Courage prove my Title.

I am Fire, and Ayre ; my other Elements

I give to baser life. So, have you done ?

Come then, and take the last warmth of my Lippes.

Farewell kinde *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewell.

Have I the Aspicke in my lippes ? Dost fall ?

If thou, and Nature can so gently part,

The stroke of death is as a Lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lye still ?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world,
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve thicke clowd, & Raine, that I may say
The Gods themselves do weepe.

Cleo. This proves me base :
If she first meete the Curled *Anthony*,
Hee'l make demand of her, and spend that kisse
Which is my heaven to have. Come thou mortal wretch,
With thy sharpe teeth this knot intricate,
Of life at once untye : Poore venomous Foole,
Be angry, and dispatch. Oh could'st thou speake,
That I might heere thee call great *Cesar* Asse, unpolicied.

Char. Oh Easterne Starre.

Cleo. Peace, peace :
Dost thou not see my Baby at my breast,
That suckes the Nurse asleepe.

Char. O breake ! O breake !

Cleo. As sweet as Balme, as soft as Ayre, as gentle.
O *Anthony* ! Nay I will take thee too.
What should I stay——

Dyes.

Char. In this wilde World ? So fare thee well :
Now boast thee Death, in thy possession lyes
A lasse unparallell'd. Downie Windowes cloze,
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes againe so Royall : your Crownes away,
Ile mend it, and then play——

Enter the Guard rustling in, and Dolabella.

I *Guard.* Where's the Queene ?

Char. Speake softly, wake her not.

I *Cesar* hath sent

Char. Too slow a Messenger.
Oh come apace, dispatch, I partly feele thee.

1 Approach ho,
All's not well : *Cesar's* beguild.

2 There's *Dolabella* sent from *Cesar* : call him.

1 What worke is heere *Charmian* ?

Is this well done ?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princess
Descended of so many Royall Kings.

Ah Souldier.

Charmian *exr.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it heere ?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. *Cesar*, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this : Thy selfe art comming

To see perform'd the dreaded Act which thou

So sought'st to hinder.

Enter Cesar and all his Traines, marring.

All. A way there, a way for *Cesar*.

Dol. Oh sir, you are too sure an Augurer :
That you did feare, is done.

Cesar. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and being Royall
Tooke her owne way : the manner of their death,
I do not see them bleede.

Dol. Who was last with them ?

1 *Guard.* A simple Countryman, that brought his Wife :
This was his Basket.

Cesar. Poyson'd then.

1 *Guard.* Oh *Cesar* :

This *Charmian* liv'd but now, she stood and wept :

I found her trimming up the Diadem :

On her dead Mistris tremblingly she stood,

And on the sodaine dropt.

Cesar. Oh Noble weakness :

If they had swallow'd poyson, 'twould appeare
By externall swelling : but she lookes like sleepe,
As she would catch another *Anthony*
In her strong toyle of Grace.

Dol. Heere on her brest,
There is a vent of Bloud, and something blowne,
The like is on her Arme.

1. Guard. This is an Aspicks traile,
And these Figge-leaves have slime upon them, such
As th'Aspicke leaves upon the Caves of Nyle.

Cesar. Most probable
That so she dyed : for her Physitian tels mee
She hath pursu'de Conclusions infinite
Of easie wayes to dye. Take up her bed,
And beare her Women from the Monument,
She shall be buried by her *Anthony*.
No Grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A payre so famous : high events as these
Strike those that make them : and their Story is
No lesse in pittie, then his Glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall
In solemne shew, attend this Funerall,
And then to Rome. Come *Dolabella*, see
High Order, in this great Solemnity.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.





CYMBELINE.

Act II. Sc. II.



THE TRAGEDIE OF CYMBELINE.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.*



You do not meet a man but Frownea.
Our bloods no more obey the Heavens
Then our Courtiers:
Still seeme, as do's the Kings.

2 *Gent.*

But what's the matter?

1 His daughter, and the heire of's kingdome (whom
He purpos'd to his wives sole Sonne, a Widdow
That late he married) hath referr'd her selfe
Unto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all
Is outward sorrow, though I thinke the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2

None but the King?

1 He that hath lost her too: so is the Queene,
That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,
Although they weare their faces to the bent
Of the Kings lookes, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowle at.

2

And why so?

1 He that hath miss'd the Princessæ, is a thing
Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,

(I meane, that married her, alacke good man,
 And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such,
 As to seeke through the Regions of the Earth
 For one, his like; there would be something failing
 In him, that should compare. I do not thinke,
 So faire an Outward, and such stuffe Within
 Endowes a man, but hee.

2 You speake him farre.

1 I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe,
 Crush him together, rather then unfold
 His measure duly.

1 What's his name, and Birth?

1 I cannot delve him to the roote: His Father
 Was call'd *Sicilius*, who did joyne his Honor
 Against the Romanes, with *Cassibulan*,
 But had his Titles by *Tenantius*, whom
 He serv'd with Glory, and admir'd Successe:
 So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leonatus*.
 And had (besides this Gentleman in question)
 Two other Sonnes, who in the Warres o'th'time
 Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father
 Then old, and fond of yssue, tooke such sorrow
 That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady
 Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceast
 As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe
 To his protection, calls him *Posthumus Leonatus*,
 Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
 Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
 Could make him the receiver of, which he tooke
 As we do ayre, fast as 'twas ministred,
 And in's Spring, became a Harvest. Liv'd in Court
 (Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd,
 A sample to the yongest: to th'more Mature,
 A glasse that feated them: and to the graver,
 A Childe that guided Dotards. To his Mistris,

(For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price
Proclaimes how she esteem'd him ; and his Vertue
By her election may be truly read, what kind of man he is.

2 I honor him, even out of your report.

But pray you tell me, is she sole childe to'th' King ?

1 His onely childe :

He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing,
Marke it) the eldest of them, at three yeares old
I'th'swathing cloathes, the other from their Nursery
Were stolne, and to this houre, no ghesse in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 How long is this ago ?

1 Some twenty yeares.

2 That a Kings Children should be so convey'd,
So slackely guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them.

1 Howsoere, 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at :
Yet is it true Sir.

2 I do well beleeeve you.

1 We must forbear. Heere comes the Gentleman,
The Queene, and Princesse.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Queene, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Qu. No, be assur'd you shall not finde me (Daughter)
After the slander of most Step-Mothers,
Evill-ey'd unto you. You're my Prisoner, but
Your Gaoler shall deliver you the keyes
That locke up your restraint. For you *Posthumus*,
So soone as I can win th'offended King,
I will be knowne your Advocate : marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good

You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may informe you.

Post.

'Please your Highnesse,

I will from hence to day.

Qu.

You know the perill :

Ile fetch a turne about the Garden, pittying
The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speake together.

Exit.

Imo. O dissembling Curtisie ! How fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds ? My dearest Husband,
I something feare my Fathers wrath, but nothing
(Alwayes reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall heere abide the houely shot
Of angry eyes : not comforted to live,
But that there is this Jewell in the world,
That I may see againe.

Post.

My Queene, my Mistris :

O Lady, weepe no more, least I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Then doth become a man. I will remaine
The loyallst husband, that did ere plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one *Filorio's*,
Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me
Knowne but by Letter ; thither write (my Queene)
And with mine eyes, Ile drinke the words you send,
Though Inke be made of Gall.

Enter Queene.

Qu.

Be briefe, I pray you :

If the King come, I shall incurre, I know not
How much of his displeasure : yet Ile move him
To walke this way : I never do him wrong,
But he do's buy my Injuries, to be Friends :
Payes deere for my offences.

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a terme as yet we have to live,
The loathnesse to depart, would grow : Adieu.

Imo. Nay, stay a little :
Were you but riding forth to ayre your selfe,
Such parting were too petty. Looke heere (Love)
This Diamond was my Mothers ; take it (Heart)
But keepe it till you woo another Wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.

Post. How, how ? Another ?
You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
And seare up my embracements from a next,
With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere,
While sense can keepe it on : And sweetest, fairest,
As I (my poore selfe) did exchange for you
To your so infinite losse ; so in our trifles
I still winne of you. For my sake weare this,
It is a Manacle of Love, Ile place it
Upon this fayrest Prisoner.

Imo. O the Gods !
When shall we see againe ?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alacke, the King.

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoyd hence, from my sight
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy unworthinesse, thou dyest. Away,
Thou'rt poyson to my blood.

Post. The Gods protect you,
And blesse the good Remainers of the Court :
I am gone.

Exit.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharpe then this is.

Cym. O disloyall thing,
That should'st repayre my youth, thou heap'st

A yeares age on mee.

Imo. I beseech you Sir,
Harme not your selfe with your vexation,
I am senselesse of your Wrath ; a Touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all feares.

Cym. Past Grace ? Obedience ?

Imo. Past hope, and in dispaire, that way past Grace.

Cym. That might'st have had
The sole Sonne of my Queene.

Imo. O blessed, that I might not : I chose an Eagle,
And did avoyd a Puttocke.

Cym. Thou took'st a Begger, would'st have made my
Throne, a Seate for basenesse.

Imo. No, I rather added a lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vilde one !

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd *Posthumus* :
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman : Over-buys mee
Almost the summe he payes.

Cym. What ? art thou mad ?

Imo. Almost Sir : Heaven restore me : would I were
A Neat-heards Daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our Neighbour-Shepherds Sonne.

Enter Queene.

Cym. Thou foolish thing ;
They were againe together : you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Qu. Beseech your patience : Peace
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Sovereigne,
Leave us to our selves, and make your self some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay let her languish

A drop of blood a day, and being aged
Dye of this Folly.

Exit.

Enter Pisanio.

Qu. Fye, you must give way :
Heere is your Servant. How now Sir ? What newes ?

Pisa. My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Master.

Qu. Hah ?
No harme I trust is done ?

Pisa. There might have beene,
But that my Master rather plaid, then fought,
And had no helpe of Anger : they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand.

Qu. I am very glad on't.
Imo. Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part
To draw upon an Exile. O brave Sir,
I would they were in Affricke both together,
My selfe by with a Needle, that I might pricke
The goer backe. Why came you from your Master ?

Pisa. On his command : he would not suffer mee
To bring him to the Haven : left these Notes
Of what commands I should be subject too,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.

Qu. This hath beene
Your faithfull Servant : I dare lay mine Honour
He will remaine so.

Pisa. I humbly thanke your Highnesse.

Qu. Pray walke a-while.

Imo. About some halfe houre hence,
Pray you speake with me ;
You shall (at least) go see my Lord aboard.
For this time leave me.

Exeunt.

*Scena Tertia.**Enter Clotten and two Lords.*

1. Sir, I would advise you to shift a Shirt; the Violence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: where ayre comes out, ayre comes in: There's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it.
Have I hurt him?

2 No faith: not so much as his patience.

1 Hurt him? His bodie's a passable Carkasse if he bee not hurt. It is a through-fare for Steele if it be not hurt.

2 His Steele was in debt, it went o'th'Back-side the Towne.

Clot. The Villaine would not stand me.

2 No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1 Stand you? you have Land enough of your owne:
But he added to your having, gave you some ground.

2 As many Inches, as you have Oceans (Puppies.)

Clot. I would they had not come betweene us.

2 So would I, till you had measur'd how long a Foole you were upon the ground.

Clot. And that shee should love this Fellow, and refuse mee.

2 If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd.

1 Sir, as I told you alwayes: her Beauty & her Braine go not together. Shee's a good signe, but I have seene small reflection of her wit.

2 She shines not upon Fooles, least the reflection
Should hurt her.

Clot. Come, Ile to my Chamber: would there had beene some hurt done.

2 I wish not so, unlesse it had bin the fall of an Asse, which is no great hurt.

Clot. You'l go with us?

1 Ile attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

2 Well my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o'th'Haven,
And questioned'st every Saile: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a Paper lost
As offer'd mercy is: What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pisa. It was his Queene, his Queene.

Imo. Then waw'd his Handkerchiefe?

Pisa. And kist it, Madam.

Imo. Senselesse Linnen, happier therein then I:
And that was all?

Pisa. No Madam: for so long
As he could make me with his eye, or eare,
Distinguish him from others, he did keepe
The Decke, with Glove, or Hat, or Handkerchife,
Still waving, as the fits and stirres of's mind
Could best expresse how slow his Soule sayl'd on,
How swift his Ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him,
As little as a Crow, or lesse, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pisa. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings;
Crack'd them, but to looke upon him, till the diminution
Of space, had pointed him sharpe as my Needle:
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The smalnesse of a Gnat, to ayre: and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good *Pisanio*,
When shall we heare from him.

French. I have seene him in France : wee had very many there, could behold the Sunne, with as firme eyes as hee.

Iach. This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her valew, then his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. I, and the approbation of those that weepe this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him, be it but to fortifie her judgement, which else an easie battery might lay flat, for taking a Begger without lesse quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourne with you? How creepes acquaintance?

Phil. His Father and I were Souldiers together, to whom I have bin often bound for no lesse then my life.

Enter Posthumus.

Heere comes the Britaine. Let him be so entertained among'st you, as suites with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a Stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better knowne to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy he is, I will leave to appeare hereafter, rather then story him in his owne hearing.

French. Sir we have knowne together in Orleance.

Post. Since when, I have bin debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o're-rate my poore kindnesse, I was glad I did attone my Countryman and you : it had beene pittie you should have beene put together, with so mortall a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and triviall a nature.

Post. By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Traveller, rather shun'd to go even with what I heard, then in my every action to be guided by others experiences : but upon my mended judgement (if I offend to say it is mended) my Quarrell was not altogether slight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbiterment of Swords, and by such two, that would by all likelyhood have confounded one the other, or have false both.

Iach. Can we with manners, aske what was the difference ?

French. Safely, I thinke, 'twas a contention in publicke, whi may (without contradiction) suffer the report. It was much I an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in pra of our Country-Mistresses. This Gentleman, at that time voar ing (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be m Faire, Vertuous, Wise, Chaste, Constant, Qualified, and le attemptible then any, the rarest of our Ladies in France.

Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentlema opinion by this, worne out.

Post. She holds her Vertue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so farre preferre her, 'fore ours of Italy

Posth. Being so farre provok'd as I was in France : I wou abate her nothing, though I professe my selfe her Adorer, not I Friend.

Iach. As faire, and as good : a kind of hand in hand compa son, had beene something too faire, and too good for any La in Britanie, if she went before others. I have scene as tl Diamond of yours out-lusters many I have beheld. I could r beleeve she excelled many : but I have not scene the most p tious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her : so do I my Stone.

Iach. What do you esteeme it at ?

Post. More then the world enjoyes.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd Mistris is dead, or she's or priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken : the one may be solde or given, or there were wealth enough for the purchases, or merite for t guift. The other is not a thing for sale, and onely the guift the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have given you ?

Post. Which by their Graces I will keepe.

Iach. You may weare her in title yours : but you kno strange Fowle light upon neighbouring Ponda. Your Ring m be stolne too, so your brace of unprizeable Estimations, the one

but fraile, and the other Casuall ; A cunning Thiefe, or a (that way) accomplish'd Courtier, would hazzard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy, contains none so accomplish'd a Courtier to convince the Honour of my Mistris : if in the holding or losse of that, you terme her fraile, I do nothing doubt you have store of 'Theeves, notwithstanding I feare not my Ring.

Phil. Let us leave heere, Gentlemen ?

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I thanke him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your faire Mistris ; make her go backe, even to the yeilding, had I admittance, and opportunitie to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawne the moytie of my Estate, to your Ring, which in my opinion o're-values it something : but I make my wager rather against your Confidence, then her Reputation. And to barre your offence heerein to, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deale abus'd in too bold a perswasion, and I doubt not you sustaine what y'are worthy of, by your Attempt.

Iach. What's that ?

Postb. A Repulse though your Attempt (as you call it) deserve more ; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen enough of this, it came in too sodainely, let it dye as it was borne, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my Estate, and my Neighbors on th' approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What Lady would you chuse to assaile ?

Iach. Yours, whom in constancie you thinke stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage then the opportunitie of a second conference, and I will bring from thence, that Honor of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Posthumus. I will wage against your Gold, Gold to it: **My** Ring I holde deere as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a Friend, and there in the wiser: if you buy Ladies flesh at a Million a Dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting; but I see you have some Religion in you, that you feare.

Posthu. This is but a custome in your tongue: you beare a graver purpose I hope.

Iach. I am the Master of my speeches, and would under-go what's spoken, I sweare.

Posthu. Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond till your returne: let there be Covenants drawne between's. My Mistris exceeds in goodnesse, the hugenessse of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: heere's my Ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one: if I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the deereest bodily part of your Mistris: my ten thousand Duckets are yours, so is your Diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in; Shee your Jewell, this your Jewell, and my Gold are yours: provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these Conditions, let us have Articles betwixt us: onely thus farre you shall answere, if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand, you have prevayl'd, I am no further your Enemy, shee is not worth our debate. If shee remaine uneduc'd, you not making it appeare otherwise: for your ill opinion, and th'assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your Sword.

Iach. Your hand, a Covenant: wee will have these things set downe by lawfull Counsell, and straight away for Britaine, least the Bargaine should catch colde, and sterve: I will fetch my Gold, and have our two Wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, thinke you.

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.
Pray let us follow 'em.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Queene, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Qu. Whiles yet the dewe's on ground,
Gather those Flowers,
Make haste. Who ha's the note of them?

Lady.

I Madam.

Queen. Dispatch.

Exit Ladies.

Now Master Doctor, have you brought those drugges?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highnes, I - here they are, Madam :
But I beseech your Grace, without offence
(My Conscience bids me aske) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poysonous Compounds,
Which are the moovers of a languishing death :
But though slow, deadly.

Qu. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a Question : Have I not bene
Thy Pupill long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make Perfumes ? Distill ? Preserve ? Yea so,
That our great King himselfe doth woo me oft
For my Confections ? Having thus farre proceeded,
(Unlesse thou think'st me divellish) is't not meete
That I did amplifie my judgement in
Other Conclusions ? I will try the forces
Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none humane)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their A&t, and by them gather
Their severall vertues, and effects.

Cor.

Your Highnesse

Shall from this practise, but make hard your heart :
Besides, the seeing these effects will be,
Both noysome, and infectious.

Qu.

O content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

Heere comes a flattering Rascall, upon him
Will I first worke : Hee's for his Master,
And enemy to my Sonne. How now *Pisanio* ?
Doctor, your service for this time is ended,
Take your owne away.

Cor.

I do suspect you, Madam,
But you shall do no harme.

Qu.

Hearke thee, a word.

Cor. I do not like her. She doth thinke she ha's
Strange ling'ring poysons : I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice, with
A drugges of such damn'd Nature. Those she ha's,
Will stupifie and dull the Sense a-while,
Which first (perchance) shee'l prove on Cats and Dogs,
Then afterward up higher : but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More then the locking up the Spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect : and I, the truer,
So to be false with her.

Qu.

No further service, Doctor,
Untill I send for thee.

Cor.

I humbly take my leave.

Exit.

Qu. Weepes she still (saist thou ?)

Dost thou thinke in time

She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where Folly now possesses ? Do thou worke :
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my Sonne,
Ile tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy Master : Greater, for

His Fortunes all lye speechlesse, and his name
Is at last gaspe. Returne he cannot, nor
Continue where he is : To shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A dayes worke in him. What shalt thou expect
To be depender on a thing that leanes ?
Who cannot be new built, nor ha's no Friends
So much, as but to prop him ? Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what : But take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I made, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from death. I do not know
What is more Cordiall. Nay, I prythee take it,
It is an earnest of a farther good
That I meane to thee. Tell thy Mistris how
The case stands with her : doo't, as from thy selfe ;
Thinke what a chance thou changest on, but thinke
Thou hast thy Mistris still, to boote, my Sonne,
Who shall take notice of thee. Ile move the King
To any shape of thy Preferment, such
As thou'lt desire : and then my selfe, I cheefely,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To loade thy merit richly. Call my women. *Exit Pisa.*
Thinke on my words. A slye, and constant knave,
Not to be shak'd : the Agent for his Master,
And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand-fast to her Lord. I have given him that,
Which if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of Leidgers for her Sweete : and which, she after,
Except she bend her humor, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so : Well done, well done :
The Violeta, Cowslippe, and the Prime-Roses
Beare to my Closet : Fare thee well, *Pisanio.*

Thinke on my words.

Exit Qu. and Ladies.

Pisa.

And shall do :

But when to my good Lord, I prove untrue,
Ile choake my selfe : there's all Ile do for you.

Exit.

Scena Septima.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruell, and a Stepdame false,
A Foolish Sutor to a Wedded-Lady,
That hath her Husband banish'd : O, that Husband,
My supreame Crowne of griefe, and those repeated
Vexations of it. Had I bin Theefe-stolne,
As my two Brothers, happy : but most miserable
Is the desires that's glorious. Blessed be those
How meane so ere, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be ? Fye.

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pisa. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome
Comes from my Lord with Letters.

Iach.

Change you, Madam :

The Worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,
And greetes your Highnesse deerely.

Imo.

Thanks good Sir,

You're kindly welcome,

Iach. All of her, that is out of doore, most rich :
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare
She is alone th'Arabian-Bird ; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldnesse be my Friend :
Arme me Audacitie from head to foote,
Or like the Parthian I shall flying fight,
Rather directly fly,

Imogen reads.

He is one of the Noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust.

Leonatus.

So farre I reade aloud.
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by'th'rest, and take it thankfully.
You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I
Have words to bid you, and shall finde it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thankes fairest Lady :

What are men mad? Hath Nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fire Orbes above, and the twinn'd Stones
Upon the number'd Beach, and can we not
Partition make with Spectacles so pretious
Twixt faire, and foule?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i'th'eye : for Apes, and Monkeys
'Twixt two such She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemne with mowes the other. Nor i'th'judgement:
For Idiots in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definit : Nor i'th'Appetite.
Sluttery to such neate Excellence, oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptinesse,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter trow?

Iach. The Cloyed will :

That satiate yet unsatisf'd desire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running : Ravening first the Lambe,
Longs after for the Garbage.

Imo. What, deere Sir,

Thus rap's you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks Madam well : Beseech you Sir,

Desire my Man's abode, where I did leave him :
He's strange and peevish.

Pisa. I was going Sir,
To give him welcome.

Exit.

Imo. Continues well my Lord ?
His health beseech you ?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth ? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant : none a stranger there,
So merry, and so gamesome : he is call'd
The Britaine Reveller.

Imo. When he was heere
He did incline to sadness, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
An eminent Monsieur, that it seemes much loves
A Gallian-Girle at home. He furnaces
The thicke sighes from him ; whiles the jolly Britaine,
(Your Lord I meane) laughes from's free lungs : cries oh,
Can my sides hold, to think that man who knowes
By History, Report, or his owne prooffe
What woman is, yea what she cannot choose
But must be : will's free houres languish :
For assured bondage ?

Imo. Will my Lord say so ?

Iach. I Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter,
It is a Recreation to be by
And heare him mocke the Frenchman :
But Heaven's know some men are much too blame.

Imo. Not he I hope.

Iach. Not he :
But yet Heaven's bounty towards him, might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himselfe 'tis much ;
In you, which I account his beyond all Talenta.

Whil'st I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pitty too.

Imo. What do you pitty Sir?

Iach. Two Creatures heartyly.

Imo. Am I one Sir?

You looke on me : what wrack discerne you in me
Deserves your pitty?

Iach. Lamentable : what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
I'th'Dungeon by a Snuffe.

Imo. I pray you Sir,
Deliver with more opennesse your answers
To my demanda. Why do you pitty me?

Iach. That others do,
(I was about to say) enjoy your—— but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speake on't.

Imo. You do seeme to know
Something of me, or what concernes me ; pray you
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Then to be sure they do. For Certainities
Either are past remedies ; or timely knowing,
The remedy then borne. Discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon : this hand, whose touch,
(Whose every touch) would force the Feelers soule
To'th'oath of loyalty. This object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fearing it onely heere, should I (damn'd then)
Slavver with lippes as common as the stayres
That mount the Capitoll : Joyne grippers, with hands
Made hard with houely falsehood (falsehood as
With labour :) then by peeping in an eye
Base and illustrious as the smoakie light

That's fed with stinking Tallow : it were fit
That all the plagues of Hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My Lord, I feare
Has forgot Brittain.

Iach. And himselfe, not I
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The Beggery of his change : but 'tis your Graces
That from my muteest Conscience, to my tongue,
Charmes this report out.

Imo. Let me heare no more.

Iach. O dearest Soule : your Cause doth strike my hart
With pittie, that doth make me sicke. A Lady
So faire, and fasten'd to an Emperie
Would make the great'st King double, to be partner'd
With Tomboyes hyr'd, with that selfe exhibition
Which your owne Coffers yeeld : with diseases'd ventures
That play with all Infirmities for Gold,
Which rottennesse can lend Nature. Such boyl'd stuffe
As well might poyson Poyson. Be reveng'd,
Or she that bore you, was no Queene, and you
Recoyle from your great Stocke.

Imo. Reveng'd :
How should I be reveng'd ? If this be true,
(As I have such a Heart, that both mine eares
Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd ?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like *Diana's* Priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable Ramps
In your despight, upon your purse : revenge it.
I dedicate my selfe to your sweet pleasure,
More Noble then that runnagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your Affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What hoa, *Pisanio* ?

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lippes.

Imo. Away, I do condemne mine eares, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable
Thou would'st have told this tale for Vertue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange :
Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as farre
From thy report, as thou from Honor : and
Solicites heere a Lady, that disdaines
Thee, and the Divell alike. What hoa, *Pisanio* ?
The King my Father shall be made acquainted
Of thy Assault : if he shall thinke it fit,
A sawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a Romish Stew, and to expound
His beastly minde to us ; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter, who
He not respects at all. What hoa, *Pisanio* ?

Iach. O happy *Leonatus* I may say,
The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodnesse
Her assur'd credit. Blessed live you long,
A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever
Country call'd his ; and you his Mistris, onely
For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon,
I have spoke this to know if your Affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o're : And he is one
The truest manner'd : such a holy Witch,
That he enchants Societies into him :
Halfe all men hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a defended God ;
He hath a kinde of Honor sets him off,
More then a mortall seeming. Be not angrie
(Most mighty Princesse) that I have adventur'd

To try your taking of a false report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great Judgement,
In the election of a Sir, so rare,
Which you know, cannot erre. The love I beare him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you
(Unlike all others) chaffelease. Pray your pardon.

Imo. All's well Sir :

Take my powre i'th'Court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks : I had almost forgot
T'intreat your Grace, but in a small request.

And yet of moment too, for it concernes :

Your Lord, my selfe, and other Noble Friends
Are partners in the businesse.

Imo. Pray what is't ?

Iach. Some dozen Romanes of us, and your Lord
(The best Feather of our wing) have mingled summes
To buy a Present for the Emperor :
Which I (the Factor for the rest) have done
In France : 'tis Plate of rare device, and Jewels
Of rich, and exquisite forme, their valewes great,
And I am something curious, being strange
To have them in safe stowage : May it please you
To take them in protection.

Imo. Willingly :

And pawne mine Honor for their safety, since
My Lord hath interest in them, I will keepe them
In my Bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a Trunke
Attended by my men : I will make bold
To send them to you, onely for this night :
I must aboard to morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes I beseech : or I shall short my word
By length'ning my returne. From Gallia,
I crost the Seas on purpose, and on promise

To see your Grace.

Imo. I thanke you for your paines :
But not away to morrow.

Iach. O I must Madam.
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your Lord with writing, doo't to night,
I have out-stood my time, which is materiall
To'th'tender of our Present.

Imo. I will write :
Send your Trunke to me, it shall safe be kept,
And truly yeelded you : you're very welcome. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clotten, and the two Lords.

Clot. Was there ever man had such lucke ? when I kist the
Jacke upon an up-cast, to be hit away ? I had a hundred pound
on't : and then a whorson Jacke-an-Apes, must take me up for
swearing, as if I borrowed mine oathes of him, and might not
spend them at my pleasure.

1. What got he by that ? you have broke his pate with your
Bowle.

2. If his wit had bin like him that broke it ; it would have
run all out.

Clot. When a Gentleman is dispos'd to sweare : it is not for
any standers by to curtall his oathes. Ha ?

2. No my Lord ; nor crop the eares of them.

Clot. Whorson dog : I gave him satisfaction ? would he had
bin one of my Ranke.

2. To have smell'd like a Foole.

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in th'earth : a pox on't.
I had rather not be so Noble as I am : they dare not fight with
me, because of the Queene my Mother : every Jacke-Slave hath

his belly full of Fighting ; and I must go up and downe like Cock, that no body can match.

2. You are Cocke and Capon too, and you crow Cock, w your combe on.

Clot. Sayest thou ?

2. It is not fit your Lordship should undertake every Companion, that you give offence too.

Clot. No, I know that : but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiours.

2. I, it is fit for your Lordship onely.

Clot. Why so I say.

1. Did you heare of a Stranger that's come to Court to night

Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't ?

2. He's a strange Fellow himselfe, and knowes it not.

1. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of *Leonatus* Friends.

Clot. *Leonatus* ? A banisht Rascall ; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this Stranger ?

1. One of your Lordships Pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to looke upon him ? Is there no derogation in't ?

2. You cannot derogate my Lord.

Clot. Not easily I thinke.

2. You are a Foole graunted, therefore your Issues be foolish do not derogate.

Clot. Come, Ile go see this Italian : what I have lost to day Bowles, Ile winne to night of him. Come ; go.

2. Ile attend your Lordship.

Ex

That such a craftie Divell as is his Mother
Should yeild the world this Asse : A woman, that
Beares all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne,
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eightene. Alas poore Princessse,
Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame govern'd,

A Mother hourelly coyning plots : A Wooer,
 More hatefull then the foule expulsion is
 Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act
 Of the divorce, heel'd make the Heavens hold firme
 The walls of thy deere Honour. Keepe unshak'd
 That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maist stand
 T'enjoy thy banish'd Lord : and this great Land.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.

Imo. Who's there ? My woman : *Helene ?*

La.

Please you Madam.

Imo. What houre is it ?

Lady.

Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I have read three houres then :

Mine eyes are weake,
 Fold downe the leafe where I have left : to bed
 Take not away the Taper, leave it burning :
 And if thou canst awake by foure o'th'clock,
 I prythee call me : Sleepe hath ceiz'd me wholly.
 To your protection I commend me, Gods,
 From Fayries, and the Tempters of the night,
 Guard me beseech yee.

Sleepes.

Iachimo from the Trunke.

Iach. The Crickets sing, and mans ore-labor'd sense
 Repaires it selfe by rest : Our *Tarquine* thus
 Did softly presse the Rushes, ere he waken'd
 The Chastitie he wounded. *Cytherea,*
 How bravely thou becom'st thy Bed ; fresh Lilly,
 And whiter then the Sheetes : that I might touch,
 But kisse, one kisse. Rubies unparagon'd,

How deerely they doo't : 'Tis her breathing that
 Perfumes the Chamber thus : the Flame o'th'Taper
 Bowes toward her, and would under-peepe her lids,
 To see th'inclosed Lights, now Canopied
 Under these windowes, White and Azure lac'd
 With Blew of Heavens owne tinct. But my designe.
 To note the Chamber, I will write all downe,
 Such, and such pictures : There the window, such
 Th'adornement of her Bed ; the Arras, Figures,
 Why such, and such : and the Contents o'th'Story.
 Ah, but some naturall notes about her Body,
 Above ten thousand meaner Moveables
 Would testifie, t'enrich mine Inventorie.
 O sleepe, thou Ape of death, lye dull upon her,
 And be her Sense but as a Monument,
 Thus in a Chappell lying. Come off, come off ;
 As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.
 'Tis mine, and this will witnesse outwardly,
 As strongly as the Conscience do's within :
 To'th'madding of her Lord. On her left brest
 A mole Cinque-spotted : Like the Crimson drops
 I'th'bottom of a Cowslippe. Heere's a Voucher,
 Stronger then ever Law could make ; this Secret
 Will force him thinke I have pick'd the lock, and t'ane
 The treasure of her Honour. No more : to what end ?
 Why should I write this downe, that's riveted,
 Screw'd to my memorie. She hath bin reading late,
 The Tale of *Tereus*, heere the leaffe's turn'd downe
 Where *Philomele* gave up. I have enough,
 To'th'Truncke againe, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning
 May beare the Ravens eye : I lodge in feare,
 Though this a heavenly Angell : hell is heere. *Clocke strikes.*
 One, two, three : time, time. *Exit.*

*Scena Tertia.**Enter Clotten, and Lords.*

I Your Lordship is the most patient man in losse, the most coldest that ever turn'd up Ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to loose.

I But not every man patient after the noble temper of your Lordship; You are most hot, and furious when you winne.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this foolish *Imogen*, I should have Gold enough: it's almost morning, is't not?

I Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this Musicke would come: I am advised to give her Musicke a mornings, they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so: wee'l try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remaine, but Ile never give o're. First, a very excellent good conceyted thing; after a wonderful sweet aire, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

SONG.

*Hearke, hearke, the Larke at Heavens gate sings,
and Phæbus gins arise,*

His Steeds to water at those Springs

on chalic'd Flowres that lyes:

And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes

With every thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise:

Arise, arise.

So, get you gone: if this penetrate, I will consider your Musicke the better: if it do not, it is a voyce in her eares which Horse-haires, and Calves-guts, nor the voyce of unpaved Eunuch to boot, can never amend.

Enter Cymbeline, and Queene.

2 Heere comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but take this Service I have done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the doore of our stern daughter?
Will she not forth?

Clot. I have assayl'd her with Musickes, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new,
She hath not yet forgot him, some more time
Must weare the print of his remembrance on't,
And then she's yours.

Qu. You are most bound to'th'King,
Who let's go by no vantages, that may
Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your selfe
To orderly solicity, and be friended
With aptnesse of the season: make denials
Encrease your Services: so seeme, as if
Your were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senselesse.

Clot. Senselesse? Not so.

Mes. So like you (Sir) Ambassadors from Rome;
The one is *Caius Lucius*.

Cym. A worthy Fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receyve him
According to the Honor of his Sender,
And towards himselfe, his goodnesse fore-spent on us
We must extend our notice: Our deere Sonne,
When you have given good morning to your Mistris,

Attend the Queene, and us, we shall have neede
T'employ you towards this Romane.

Come our Queene.

Excunt.

Clot. If she be up, Ile speake with her : if not
Let her lye still, and dreame : by your leave hoa,
I know her women are about her : what
If I do line one of their hands, 'tis Gold
Which buyes admittance (oft it doth) yea, and makes
Diana's Rangers false themselves, yeeld up
Their Deere to'th'stand o'th'Stealer : and 'tis Gold
Which makes the True-man kill'd, and saves the Theefe :
Nay, sometime hangs both Theefe, and True-man : what
Can it not do, and undoo ? I will make
One of her women Lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the case my selfe.
By your leave.

Knockes.

Enter a Lady.

La. Who's there that knockes ?

Clot. A Gentleman.

La. No more.

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewomans Sonne.

La. That's more

Then some whose Taylors are as deere as yours,
Can justly boast of : what's your Lordships pleasure ?

Clot. Your Ladies person, is she ready ?

La. I, to keepe her Chamber.

Clot. There is Gold for you,

Sell me your good report.

La. How, my good name ? or to report of you
What I shall thinke is good. The Princessse.

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow fairest, Sister your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much paines
For purchasing but trouble : the thanks I give,

Is telling you that I am poore of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still I sweare I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deepe with me :
If you sweare still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yeeld being silent,
I would not speake. I pray you spare me, 'faith
I shall unfold equall discourtesie
To your best kindnesse : one of your great knowing
Should learne (being taught) forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madnesse, 'twere my sin,
I will not.

Imo. Fooles are not mad Folkes.

Clot. Do you call me Foole ?

Imo. As I am mad, I do :
If you'l be patient, Ile no more be mad,
That cures us both. I am much sorry (Sir),
You put me to forget a Ladies manners
By being so verball : and learne now, for all,
That I which know my heart, do heere pronounce
By th'very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so neere the lacke of Charitie
To accuse my selfe, I hate you : which I had rather
You felt, then make't my boast.

Clot. You sinne against
Obedience, which you owe your Father, for
The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch,
One, bred of Almes, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o'th'Court : It is no Contract, none ;
And though it be allowed in meaner parties
(Yet who then he more meane) to knit their soules
(On whom there is no more dependancie
But Brats and Beggerie) in selfe-figur'd knot,

Imo. I hope so : go and search.
Clot. You have abus'd me :
 His meanest Garment ?
Imo. I, I said so Sir,
 If you will make't an Action, call witness to't.
Clot. I will enforme your Father.
Imo. Your Mother too :
 She's my good Lady ; and will concieve, I hope
 But the worst of me. So I leave you Sir,
 To'th'worst of discontent. *Exit*
Clot. He be reveng'd :
 His mean'st Garment ? Well. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post. Feare it not Sir : I would I were so sure
 To winne the King, as I am bold, her Honour
 Will remaine her's.

Phil. What meanes do you make to him ?

Post. Not any : but abide the change of Time,
 Quake in the present winters state, and wish
 That warmer dayes would come : In these fear'd hope
 I barely gratifie your love ; they fayling
 I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodnesse, and your company,
 Ore-payes all I can do. By this your King,
 Hath heard of Great *Augustus* : *Caius Lucius*,
 Will do's Commission throughly. And I think
 Hee'le grant the Tribute : send th'Arrerages,
 Or looke upon our Romaines, whose remembrance
 Is yet fresh in their grieve.

Post. I do beleewe

(Statist though I am none, nor like to be)
 That this will prove a Warre ; and you shall heare
 The Legion now in Gallia, sooner landed
 In our not-fearing-Britaine, then have tydings
 Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen
 Are men more order'd, then when *Julius Cesar*
 Smil'd at their lacke of skill, but found their courage
 Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
 (Now wing-led with their courages) will make knowne
 To their Approvers, they are People, such
 That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Pbi.

See Iachimo.

Post. The swiftest Harts, have posted you by land ;
 And Windes of all the Corners kiss'd your Sailes,
 To make your vessell nimble.

Phil.

Welcome Sir.

Post. I hope the briefenesse of your answer, made
 The speedinesse of your returne.

Iachi.

Your Lady,

Is one of the fayrest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And therewithall the best, or let her beauty
 Looke through a Casement to allure false hearts,
 And be false with them.

Iachi.

Heere are Letters for you.

Post. Their Tenure good I trust.

Iach.

'Tis very like.

Post. Was *Gaius Lucius* in the Britaine Court,
 When you were there ?

Iach.

He was expected then,

But not approach'd.

Post.

All is well yet,

Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not
 Too dull for your good wearing ?

Iach. If I have lost it,
 I should have lost the worth of it in Gold,
 Ile make a journey twice as farre, t'enjoy
 A second night of such sweet shortnesse, which
 Was mine in Britaine, for the ring is wonne.

Post. The Stones too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
 Your Lady being so easy.

Post. Make note Sir
 Your losse, your Sport : I hope you know that we
 Must not continue Friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we must
 If you keepe Covenant : had I not brought
 The knowledge of your Mistris home, I grant
 We were to question farther ; but I now
 Professe my selfe the winner of her Honor,
 Together with your Ring ; and not the wronger
 Of her, or you having proceeded but
 By both your willes.

Post. If you can mak't apparent
 That you have tasted her in Bed ; my hand,
 And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion
 You had of her pure Honor ; gaines, or looses,
 Your Sword, or mine, or Masterlesse leave both
 To who shall finde them.

Iach. Sir, my Circumstances
 Being so nere the Truth, as I will make them,
 Must first induce you to beleewe ; whose strength
 I will confirme me with oath, which I doubt not
 You'l give me leave to spare, when you shall finde
 You neede it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her Bed-chamber
 (Where I confesse I slept not, but professe
 Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd

With Tapistry of Silke, and Silver, the Story
 Proud *Cleopatra*, when she met her Roman,
 And *Sidnus* swell'd above the Bankes, or for
 The presse of Boates, or Pride. A peece of Worke
 So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
 In Workemanship, and Value, which I wonder'd
 Could be so rarely, and exactly wrought
 Since the true life on't was——

Post.

This is true :

And this you might have heard of heere, by me,
 Or by some other.

Iach.

More particulars

Must justifie my knowledge.

Post.

So they must,

Or doe your Honour injury.

Iach.

The Chimney

Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-peece

Chaste *Dian*, bathing : never saw I figures

So likely to report themselves ; the Cutter

Was as another nature dumbe, out-went her,

Motion, and Breath left out.

Post.

This is a thing

Which you might from Relation likewise reape,

Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach.

The Roofe o'th'Chamber,

With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons

(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids

Of Silver, each on one foote standing, nicely

Depending on their Brands.

Post.

This is her Honor :

Let it be granted you have seene all this (and praise

Be given to your remembrance) the description

Of what is in her Chamber, nothing saves

The wager you have laid.

Iach.

Then if you can

Be pale, I begge but leave to ayre this Jewell : See,
And now 'tis up againe : it must be married
To that your Diamond, Ile keepe them.

Post.

Jove——

Once more let me behold it : Is it that
Which I left with her ?

Iach.

Sir (I thanke her) that

She stript it from her Arme : I see her yet :
Her pretty Action, did out-sell her guift,
And yet enrich'd it too : she gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Post.

May be, she pluck'd it off

To send it me.

Iach.

She writes so to you ? doth shee ?

Post. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Heere, take this too,

It is a Basiliske unto mine eye,
Killes me to looke on't : Let there be no Honor,
Where there is Beauty : Truth, where semblance : Love,
Where there's another man. The Vowes of Women,
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Then they are to their Vertues, which is nothing :
O, above measure false.

Phil.

Have patience Sir,

And take your Ring againe, 'tis not yet wonne :
It may be probable she lost it : or
Who knowes if one her women, being corrupted
Hath stolne it from her.

Post.

Very true,

And so I hope he came by't : backe my Ring.
Render to me some corporall signe about her
More evident then this : for this was stolne.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her Arme.

Post. Hearke you, he sweares : by Jupiter he sweares

'Tis true, nay keepe the Ring ; 'tis true I am sure
She would not loose it : her Attendants are

All sworne, and honourable : they induc'd to steale it ?
 And by a Stranger ? No, he hath enjoy'd her,
 The Cognisance of her incontinencie
 Is this : she hath bought the name of Whore, thus deerly.
 There, take thy hyre, and all the Fiends of Hell
 Divide themselves betweene you.

Phil.

Sir, be patient :

This is not strong enough to be beleev'd
 Of one perswaded well off.

Post.

Never talke on't :

She hath bin colted by him.

Iach.

If you seeke

For further satisfying, under her Breast
 (Worthy her pressing) lyes a Mole, right proud
 Of that most delicate Lodging. By my life
 I kist it, and it gave me present hunger
 To feede againe, though full. You do remember
 This staine upon her ?

Post.

I, and it doth confirme,

Another staine, as bigge as Hell can hold,
 Were there no more but it.

Iach.

Will you heare more ?

Post. Spare your Arethmaticke,

Never count the Turnes : Once, and a Million.

Iach. Ile be sworne.

Post.

No swearing :

If you will sweare you have not done't, you lye,
 And I will kill thee, if thou do'st deny
 Thou'st made me Cuckold.

Iach.

Ile deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her heere, to teare her Limb-meale :

I will go there and doo't, i'th'Court, before
 Her Father. Ile do something.

Exit.

Phil.

Quite besides

The government of Patience. You have wonne :

Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himselfe.

Iach.

With all my heart.

Exeunt.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Must be halfe-workers? We are all Bastards,
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my Father, was, I know not where
When I was stamp't. Some Coyner with his Toolles
Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother seem'd
The *Dian* of that time: so doth my Wife
The Non-pareill of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawfull pleasure she restrained,
And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with
A pudencie so Rosie, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd olde Saturne;
That I thought her
As Chaste, as un-Sunn'd Snow. Oh, all the Divels!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an houre, was't not?
Or lesse; at first? Perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full Acorn'd Boate, a Jarmen on,
Cry'de oh, and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for, should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I finde out
The Womans part in me, for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirme
It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,
The womans: Flattering, hers; Deceiving, hers:
Lust, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers; Revenges hers:
Ambitions, Covetings, change of Prides, Disdaine,
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability;
All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knowes,
Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all For even to Vice
They are not constant, but are changing still;

One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not halfe so old as that. Ile write against them,
Detest them, curse them : yet 'tis greater Skill
In a true Hate, to pray they have their will :
The very Divels cannot plague them better.

Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queene, Clotten, and Lords at one
doore, and at another, Caius, Lucius, and Attendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would *Augustus Cesar* with us ?

Luc. When *Julius Cesar* (whose remembrance yet
Lives in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues
Be Theame, and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
And Conquer'd it, *Cassibulan* thine Unkle
(Famous in *Cesars* prayes, no whit lesse
Then in his Feats deserving it) for him,
And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute,
Yeerely three thousand pounds ; which (by thee) lately
Is left untender'd.

Qu. And to kill the mervaille,
Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many *Cesars*,
Ere such another *Julius* : Britaine's a world
By it selfe, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our owne Noses.

Qu. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to resume
We have againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your Ancestors, together with
The naturall bravery of your Isle, which stands
As *Neptunes Parke*, ribb'd, and pal'd in
With Oakes unskaleable, and roaring Waters,
With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boates,

But sucke them up to'th'Top-mast. A kinde of Conquest
Cesar made heere, but made not heere his bragge
 Of Came, and Saw, and Over-came : with shame
 (The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
 From off our Coast, twice beaten : and his Shipping
 (Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas
 Like Egge-shells mov'd upon their Surges, crack'd
 As easily gainst our Rockes. For joy whereof,
 The fam'd *Cassibulan*, who was once at point
 (Oh giglet Fortune) to master *Cesars* Sword,
 Made *Luds-Towne* with rejoycing-Fires bright,
 And Britaines strut with Courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid : our Kingdome
 is stronger then it was at that time : and (as I said) there is no
 mo such *Cesars*, other of them may have crook'd Noses, but to
 owe such straitte Armes, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us, can gripe as hard as
Cassibulan, I doe not say I am one : but I have a hand. Why
 Tribute ? Why should we pay Tribute ? If *Cesar* can hide the
 Sun from us with a Blanket, or put the Moon in his pocket, we
 will pay him Tribute for light : else Sir, no more Tribute, pray
 you now.

Cym. You must know,
 Till the injurious Romans, did extort
 This Tribute from us, we were free. *Cesars* Ambition,
 Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
 The sides o'th'World, against all colour heere,
 Did put the yoake upon's ; which to shake off
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
 Our selves to be, we do. Say then to *Cesar*,
 Our Ancestor was that *Mulmutius*, which
 Ordain'd our Lawes, whose use the Sword of *Cesar*
 Hath too much mangled ; whose repayre, and franchise,
 Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,

Tho Rome be therfore angry. *Mulmutius* made our lawes
Who was the first of Britaine, which did put
His browes within a golden Crowne, and call'd
Himselfe a King.

Luc. I am sorry *Cymbeline*,
That I am to pronounce *Augustus Cesar*
(*Cesar*, that hath moe Kings his Servants, then
Thy selfe Domesticke Officers) thine Enemy :
Receyve it from me then. Warre, and Confusion
In *Cesars* name pronounce I 'gainst thee : Looke
For fury, not to be resisted. Thus defide,
I thanke thee for my selfe.

Cym. Thou art welcome *Caius*,
Thy *Cesar* Knighted me ; my youth I spent
Much under him : of him, I gather'd Honour,
Which he, to seeke of me againe, perforce,
Behoooves me keepe at utterance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their Liberties are now in Armes : a President
Which not to reade, would shew the Britaines cold :
So *Cesar* shall not finde them.

Luc. Let prooffe speake.

Clot. His Majesty biddes you welcome. Make pastime with
us, a day, or two, or longer : if you seek us afterwards in other
tearmes, you shall finde us in our Salt-water-Girdle : if you beate
us out of it, it is yours : if you fall in the adventure, our Crowes
shall fare the better for you : and there's an end.

I. uc. So sir.

Cym. I know your Masters pleasure, and he mine :
All the Remaine, is welcome.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pisanio reading of a Letter.

Pis. How ? of Adultery ? Wherefore write you not

What Monsters her accuse? *Leonatus* :
 Oh Master, what a strange infection
 Is false into thy eare? What false Italian,
 (As poysonous tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
 On thy too ready hearing? Dialoyall? No.
 She's punish'd for her Truth; and undergoes
 More Goddess-like, then Wife-like; such Assaults
 As would take in some Vertue. Oh my master,
 Thy mind to her, is now as lowe, as were
 Thy Fortunes. How? That I should murder her,
 Upon the Love, and Truth, and Vowes; which I
 Have made to thy command? I her? Her blood?
 If it be so, to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How looke I,
 That I should seeme to lacke humanity,
 So much as this Fact comes to? Doo't: The Letter.
That I have sent her, by her owne command,
Shall give thee opportunitie. Oh damn'd paper,
 Blacke as the Inke that's on thee: senselesse bauble,
 Art thou a Fœdarie for this Act; and look'st
 So Virgin-like without? Loe here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now *Pisanio*?

Pis. Madam, heere is a Letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who, thy Lord? That is my Lord *Leonatus*?
 Oh, learn'd indeed were that Astronomer
 That knew the Starres, as I his Characters,
 Heel'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
 Let what is heere contain'd, relish of Love,
 Of my Lords health, of his content: yet not
 That we two are asunder, let that grieve him;
 Some griefes are medcinable, that is one of them,
 For it doth physicke Love, of his content,
 All but in that. Good Wax, thy leave: blest be

You Bees that make these Lockes of counsaile. Lovers,
And men in dangerous Bondes pray not alike,
Though Forfeytours you cast in prison, yet
You claspe young *Cupids* Tables : good Newes Goda.

*J*ustice and your Fathers wrath (should he take me in his
Dominion) could not be so cruell to me, as you : (oh the deere-
est of Creatures) would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice
that I am in Cambria at Milford-Haven : what your owne Love,
will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happinesse,
that remains loyall to his Vow, and your encreasing in Love.

Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh for a Horse with wings : Hear'st thou *Pisanio* ?
He is at Milford-Haven : Read, and tell me
How farre 'tis thither. If one of meane affaires
May plod it in a weeke, why may not I
Glide thither in a day ? Then true *Pisanio*,
Who long'st like me, to see thy Lord ; who long'st
(Oh let me bate) but not like me : yet long'st
But in a fainter kinde. Oh not like me :
For mine's beyond, beyond : say, and speake thicke
(Loves Counsaile should fill the bores of hearing,
To'th'smothering of the Sense) how farre it is
To this same blessed Milford. And by'th'way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
T'inherite such a Haven. But first of all,
How we may steale from hence : and for the gap
That we shall make in Time, from our hence-going,
And our returne, to excuse : but first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be borne or ere begot ?
Wee'l talke of that heereafter. Prythee speake,
How many store of Miles may we well rid
Twixt houre, and houre ?

Pis.

One score 'twixt Sun, and Sun,
Madam's enough for you : and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's Execution Man,
 Could never go so slow : I have heard of Riding wagers
 Where Horses have bin nimbler then the Sands
 That run i'th'Clocks behalfe. But this is Foolrie,
 Go, bid my Woman faigne a Sicknesse, say
 She'le home to her Father ; and provide me presently
 A Riding Suit : No costlier then would fit
 A Franklins Huswife.

Pisa. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me (Man) not heere, not heere ;
 Nor what ensues but have a Fog in them
 That I cannot looke through. Away, I prythee,
 Do as I bid thee : There's no more to say :
 Accessible is none but Milford way.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day, not to keepe house with such,
 Whose Roofe's as lowe as ours : Sleepe Boyes, this gate
 Instructs you how t'adore the Heavens ; and bowes you
 To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches
 Are Arch'd so high, that Giants may jet through
 And keepe their impious Turbonds on, without
 Good morrow to the Sun. Haile thou faire Heaven,
 We house i'th'Rocke, yet use thee not so hardly
 As prouder livers do.

Guid. Haile Heaven.

Arvir. Haile Heaven.

Bela. Now for our Mountaine sport, up to yond hill ;
 Your legges are yong : Ile tread these Flats. Consider,
 When you above perceive me like a Crow,
 That it is Place, which lessen's, and sets off,
 And you may then revolve what Tales, I have told you,

Of Courts, of Princes ; of the Tricks in Warre.
This Service, is not Service ; so being done, !
But being so allowed. To apprehend thus,
Drawes us a profit from all things we see :
And often to our comfort, shall we finde ;
The sharded-Beetle, in a safer hold
Then is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,
Is Nobler, then attending for a checke :
Richer, then doing nothing for a Babe :
Prouder, then rustling in unpayd-for Silke :
Such gaine the Cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keepes his Booke uncros'd : no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your prooffe you speak : we poore unfledg'd
Have never wing'd from view o'th'nest ; nor knowes not
What Ayre's from home. Hap'ly this life is best,
(If quiet life be best) sweeter to you
That have a sharper knowne. Well corresponding
With your stiffe Age ; but unto us, it is
A Cell of Ignorance : travailing a bed,
A Prison, or a Debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arvi. What should we speake of
When we are old as you ? When we shall heare
The Raine and winde beate darke December ? How
In this our pinching Cave, shall we discourse
The freezing houres away ? We have seene nothing :
We are beastly ; subtle as the Fox for prey,
Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we eate :
Our Valour is to chace what flyes : Our Cage
We make a Quire, as doth the prison'd Bird,
And sing our Bondage freely.

Bel. How you speake.
Did you but know the Citties Usuries,
And felt them knowingly : the Art o'th Court,
As hard to leave, as keepe : whose top to climbe

Is certaine falling : or so slipp'ry, that
 The feare's as bad as falling. The toyle o'th'Warre,
 A paine that onely seemes to seeke out danger
 I'th'name of Fame, and Honor, which dyes i'th'search,
 And hath as oft a sland'rous Epitaph,
 As Record of faire Act. Nay, many times
 Doth ill deserve, by doing well : what's worse
 Must curt'sie at the Censure. Oh Boyes, this Storie
 The World may reade in me : My bodie's mark'd
 With Roman Swords ; and my report, was once
 First, with the best of Note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me,
 And when a Souldier was the Theame, my name
 Was not farre off : then was I as a Tree
 Whose boughes did bend with fruit. But in one night,
 A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)
 Shooke downe my mellow hangings : nay my Leaves,
 And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertaine favour.

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
 But that two Villaines, whose false Oathes prevayl'd
 Before my perfect Honor, swore to *Cymbeline*,
 I was Confederate with the Romanes : so
 Followed my Banishment, and this twenty yeeres,
 This Rocke, and these Demesnes, have bene my World,
 Where I have liv'd at honest freedome, payed
 More pious debts to Heaven, then in all
 The fore-end of my time. But, up to'th'Mountaines,
 This is not Hunters Language ; he that strikes
 The Venison first, shall be the Lord o'th'Feast,
 To him the other two shall minister,
 And we will feare no poyson, which attends
 In place of greater State :
 Ile meete you in the Valleys.
 How hard it is to hide the sparkes of Nature ?
 These Boyes know little they are Sonnes to'th'King,

Exeunt.

Nor *Cymbeline* dreames that they are alive.
 They thinke they are mine,
 And though train'd up thus meanelly
 I'th'Cave, whereon the Bowe their thoughts do hit,
 The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
 In simple and lowe things, to Prince it, much
 Beyond the tricke of others. This *Paladour*,
 The heyre of *Cymbeline* and Britaine, who
 The King his Father cal'd *Guiderius*. Jove,
 When on my three-foot stoole I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits flye out
 Into my Story : say thus mine Enemy fell,
 And thus I see my foote on's necke, even then
 The Princely blood flowes in his Cheeke, he swears,
 Straines his yong Nerves, and puts himselfe in posture
 That acts my words. The yonger brother *Cadwall*,
 Once *Arviragus*, in as like a figure
 Strikes life into my speech, and shewes much more
 His owne conceyving. Hearke, the Game is rows'd,
 Oh *Cymbeline*. Heaven and my Conscience knowes
 Thou did'st unjustly banish me : whereon
 At three, and two yeares old, I stole these Babes,
 Thinking to barre thee of Succession, as
 Thou refts me of my Lands. *Euriphile*,
 Thou was't their Nurse, they took thee for their mother,
 And every day do honor to her grave :
 My selfe *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd,
 They take for Naturall Father. The Game is up. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me when we came from horse, the place
 Was neere at hand : Ne're long'd my Mother so

To see me first, as I have now. *Pisano*, Man :
 Where is *Posthumus* ? What is in thy mind
 That makes thee stare thus ? Wherefore breaks that sigh
 From th'inward of thee ? One, but painted thus
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 Beyond selfe-explication. Put thy selfe
 Into a haviour of lesse feare, ere wildnesse
 Vanquish my stayder *Senneca*. What's the matter ?
 Why tender'st thou that Paper to me, with
 A looke untender ? If't be Summer Newes
 Smile too't before : if Winterly, thou need'st
 But keepe that count'nance stil. My Husbands hand ?
 That Drug-damn'd Italy, hath out-craftied him,
 And hee's at some hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
 May take off some extremitie, which to reade
 Would be even mortall to me.

Pis. Please you reade,
 And you shall finde me (wretched man) a thing
 The most disdain'd of Fortune.

Imogen reads.

THy Mistris (*Pisano*) hath plaide the Strumpet in my Bed: the
Testimonies whercof lyes bleeding in me. I speake not out of
weake Surmises, but from prooffe as strong as my greefe, and as cer-
taine as I expect my Revenge. That part, thou (Pisano) must asse
for me, if thy Faith be not tainted with the breach of hers: let thine
owne hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at
Milford Haven. She hath my Letter for the purpose: where, if
thou feare to strike, and to make mee certaine it is done, thou art the
Pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyall.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
 Hath cut her throat alreadie ? No, 'tis Slander,
 Whose edge is sharper then the Sword, whose tongue
 Out-venomus all the Wormes of Nile, whose breath

Rides on the posting windes, and doth belye
 All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States,
 Maides, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Grave
 This viperous slander enters. What cheere, Madam ?

Imo. False to his Bed ? What is it to be false ?
 To lye in watch there, and to thinke on him ?
 To weepe 'twixt clock and clock ? If sleep charge Nature,
 To breake it with a fearfull dreame of him,
 And cry my selfe awake ? That's false to's bed ? Is it ?

Pisa. Alas good Lady.

Imo. I false ? Thy Conscience witness : *Iachimo*,
 Thou didd'st accuse him of Incontinencie,
 Thou then look'dst like a Villaine : now, me thinkes
 Thy favours good enough. Some Jay of Italy
 (Whose mother was her painting) hath betraid him :
 Poore I am stale, a Garment out of fashion,
 And for I am richer then to hang by th'walles,
 I must be ript : To peeces with me : Oh !
 Mens Vowes are womens Traitors. All good seeming
 By thy revolt (oh Husband) shall be thought
 Put on for Villainy ; not borne where't growes,
 But worne a Baite for Ladies.

Pisa. Good Madam, heare me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false *Aeneas*,
 Were in his time thought false : and *Synons* weeping
 Did scandall many a holy teare : tooke pittie
 From most true wretchednesse. So thou, *Posthumus*
 Wilt lay the Leaven on all proper men ;
 Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd
 From thy great saile : Come Fellow, be thou honest,
 Do thou thy Masters bidding. When thou seest him,
 A little witness my obedience. Looke
 I draw the Sword my selfe, take it, and hit
 The innocent Mansion of my Love (my heart :)
 Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe :

Thy Master is not there, who was indeede
 The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,
 Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause ;
 But now thou seem'st a Coward.

Pis. Hence vile Instrument,
 Thou shalt not damne my hand.

Imo. Why, I must dye :
 And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
 No Servant of thy Master. Against Selfe-slaughter,
 There is a prohibition so Divine,
 That cravens my weake hand : Come, heere's my heart :
 Something's a-foot : Soft, soft, wee'l no defence,
 Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,
 The Scriptures of the Loyall *Leonatus*,
 All turn'd to Heresie ? Away, away.
 Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
 Be Stomachers to my heart : thus may poore Fooles
 Beleeve false Teachers : Though those that are betraid
 Do feele the Treason sharply, yet the Traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe. And thou *Posthumus*,
 That didd'st set up my disobedience 'gainst the King
 My Father, and makes me put into contempt the suites
 Of Princely Fellowes, shalt heereafter finde
 It is no acte of common passage, but
 A straine of Rarenesse : and I greeve my selfe,
 To thinke, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her,
 That now thou tyrest on, how thy memory
 Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee dispatch,
 The Lambe entreats the Butcher. Wher's thy knife ?
 Thou art too slow to do thy Masters bidding
 When I desire it too.

Pis. Oh gracious Lady :
 Since I receiv'd command to do this businesse,
 I have not slept one winke.

Imo. Doo't, and to bed then.

Pis. Ile wake mine eye-balles first.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didd'st undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?
Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Horses labour?
The Time inviting thee? The perturb'd Court
For my being absent? whereunto I never
Purpose returne. Why hast thou gone so farre
To be un-bent? when thou hast tane thy stand,
Th'elested Deere before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To loose so bad employment, in the which
I have consider'd of a course: good Ladie
Heare me with patience.

Imo. Talke thy tongue weary, speake:
I have heard I am a Strumpet, and mine eare
Therein false strooke, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent, to bottome that. But speake.

Pis. Then Madam,
I thought you would not backe againe.

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me heere to kill me.

Pis. Not so neither:
But if I were as wise, as honest, then
My purpose would prove well: it cannot be,
But that my Master is abus'd. Some Villaine,
I, and singular in his Art, hath don you both
This cursed injurie.

Imo. Some Roman Curtezan?

Pisa. No, on my life:
Ile give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody signe of it. For 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be mist at Court,
And that will well confirme it.

Imo. Why good Fellow

What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life, what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?

Pis. If you'l backe to'th'Court.

Imo. No Court, no Father, nor no more adoe
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing :
That *Clotten*, whose Love-suite hath bene to me
As fearefull as a Siege.

Pis. If not at Court,
Then not in Britaine must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britaine all the Sunne that shines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in Britaine? I'th'worlds Volume
Our Britaine seemes as of it, but not in't :
In a great Poole, a Swannes-nest, prythee thinke
There's livers out of Britaine.

Pis. I am most glad
You thinke of other place : Th'Ambassador,
Lucius the Romane comes to Milford-Haven
To morrow. Now, if you could weare a minde
Darke, as your Fortune is, and but disguise
That which t'appeare it selfe, must not yet be,
But by selfe-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view : yea, happily, neere
The residence of *Posthumus* ; so nie (at least)
That though his Actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourelly to your eare,
As truly as he mooves.

Imo. Oh for such meanes,
Though perill to my modestie, not death on't
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, heere's the point :
You must forget to be a Woman : change
Command, into obedience. Feare, and Nicenesse
(The Handmaides of all Women, or more truly

Woman it pretty selfe) into a waggish courage,
 Ready in gybes, quicke-answer'd, sawcie, and
 As quarrellous as the Weazell : Nay, you must
 Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheeke,
 Exposing it (but oh the harder heart,
 Alacke no remedy) to the greedy touch
 Of common-kissing *Titan* : and forget
 Your laboursome and dainty Trimmes, wherein
 You made great *Juno* angry.

Imo.

Nay be breefe ?

I see into thy end, and am almost
 A man already.

Pis.

First, make your selfe but like one.

Fore-thinking this, I have already fit
 ('Tis in my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all
 That answer to them : Would you in their serving,
 (And with what imitation you can borrow
 From youth of such a season) 'fore Noble *Lucius*
 Present your selfe, desire his service : tell him
 Wherein you're happy ; which will make him know,
 If that his head have eare in Musicke, doubtlesse
 With joy he will imbrace you : for hee's Honourable,
 And doubling that, most holy. Your meanes abroad :
 You have me rich, and I will never faile
 Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo.

Thou art all the comfort

The Gods will diet me with. Prythee away,
 There's more to be consider'd : but wee'l even
 All that good time will give us. This attempt,
 I am Souldier too, and will abide it with
 A Princes Courage. Away, I prythee.

Pis.

Well Madam, we must take a short farewell,
 Least being mist, I be suspected of
 Your Carriage from the Court. My Noble Mistris,
 Heere is a boxe, I had it from the Queene,

What's in't is precious : if you are sicke at Sea,
Or Stomacke-qualm'd at Land, a Dramme of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your Manhood : may the Gods
Direct you to the best.

Imo. Amen : I thanke thee.

Exeunt

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Queene, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus farre, and so farewell.

Luc. Thankes, Royall Sir :

My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My Masters Enemy.

Cym. Our Subjects (Sir)
Will not endure his yoake ; and for our ælfe
To shew leasse Sovereignty then they, must needs
Appeare un-Kinglike.

Luc. So Sir : I desire of you
A Conduct over Land, to Milford-Haven.
Madam, all joy befall your Grace, and you.

Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office :
The due of Honor, in no point omit :
So farewell Noble *Lucius*.

Luc. Your hand, my Lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly : but from this time forth
I weare it as your Enemy.

Luc. Sir, the Event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords
Till he have crost the Severn. Happinea. *Exit Lucius, &c.*

Qu. He goes hence frowning : but it honours us
That we have given him cause.

Clot. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant Britaines have their wishes in it.

Cym. *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor
How it goes heere. It fits us therefore ripely
Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readinesse :
The Powres that he already hath in Gallia
Will soone be drawne to head, from whence he moves
His warre for Britaine.

Qu. 'Tis not sleepy businesse,
But must be look'd too speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But my gentle Queene,
Where is our Daughter ? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looke us like
A thing more made of malice, then of duty,
We have noted it. Call her before us, for
We have beene too slight in sufferance.

Qu. Royall Sir,
Since the exile of *Posthumus*, most retyr'd
Hath her life bin : the Cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your Majesty,
Forbeare sharpe speeches to her. Shee's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Enter a Messenger.

Cym. Where is she Sir ? How
Can her contempt be answer'd ?

Mes. Please you Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be given to'th'lowd of noise, we make.

Qu. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmitie,

She should that dutie leave unpaid to you
Which dayly she was bound to proffer : this
She wish'd me to make knowne : but our great Court
Made me too blame in memory.

Cym. Her doores lock'd ?

Not scene of late ? Grant Heavens, that which I
Feare, prove false.

Exit.

Qu. Sonne, I say, follow the King.

Clot. That man of hers, *Pisanio*, her old Servant
I have not scene these two dayes.

Exit.

Qu. Go, looke after :

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for *Posthumus*,
He hath a Drugge of mine : I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that. For he beleeves
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone ? Haply dispaire hath seiz'd her :
Or wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flowne
To her desir'd *Posthumus* : gone she is,
To death, or to dishonor, and my end
Can make good use of either. Shee being downe,
I have the placing of the Brittiſh Crowne.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Sonne ?

Clot. 'Tis certaine she is fled :

Go in and cheere the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Qu. All the better : may

This night fore-stall him of the comming day.

Exit Qu.

Clot. I love, and hate her : for she's Faire and Royall,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from every one
The best she hath, and she of all compounded
Out-selles them all. I love her therefore, but
Disdaining me, and throwing Favours on
The low *Posthumus*, slanders so her judgement,

That what's else rare, is choak'd : and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeede,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when Fooles shall—,

Enter Pisanio.

Who is heere ? What, are you packing sirrah ?
Come hither : Ah you precious Pandar, Villaine,
Where is thy Lady ? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the Fiends.

Pis.

Oh, good my Lord.

Clo. Where is thy Lady ? Or, by Jupiter,
I will not aske againe. Close Villaine,
Ile have this Secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to finde it. Is she with *Posthumus* ?
From whose so many waights of basenesse, cannot
A dram of worth be drawne.

Pis.

Alas, my Lord,

How can she be with him ? When was she miss'd ?
He is in Rome.

Clo.

Where is she Sir ? Come neerer :

No farther halting : satisfie me home,
What is become of her ?

Pis. Oh, my all-worthy Lord.

Clo.

All-worthy Villaine,

Discover where thy Mistris is, at once,
At the next word : no more of worthy Lord :
Speake, or thy silence on the instant, is
Thy condemnation, and thy death.

Pis.

Then Sir :

This Paper is the historie of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clo.

Let's see't : I will pursue her
Even to *Augustus* Throne.

Pis.

Or this, or perish.

She's farre enough, and what he learns by this,
May prove his travell, not her danger.

Clo.

Humh.

Pis. Ile write to my Lord she's dead : Oh *Imogen*,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe returne agen.

Clot. Sirra, is this Letter true ?

Pis. Sir, as I thinke.

Clot. It is *Posthumus* hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a Villain, but do me true service : undergo those Employments wherin I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry, that is, what villainy so ere I bid thee do to performe it, directly and truely, I would thinke thee an honest man : thou should'st neither want my meanes for thy releefe, nor my voyce for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serve mee ? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stucke to the bare Fortune of that Begger *Posthumus*, thou canst not in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve mee ?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give mee thy hand, heere's my purse. Hast any of thy late Masters Garments in thy possession ?

Pisan. I have (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same Suite he wore, when he tooke leave of my Ladie & Mistresse.

Clo. The first service thou dost mee, fetch that Suite hither, let it be thy first service, go.

Pis. I shall my Lord.

Exit.

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven : (I forgot to aske him one thing, Ile remember't anon :) even there, thou villaine *Posthumus* will I kill thee. I would these Garments were come. She saide upon a time (the bitterness of it, I now belch from my heart) that shee held the very Garment of *Posthumus*, in more respect, then my Noble and naturall person ; together with the adornement of my Qualities. With that Suite upon my backe wil I ravish her : first kill him, and in her eyes ; there shall she see my valour, which wil then be a torment to hir contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead

bodie, and when my Lust hath dined (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that she so prais'd :) to the Court Ile knock her backe, foot her home againe. She hath despis'd me rejoycingly, and Ile bee merry in my Revenge.

Enter Pisanio.

Be those the Garments?

Pis. I, my Noble Lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this Apparrell to my Chamber, that is the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntarie Mute to my designe. Be but dutious, and true preferment shall tender it selfe to thee. My Revenge is now at Milford, would I had wings to follow it. Come, and be true.

Exit.

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my losse : for true to thee,
Were to prove false, which I will never bee
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And finde not her, whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow
You Heavenly blessings on her : This Fooles speede
Be crost with slownesse ; Labour be his meede.

Exit.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. I see a mans life is a tedious one,
I have tyr'd my selfe : and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sicke,
But that my resolution helps me : Milford,
When from the Mountaine top, *Pisanio* shew'd thee,
Thou was't within a kenne. Oh Jove, I thinke
Foundations flye the wretched : such I meane,
Where they should be releev'd. Two Beggars told me,
I could not misse my way. Will poore Folkes lye

That have Afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
 A punishment, or Triall? Yes; no wonder,
 When Rich-ones scarce tell true. To lapse in Fulnesse
 Is sorer, then to lye for Neede: and Falshood
 Is worse in Kings, then Beggars. My deere Lord,
 Thou art one o'th'false Ones: Now I thinke on thee,
 My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
 At point to sinke, for Food. But what is this?
 Heere is a path too't: 'tis some savage hold:
 I were best not call, I dare not call: yet Famine
 Ere cleane it o're-throw Nature, makes it valiant.
 Plentie, and Peace breeds Cowards: Hardnesse ever
 Of Hardinesse is Mother. Hoa? who's heere?
 If any thing that's civill, speake: if savage,
 Take, or lend. Hoa? No answer? Then Ile enter.
 Best draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
 But feare the Sword like me, hee'l scarcely looke on't.
 Such a Foe, good Heavens.

Exit.

Scena Septima.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You *Polidore* have prov'd best Woodman, and
 Are Master of the Feast: *Cadwall*, and I
 Will play the Cooke, and Servant, 'tis our match:
 The sweat of industry would dry, and dye
 But for the end it workes too. Come, our stomackes
 Will make what's homely, savoury: Wearinesse
 Can snore upon the Flint, when restie Sloth
 Findes the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be heere,
 Poore house, that keep'st thy selfe.

Gui.

I am thoroughly weary.

Arvi. I am weake with toyle, yet strong in appetite.*Gui.* There is cold meat i'th'Cave, we'l brouz on that

Whil'st what we have kill'd, be Cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in :
But that it eates our victualles, I should thinke
Heere were a Faiery.

Gui. What's the matter, Sir ?

Bel. By Jupiter an Angell : or if not
An earthly Paragon. Behold Divinenesse
No elder then a Boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters harme me not :
Before I enter'd heere, I call'd, and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took : good troth
I have stolne nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i'th'Floore. Heere's money for my Meate,
I would have left it on the Boord, so soone
As I had made my Meale ; and parted
With Pray'rs for the Provider.

Gui. Money ? Youth.

Arv. All Gold and Silver rather turne to dirt,
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship durty Gods.

Imo. I see you're angry :
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dyed, had I not made it.

Bel. Whether bound ?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name ?

Imo. *Fidele* Sir : I have a Kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy ; he embark'd at Milford,
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am false in this offence.

Bel. Prythee (*faire youth*)
Thinke us no Churles : nor measure our good mindes
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd,

'Tis almost night, you shall have better cheere
 Ere you depart ; and thanks to stay, and eate it :
 Boyes, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
 I should woo hard, but be your Groomme in honesty :
 I bid for you, as I do buy.

Arvi. Ile make't my Comfort
 He is a man, Ile love him as my Brother :
 And such a welcome as I'd give to him
 (After long absence) such is yours. Most welcome :
 Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst Friends.

Imo. 'Mongst Friends ?
 If Brothers : would it had bin so, that they
 Had bin my Fathers Sonne, then had my prize
 Bin lesse, and so more equall ballasting
 To thee *Posthumus*.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. Would I could free't.

Arvi. Or I, what ere it be,
 What paine it cost, what danger : Gods !

Bel. Hearke Boyes.

Imo. Great men
 That had a Court no bigger then this Cave,
 That did attend themselves, and had the vertue
 Which their owne Conscience seal'd them : laying by
 That nothing-guift of differing Multitudes
 Could not out-peere these twaine. Pardon me Gods,
 I'd change my sexe to be Companion with them,
 Since *Leonatus* false.

Bel. It shall be so :
 Boyes wee'l go dresse our Hunt. Faire youth come in ;
 Discourse is heavy, fasting : when we have supp'd
 Wee'l mannerly demand thee of thy Story,
 So farre as thou wilt speake it.

Gui. Pray draw neere.

Arvi. The Night to'th'Owle,
And Morne to th'Larke lesse welcome.

Imo. Thankes Sir.

Arvi. I Pray draw neere.

Exeunt.

Scena Octava.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1. *Sen.* This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ ;
That since the common men are now in Action
'Gainst the Pannonians, and Dalmatians,
And that the Legions now in Gallia, are
Full weake to undertake our Warres against
The false-off Britaines, that we do incite
The Gentry to this businesse. He creates
Lucius Pro-Consull: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Levy, he commands
His absolute Commission. Long live *Cesar*.

Tri. Is *Lucius* Generall of the Forces?

2. *Sen.* I.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1. *Sen.*

With those Legions

Which I have spoke of whereunto your levie
Must be suppliant: the words of your Commission
Will tye you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clotten alone.

Clot. I am neere to'th'place where they should meet: if
Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his

me? Why should his Mistris who was made by him that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (saving reverence of the Word) for 'tis saide a Womans fitnessse comes by fits: therein I must play the Workman, I dare speake it to my selfe, for it is not Vainglorie for a man, and his Glasse, to confer in his owne Chamber; I meane, the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no lesse young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in Birth, alike conversant in generall services, and more remarkeable in single oppositions; yet this imperæverant Thing loves him in my despight. What Mortalitie is? *Posthumus*, thy head (which now is growing uppon thy shouldiers) shall within this houre be off, thy Mistris inforced, thy Garments cut to peeces before thy face: and all this done, spurne her home to her Father, who may (happily) be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my Mother having power of his testinesse, shall turne all into my commendations. My Horse is tyed up safe, out Sword, and to a sore purpose: Fortune put them into my hand: This is the very description of their meeting place and the Fellow dares not deceive me.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen from the Cave.

Bel. You are not well: Remaine heere in the Cave,
Wee'l come to you after Hunting.

Arvi. Brother, stay heere :
Are we not Brothers ?

Imo. So man and man should be,
But Clay and Clay, differs in dignitie,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sicke.

Gui. Go you to Hunting, Ile abide with him.

Imo. So sicke I am not, yet I am not well :
But not so Citizen a wanton, as

To seeme to dye, ere sicke. So please you, leave me,
 Sticke to your Journall course : the breach of Custome,
 Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
 Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort
 To one not sociable : I am not very sicke,
 Since I can reason of it : pray you trust me heere,
 Ile rob none but my selfe, and let me dye
 Stealing so poorely.

Gui. I love thee : I have spoke it,
 How much the quantity, the waight as much,
 As I do love my Father.

Bel. What ? How ? how ?

Arvi. If it be sinne to say so (Sir) I yoake mee
 In my good Brothers fault : I know not why
 I love this youth, and I have heard you say,
 Love's reason's without reason. The Beere at doore,
 And a demand who is't shall dye, I'd say
 My Father, not this youth.

Bel. Oh noble straine !
 O worthinesse of Nature, breed of Greatnesse !
 "Cowards father Cowards, & Base things Syre Bace ;
 "Nature hath Meale, and Bran ; Contempt, and Grace.
 Ime not their Father, yet who this should bee,
 Doth myracle it selfe, lov'd before mee.
 'Tis the ninth houre o'th'Morne.

Arvi. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arvi. You health.—So please you Sir.

Imo. These are kinde Creaturea.

Gods, what lyes I have heard :
 Our Courtiers say, all's savage, but at Court ;
 Experience, oh thou disproov'st Report.
 Th'emperious Seas breeds Monsters ; for the Dish,
 Poore Tributary Rivers, as sweet Fish :
 I am sicke still, heart-sicke ; *Pisania,*

Ile now taste of thy Drugges.

Gui. I could not stirre him :

He said he was gentle, but unfortunate ;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arvi. Thus did he answer me : yet said heereafter,
I might know more.

Bel. To'th'Field, to'th'Field :
Wee'l leave you for this time, go in, and rest.

Arvi. Wee'l not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not sicke,
For you must be our Huswife.

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. And sha't be ever.
This youth, how ere distrest, appeares he hath had
Good Ancestors.

Arvi. How Angell-like he sings ?

Gui. But his neate Cookerie ?

Arvi. He cut our Rootes in Charracters,
And sawc't our Brothes, as *Juno* had bin sicke,
And he her Dieter.

Arvi. Nobly he yoakes
A smiling, with a sigh ; as if the sighe
Was that it was, for not being such a Smile :
The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would flye
From so divine a Temple, to commix
With windes, that Saylor's raile at.

Gui. I do note,
That greefe and patience rooted in them both,
Mingle their spurres together.

Arvi. Grow patient,
And let the stinking-Elder (Greefe) untwine
His perishing roote, with the encreasing Vine.

Bel. It is great morning. Come away : Who's there ?

Exit.

Enter Cloten.

Clo. I cannot finde those Runnagates, that Villaine
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Those Runnagates?
Meanes he not us? I partly know him, 'tis
Cloten, the Sonne o'th'Queene. I feare some Ambush:
I saw him not these many yeares, and yet
I know 'tis he: We are held as Out-Lawes: Hence.

Gui. He is but one: you, and my Brother search
What Companies are neere: pray you away,
Let me alone with him.

Clot. Soft, what are you
That flye me thus? Some villaine-Mountainers?
I have heard of such. What Slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne're, then answering
A slave without a knocke.

Clot. Thou art a Robber,
A Law-breaker, a Villaine: yeeld thee Theefe.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arme as bigge as thine? A heart, as bigge:
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not
My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:
Why should I yeeld to thee?

Clot. Thou Villaine base,
Know'st me not by my Cloathes?

Gui. No, nor thy Taylor, Rascall:
Who is thy Grandfather? He made those cloathes,
Which (as it seemes) make thee.

Clo. Thou precious Varlet,
My Taylor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thanke
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some Foole,
I am loath to beate thee.

Clot. Thou injurious Theefe,
Heare but thy name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clot. *Cloten*, thou Villaine.

Gui. *Cloten*, thou double Villaine be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further feare,
Nay, to thy meere Confusion, thou shalt know
I am Sonne to'th'Queene.

Gui. I am sorry for't: not seeming
So worthy as thy Birth.

Clot. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I feare: the Wise:
At Fooles I laugh: not feare them.

Clot. Dye the death:
When I have slaine thee with my proper hand,
Ile follow those that even now fled hence:
And on the Gates of *Luds-Towne* set your heads:
Yeeld Rusticke Mountaineer. *Fight and Exe.*

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No Companie's abroad?

Arvi. None in the world: you did mistake him sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of Favour
Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute,
'Twas very *Cloten*.

Arvi. In this place we left them;
I wish my Brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I meane to man; he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: For defect of judgement

Is oft the cause of Feare.

Enter Guiderius.

But see thy Brother.

Gui. This *Cloten* was a Foole, an empty purse,
There was no money in't : Not *Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his Braines, for he had none :
Yet I not doing this, the Foole had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what : cut off one *Clotens* head,
Sonne to the Queene (after his owne report)
Who called me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore
With his owne single hand heel'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow
And set them on *Luds-Towne*.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy Father, what have we to loose,
But that he swore to take our Lives? the Law
Protects not us, then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant peece of flesh threat us?
Play Judge, and Executioner, all himselfe?
For we do feare the Law. What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soule

Can we set eye on : but in all safe reason
He must have some Attendants. Though his Honor
Was nothing but mutation, I, and that
From one bad thing to worse : Not Frenzie,
Not absolute madnesse could so farre have rav'd
To bring him heere alone : although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that such as wee
Cave heere, hunt heere, are Out-lawes, and in time
May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might breake out, and sweare
Heel'd fetch us in, yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,

Or they so suffering : then on good ground we feare,
If we do feare this Body hath a taile
More perillous then the head.

Arvi. Let Ord'nance
Come as the Gods fore-say it : howsoere,
My Brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no minde
To hunt this day : The Boy *Fideles* sicknesse
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his owne Sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have tane
His head from him : Ile throw't into the Creeke
Behinde our Rocke, and let it to the Sea,
And tell the Fishes, hee's the Queenes Sonne, *Cloten*,
That's all I reake.

Exi

Bel. I feare 'twill be reveng'd :
Would (*Polidore*) thou had'st not done't : though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arvi. Would I had done't :
So the Revenge alone pursu'de me : *Polidore*
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed : I would Revenges
That possible strength might meet, wold seek us through
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done :
Wee'l hunt no more to day, nor seeke for danger ;
Where there's no profit. I prythee to our Rocke,
You and *Fidele* play the Cookes : Ile stay
Till hasty *Polidore* returne, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arvi. Poore sicke *Fidele*.
Ile willingly to him, to gaine his colour,
Il'd let a parish of such *Clotens* blood,
And praise my selfe for charity.

Exi

Bel. Oh thou Goddessse,

Thou divine Nature; how thy selfe thou blazon'st
 In these two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle
 As Zephires blowing below the Violet,
 Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough
 (Their Royall blood enchaf'd) as the rud'st winde,
 That by the top doth take the Mountaine Pine,
 And make him stoope to th'Vale. 'Tis wonder
 That an invisible instinct should frame them
 To Royalty unlearn'd, Honor untaught,
 Civility not seene from other: valour
 That wildely growes in them, but yeelds a crop
 As if it had beene sow'd: yet still it's strange
 What *Clotens* being heere to us portends,
 Or what his death will bring us.

Enter Guiderius.

Gui. Where's my Brother?
 I have sent *Clotens* Clot-pole downe the streame,
 In Embassie to his Mother; his Bodie's hostage
 For his returne.

Solemn Musick.

Bel. My ingenuous Instrument,
 (*Hearke Polidore*) it sounds: but what occasion
 Hath *Cadwal* now to give it motion? *Hearke.*

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he meane?
 Since death of my deer'st Mother
 It did not speake before. All solemne things
 Should answer solemne Accidents. The matter?
 Triumphes for nothing, and lamenting Toyes,
 Is jollity for Apes, and greefe for Boyes.
 Is *Cadwal* mad?

Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his Armes.

Bel. Looke, heere he comes,
 And brings the dire occasion in his Armes,

Of what we blame him for.

Arvi. The Bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipt from sixteene yeares of Age, to sixty :
To have turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
Then have scene this.

Gui. Oh sweetest, fayrest Lilly :
My Brother weares thee not the one halfe so well,
As when thou grew'st thy selfe.

Bel. Oh Melancholly,
Who ever yet could sound thy bottome ? Finde
The Ooze, to shew what Coast thy sluggish care
Might'st easilest harbour in. Thou blessed thing,
Jove knowes what man thou might'st have made : but I,
Thou dyed'st a most rare Boy, of Melancholly.
How found you him ?

Arvi. Starke, as you see :
Thus smiling, as some Fly had tickled slumber,
Not as deaths dart, being laugh'd at : his right Cheeke
Reposing on a Cushion.

Gui. Where ?

Arvi. O'th'floore :
His armes thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put
My clowted Brogues from off my feete, whose rudenesse
Answer'd my steps too lowd.

Gui. Why, he but sleepes :
If he be gone, hee'l make his Grave, a Bed :
With female Fayries will his Tombe be haunted,
And Wormes will not come to thee.

Arvi. With fayrest Flowers
Whil'st Sommer lasts, and I live heere, *Fidele*,
Ile sweeten thy sad grave : thou shalt not lacke
The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primrose, nor
The azur'd Hare-bell, like thy Veines : no, nor
The leafe of Eglantine, whom not to slander,

Out-sweetned not thy breath : the Raddocke would
 With Charitable bill (Oh bill sore shaming
 Those rich-left-heyres, that let their Fathers lye
 Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
 Yea, and furr'd Mosse besides. When Flowres are none
 To winter-ground thy Coarse——

Gui. Prythee have done,
 And do not play in Wench-like words with that
 Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
 And not protract with admiration, what
 Is now due debt. To'th'grave.

Arvi. Say, where shall's lay him ?

Gui. By good *Euriphile*, our Mother.

Arvi. Bee't so :
 And let us (*Polidore*) though now our voyces
 Have got the mannish cracke, sing him to'th'ground
 As once to our Mother : use like note, and words,
 Save that *Euriphile*, must be *Fidele*.

Gui. *Cadwall,*
 I cannot sing : Ile weepe, and word it with thee ;
 For Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
 Then Priests, and Phanes that lye.

Arvi. Wee'l speake it then.

Bel. Great greefes I see med'cinę the lesse : For *Cloten*
 Is quite forgot. He was a Queenes Sonne, Boyce,
 And though he came our Enemy, remember
 He was paid for that : though meane and mighty rotting
 Together have one dust, yet Reverence
 (That Angell of the world) doth make distinction
 Of place 'twene high, and low. Our Foe was Princely,
 And though you tooke his life, as being our Foe,
 Yet bury him, as a Prince.

Gui. Pray you fetch him hither,
Thersites body is as good as *Ajax*,
 When neyther are alive.

Arvi. If you'l go fetch him,
Wee'l say our Song the whil't : Brother begin.

Gui. Nay *Cadwall*, we must lay his head to th'East,
My Father hath a reason for't.

Arvi. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arvi. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. Feare no more the beate o'th'Sun,
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast don,
Home art gon, and tane thy wages.
Golden Lads, and Girles all must,
As Chimney-Sweepers come to dust.

Arvi. Feare no more the frowne o'th'Great,
Thou art past the Tirants stroake,
Care no more to cloath and eate,
To thee the Reede is as the Oake :

The Scepter, Learning, Physicke must,
All follow this and come to dust.

Guid. Feare no more the Lightning flasb.

Arvi. Nor th'all-dreaded Thunder stone.

Gui. Feare not Slander, Censure rash.

Arvi. Thou hast finish'd Joy and mone.

Both. All Lovers young, all Lovers must,
Consigne to thee and come to dust.

Guid. No Exorcisor harme thee,

Arvi. Nor no witch-craft charme thee.

Guid. Ghost unlaid forbear thee.

Arvi. Nothing ill come neere thee.

Both. Quiet consumption have,
And renowned be thy grave,

Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We have done our obsequies :

Come lay him downe.

Bel. Heere's a few Flowres, but 'bout midnight more :

The hearbes that have on them cold dew o'th'night

Are strewings fit'st for Graves : upon their Faces.

You were as Flowres, now wither'd : even so

These Herbelets shall, which we upon you strew.

Come on, away, apart upon our knees :

The ground that gave them first, ha's them againe :

Their pleasures here are past, so are their paine.

Exeunt.

Imogen awakes.

Imogen. Yes Sir, to Milford-Haven, which is the way ?

I thanke you : by yond bush ? pray how farre thether ?

'Ods pittikins : can it be sixe mile yet ?

I have gone all night : 'Faith, Ile lye downe, and sleepe.

But soft ; no Bedfellow ? Oh Gods and Goddesses !

These Flowres are like the pleasures of the World ;

This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame :

For so I thought I was a Cave-keeper,

And Cooke to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so :

'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,

Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,

Are sometimes like our Judgements, blinde. Good faith

I tremble still with feare : but if there be

Yet left in Heaven, as small a drop of pittie

As a Wrens eye ; fear'd Gods, a part of it.

The Dreame's heere still : even when I wake it is

Without me, as within me : not imagin'd, felt.

A headlesse man ? The Garments of *Posthumus* ?

I know the shape of's Legge : this is his Hand :

His Foote Mercuriall : his martiall Thigh

The bawnes of *Hercules* : but his Joviall face——

Murther in heaven ? How ? 'tis gone. *Pisanio,*

All Curses madded *Hecuba* gave the Greekes,

And mine to boot, be darted on thee : thou

Conspir'd with that Irregulous divell *Cloten,*

Hath heere cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd *Pisanio*,
 Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd *Pisanio*)
 From this most bravest vessell of the world
 Strooke the maine top! Oh *Posthumus*, alas,
 Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on. How should this be, *Pisanio*?
 'Tis he, and *Cloten*: Malice, and Lucre in them
 Have laid this Woe heere. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The Drugg he gave me, which hee said was precious
 And Cordiall to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to th'Senses? That confirms it home:
 This is *Pisanio's* deede, and *Cloten*: Oh!
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horrid may seeme to those
 Which chance to finde us. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Lucius, Capitaine, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the Legions garrison'd in Gallia
 After your will, have crost the Sea, attending
 You heere at Milford-Haven, with your Shippes:
 They are heere in readinesse.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd up the Confiners,
 And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits,
 That promise Noble Service: and they come
 Under the Condukt of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'th'winde.

Luc. This forwardnesse

Makes our hopes faire. Command our present numbers
 Be muster'd: bid the Capitaines looke too't. Now Sir,
 What have you dream'd of late of this warres purpose.

Sooth. Last night the very Gods shew'd me a vision
(I fast, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus :
I saw Joves Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd
From the Spungy South, to this part of the West,
There vanish'd in the Sun-beames, which portends
(Unlesse my sinnes abuse my Divination)
Successe to th'Roman hoast.

Luc. Dreame often so,
And never false. Soft hoa, what truncke is heere ?
Without his top ? The ruine speakes, that sometime
It was a worthy building. How ? a Page ?
Or dead, or sleeping on him ? But dead rather :
For Nature doth abhorre to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleepe upon the dead.
Let's see the Boyes face.

Cap. Hee's alive my Lord.

Luc. Hee'l then instruct us of this body : Young one,
Informe us of thy Fortunes, for it seemes
They crave to be demanded : who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow ? Or who was he
That (otherwise then noble Nature did)
Hath alter'd that good Picture ? What's thy interest
In this sad wracke ? How came't ? Who is't ?
What art thou ?

Imo. I am nothing : or if not,
Nothing to be were better : This was my Master,
A very valiant Britaine, and a good,
That heere by Mountaineers lyes alaine : Alas,
There is no more such Masters : I may wander
From East to Occident, cry out for Service,
Try many, all good : serve truly : never
Finde such another Master.

Luc. 'Lacke, good youth :
Thou mov'st no lease with thy complaining, then
Thy Maister in bleeding : say his name, good Friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ: If I do lye, and do
No harme by it, though the Gods heare, I hope
They'l pardon it. Say you Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. *Fidele* Sir.

Luc. Thou doo'st approve thy selfe the very same :
Thy Name well fits thy Faith ; thy Faith, thy Name :
Wilt take thy chance with me ? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
No lesse belov'd. The Romane Emperors Letters
Sent by a Consull to me, should not sooner
Then thine owne worth preferre thee : Go with me.

Imo. Ile follow Sir. But first, and't please the Gods,
Ile hide my Master from the Flies, as deepe
As these poore Pickaxes can digge : and when
With wild wood-leaves & weeds, I ha' strew'd his grave
And on it said a Century of prayers
(Such as I can) twice o're, Ile weepe, and sighe,
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertaine mee.

Luc. I good youth,
And rather Father thee, then Master thee : My Friends,
The Boy hath taught us manly duties : Let us
Finde out the prettiest Dazied-Plot we can,
And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
A Grave : Come, Arme him : Boy hee's preferr'd
By thee, to us, and he shall be interr'd
As Souldiers can. Be cheerefull ; wipe thine eyes,
Some Falles are meanes the happier to arise.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. Againe : and bring me word how 'tis with her,
A Feavour with the absence of her Sonne ;

A madnesse, of which her life's in danger : Heavens,
 How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen*,
 The great part of my comfort, gone : My Queene
 Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
 When fearefull Warres point at me : Her Sonne gone,
 So needfull for this present ? It strikes me, past
 The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure, and
 Dost seeme so ignorant, wee'l enforce it from thee
 By a sharpe Torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
 I humbly set it at your will : But for my Mistris,
 I nothing know where she remaines : why gone,
 Nor when she purposes returne. Beseech your Highnes,
 Hold me your loyall Servant.

Lord. Good my Liege,
 The day that she was missing, he was heere ;
 I dare be bound hee's true, and shall performe
 All parts of his subjection loyally. For *Cloten*,
 There wants no diligence in seeking him,
 And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome :
 Wee'l slip you for a season, but our jealousie
 Do's yet depend.

Lord. So please your Majesty,
 The Romaine Legions, all from Gallia drawne,
 Are landed on your Coast, with a supply
 Of Romaine Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.

Cym. Now for the Counsaile of my Son and Queen,
 I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
 Your preparation can affront no lesse
 Then what you heare of. Come more, for more you're ready :
 The want is, but to put those Powres in motion,
 That long to move.

Cym. I thanke you : let's withdraw
And meete the Time, as it seekes us. We feare not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We greeve at chances heere. Away.

Exeunt

Pisa. I heard no Letter from my Master, since
I wrote him *Imogen* was alaine. 'Tis strange :
Nor heare I from my Mistris, who did promise
To yeeld me often tydings. Neither know I
What is betide to *Cloten*, but remaine
Perplext in all. The Heavens still must worke :
Wherein I am false, I am honest : not true, to be true.
These present warres shall finde I love my Country,
Even to the note o'th'King, or Ile fall in them :
All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd,
Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd.

Exit

Scena Quarta.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, & Arviragus.

Gui. The noyse is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arvi. What pleasure Sir, we finde in life, to locke it
From Action, and Adventure.

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way the Romaines
Must, or for Britaines alay us or receive us
For barbarous and unnaturall Revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sonnes,
Wee'l higher to the Mountaines, there secure us,
To the Kings party there's no going : newnesse
Of *Clotens* death (we being not knowne, not muster'd
Among the Bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd ; and so extort from's that

Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawne on with Torture.

Gui. This is (Sir) a doubt
In such a time, nothing becomming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arvi. It is not likely,
That when they heare their Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd Fires ; have both their eyes
And eares so cloyd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am knowne
Of many in the Army : Many yeeres
(Though *Cloten* then but young) you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the King
Hath not deserv'd my Service, nor your Loves,
Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding :
The certainty of this heard life, aye hopelesse
To have the courtesie your Cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot Summers Tanlings, and
The shrinking Slaves of Winter.

Gui. Then be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray Sir, to'th' Army :
I, and my Brother are not knowne ; your selfe
So out of thought, and thereto so ore-growne,
Cannot be question'd.

Arvi. By this Sunne that shines
Ile thither : What thing is't, that I never
Did see man dye, scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venison ?
Never bestrid a Horse save one, that had
A Rider like my selfe, who ne're wore Rowell,
Nor Iron on his heele ? I am asham'd
To looke upon the holy Sunne, to have
The benefit of his blest Beames, remaining

So long a poore unknowne.

Gai. By heavens Ile go,
If you will blesse me Sir, and give me leave,
Ile take the better care ; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romaines.

Arvi. So say I, Amen.

Bel. No reason I (since of your lives you set
So slight a valewation) should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you Boyes :
If in your Country warres you chance to dye,
That is my Bed too (Lads) and there Ile lye.
Lead, lead ; the time seems long, their blood thinks scorn
Till it flye out, and shew them Princes borne. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Posthumus alone.

Post. Yea bloody cloth, Ile keep thee : for I am wisht
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder Wives much better then themselves
For wrying but a little ? Oh *Pisanio*,
Every good Servant do's not all Commands :
No Bond, but to do just ones. Gods, if you
Should have 'tane vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this : so had you saved
The noble *Imogen*, to repent, and strooke
Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke,
You snatch some hence for little faults ; that's love
To have them fall no more : you some permit
To second illes with illes, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the dooers thrift.
But *Imogen* is your owne, do your best willes,

And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
 Among th'Italian Gentry, and to fight
 Against my Ladies Kingdome : 'Tis enough
 That (Britaine) I have kill'd thy Mistris : Peace,
 Ile give no wound to thee : therefore good Heavens,
 Heare patiently my purpose. Ile disrobe me
 Of these Italian weedes, and suite my selfe
 As do's a *Britaine* Pezant : so Ile fight
 Against the part I come with : so Ile dye
 For thee (O *Imogen*) even for whom my life
 Is every breath, a death : and thus, unknowne,
 Pittied, nor hated, to the face of perill
 My selfe Ile dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me, then my habits show.
 Gods, put the strength o'th'*Leonati* in me :
 To shame the guize o'th'world, I will begin,
 The fashion lease without, and more within. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Romane Army at one doore : and the Britaine Army at another : Leonatus Posthumus following like a poore Souldier. They march over, and goe out. Then enter againe in Skirmish Iachimo and Posthumus : he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iac. The heavinesse and guilt within my bosome,
 Takes off my manhood : I have belyed a Lady,
 The Princesse of this Country ; and the ayre on't
 Revengingly enfeeble me, or could this Carle,
 A very drudge of Natures, have subdu'de me
 In my profession ? Knighthoods, and Honors borne
 (As I weare mine) are titles but of scorne.
 If that thy Gentry (*Britaine*) go before

This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the oddes
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are Goddes. *Exit.*

*The Battaile continues, the Britaines fly, Cymbeline is taken :
Then enter to his rescue, Bellarius, Guiderius, and
Arviragus.*

Bel. Stand, stand, we have th'advantage of the ground,
The Lane is guarded : Nothing rowts us, but
The villany of our feares.

Gui. Arvi. Stand, stand, and fight.

*Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britaines. They Rescue Cymbeline,
and Excunt. Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.*

Luc. Away boy from the Troopes, and save thy selfe :
For friends kil friends, and the disorder's such
As warre were hood-wink'd.

Iac. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely : or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. *Excunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Posthumus, and a Britaine Lord.

Lor. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand ?

Post. I did,

Though you it seemes come from the Fliers ?

Lo. I did.

Post. No blame be to you Sir, for all was lost,
But that the Heavens fought : the King himselſe
Of his wings destitute, the Army broken,
And but the backes of Britaines seene ; all flying
'Through a strait Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring : having worke
More plentifull, then Tooles to doo't : strooke downe
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling

Meerely through feare, that the strait passe was damm'd
 With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowards living
 To dye with length'ned shame.

Lo.

Where was this Lane ?

Post. Close by the battell, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph,
 Which gave advantage to an ancient Soldiour
 (An honest one I warrant) who deserv'd
 So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
 In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,
 He, with two striplings (Lads more like to run
 The Country base, then to commit such slaughter,
 With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fayrer
 Then those for preservation cas'd, or shame)
 Made good the passage, cryed to those that fled.
 Our *Britaines* hearts dye flying, not our men,
 To darknesse fleete soules that flye backwards ; stand,
 Or we are Romanes, and will give you that
 Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save
 But to looke backe in frowne : Stand, stand. These three,
 Three thousand confident, in acte as many :
 For three performers are the File, when all
 The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand,
 Accomodated by the Place ; more Charming
 With their owne Noblenesse, which could have turn'd
 A Distaffe, to a Lance, guilded pale lookes ;
 Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward
 But by example (Oh a sinne in Warre,
 Damn'd in the first beginners) gan to looke
 The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
 Upon the Pikes o'th'Hunters. Then beganne
 A stop i'th'Chaser ; a Retyre : Anon
 A Rowt, confusion thicke : forthwith they flye
 Chickens, the way which they stopt Eagles : Slaves
 The strides the Victors made : and now our Cowards
 Like Fragments in hard Voyages became

The life o'th'need : having found the backe doore open
Of the unguarded hearts : heavens, how they wound,
Some slaine before some dying ; some their Friends
Ore-borne i'th'former wave, ten chac'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty :
Those that would dye, or ere resist, are growne
The mortall bugs o'th'Field.

Lord. This was strange chance :
A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boyes.

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it : you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you heare,
Then to worke any. Will you Rime upon't,
And vent it for a Mock'rie ? Heere is one :
*"Two Boyes, an Oldman (twice a boy) a Lane,
"Preserv'd the Britaines, was the Romanes bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry Sir.

Post. Lacke, to what end ?
Who dares not stand his Foe, Ile be his Friend :
For if hee'ld do, as he is made to doo,
I know hee'l quickly flye my friendship too.
You have put me into Rime.

Lord. Farewell, you're angry.

Exit.

Post. Still going ? This is a Lord : Oh Noble misery
To be i'th'Field, and aske what newes of me :
To day, how many would have given their Honours
To have sav'd their Carkasses ? Tooke heele to doo't,
And yet dyed too. I, in mine owne woe charm'd
Could not finde death, where I did heare him groane,
Nor feele him where he strooke. Being an ugly Monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,
Sweet words ; or hath moe ministers then we
That draw his knives i'th'War. Well I will finde him :
For being now a Favourer to the Britaine,
No more a Britaine, I have resum'd againe
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,

But yeeld me to the veriest Hinde, that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 Heere made by'th'Romane; great the Answer be
 Britaines must take. For me, my Ransome's death,
 On eyther side I come to spend my breath;
 Which neyther heere Ile keepe, nor beare agen,
 But end it by some meanes for *Imogen*.

Enter two Captaines, and Soldiers.

1 Great Jupiter be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken,
 'Tis thought the old man, and his sonnes, were *Angela*.

2 There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
 That gave th'Affront with them.

1 So 'tis reported:
 But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?

Post. A Roman,
 Who had not now beene drooping heere, if *Seconds*
 Had answer'd him.

2 Lay hands on him: a Dogge,
 A legge of Rome shall not returne to tell
 What Crows have peckt them here: he brags his service
 As if he were of note: bring him to'th'King.

*Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and
 Romane Captives. The Captaines present Posthumus to Cym-
 beline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Posthumus, and Gaoler.

Gao. You shall not now be stolne,
 You have lockes upon you:
 So graze, as you finde Pasture.

2 *Gao.* I, or a stomacke

Post. Most welcome bondage; for thou art a way

VIII.

2 C

(I thinke) to liberty : yet am I better
 Then one that's sicke o'th'Gowt, since he had rather
 Groane so in perpetuity, then be cur'd
 By'th'sure Physician, Death ; who is the key
 T'unbarre these Lockes. My Conscience, thou art fetter'd
 More then my shanks, & wrists you good Gods give me
 The penitent Instrument to picke that Bolt,
 Then free for ever. Is't enough I am sorry ?
 So Children temporall Fathers do appease ;
 Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,
 I cannot do it better then in Gyves,
 Desir'd, more then constrain'd, to satisfie
 If of my Freedome 'tis the maine part, take
 No stricter render of me, then my All.
 I know you are more clement then vilde men,
 Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
 A sixt, a tenth, letting them thrive againe
 On their abatement ; that's not my desire.
 For *Imogens* deere life, take mine, and though
 'Tis not so deere, yet 'tis a life ; you coyn'd it,
 'Twene man, and man, they waigh not every stampe :
 Though light, take Peecees for the figures sake.
 (You rather) mine being yours : and so great Powres,
 If you will take this Audit, take this life,
 And cancell these cold Bonds. Oh *Imogen*,
 Ile speake to thee in silence.

Solemne Musicke. Enter (as in an Apparation) Sicilius Leonatus, Father to Posthumus, an old man, attyred like a warriour, leading in his hand an ancient Matron (his wife, & Mother to Posthumus) with Musicke before them. Then, after other Musicke follows the two young Leonati (Brothers to Posthumus) with wounds as they died in the warrs. They circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.

Sicil. No more thou Thunder-Master
 shew thy spight, on Mortall Flies :

With Mars fall out with *Juno* chide, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and Revenges.

Hath my poore Boy done ought but well,
whose face I never saw :

I dy'de whil'st in the Wombe he staide,
attending Natures Law.

Whose Father then (as men report,
thou Orphanes Father art)

Thou should'st have bin, and sheelded him,
from this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her ayde,
but tooke me in my Throwes,

That from me was *Posthumus* ript,
came crying 'mong'st his Foes.

A thing of pittie.

Sicil. Great Nature like his Ancestrie,
moulded the stuffe so faire :

That he'd serv'd the praise o'th'World,
as great *Sicilius* heyre.

1. *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britaine where was hee

That could stand up his paralell ?
Or fruitfull object bee ?

In eye of *Imogen*, that best could deeme
his dignitie.

Mo. With Marriage wherefore was he made
to be exil'd, and throwne

From *Leonati* Seate, and cast from her,
his deerest one :

Sweete *Imogen* ?

Sic. Why did you suffer *Iachimo*, slight thing of Italy
To taint his Nobler hart & braine, with needlesse jealousy,
And to become the geeke and scorne o'th'others vilany ?

2. *Bro.* For this, from stiller Seats we came,
our Parents, and us twaine,

That striking in our Countries cause,
 fell bravely, and were slaine,
 Our Fealty, & *Tenanius* right, with Honor to maintaine.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath
 to *Cymbeline* perform'd :

Then Jupiter, thou King of Gods, why hast thou thus adjourn'd
 The Graces for his Merits due, being all to dolours turn'd ?

Sicil. Thy Christall window ope ; looke,
 looke out, no longer exercise

Upon a valiant Race, thy harsh, and potent injuries :

Moth. Since (Jupiter) our Son is good,
 take off his miseries.

Sicil. Peepe through thy Marble Mansion, helpe,
 or we poore Ghosts will cry

To'th'shining Synod of the rest, against thy Deity.

Brothers. Helpe (Jupiter) or we appeale,
 and from thy justice flye.

*Jupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting uppon an Eagle :
 hee throwes a Thunder-bolt. The Ghostes fall on their knees.*

Jupiter. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
 Offend our hearing : hush. How dare you Ghostes
 Accuse the Thunderer, whose Bolt (you know)
 Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coasts.
 Poore shadowes of Elizium, hence, and rest
 Upon your never-withering bankes of Flowrea.
 Be not with mortall accidents opprest,
 No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
 Whom best I love, I crosse ; to make my guift
 The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
 Your low-laide Sonne, our Godhead will uplift :
 His Comforts thrive, his Trials well are spent :
 Our Joviall Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in
 Our Temple was he married : Rise, and fade,
 He shall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*,

And happier much by his Affliction made.
 This Tablet lay upon his Brest, wherein
 Our pleasure, his full Fortune, doth confine,
 And so away : no farther with your dinne
 Expreſſe Impatience, leaſt you ſtirre up mine :
 Mount Eagle, to my Palace Chriſtalline.

Ascends.

Sicil. He came in Thunder, his Ceſteſtiall breath
 Was ſulphurous to ſmell : the holy Eagle
 Stoop'd, as to foote us : his Aſcenſion is
 More ſweet then our bleſt Fields : his Royall Bird
 Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his Beake,
 As when his God is pleas'd.

All. Thanks Jupiter.

Sic. The Marble Pavement clozes, he is enter'd
 His radiant Rooſe : Away, and to be bleſt
 Let us with care performe his great beheſt.

Vanish.

Post. Sleepe, thou haſt bin a Grandsire, and begot
 A Father to me : and thou haſt created
 A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh ſcorne)
 Gone, they went hence ſo ſoone as they were borne :
 And ſo I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend
 On Greatneſſe, Favour ; Dreame as I have done,
 Wake, and finde nothing. But (alas) I ſwerve :
 Many Dreame not to finde, neither deſerve,
 And yet are ſteep'd in Favours ; ſo am I
 That have this Golden chance, and know not why :
 What Fayeries haunt this ground ? A Book ? Oh rare one,
 Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment
 Nobler then that it covers. Let thy effects
 So follow, to be moſt unlike our Courtiers,
 As good, as promiſe.

Reades.

WHen as a Lyons whelp, ſhall to himſelfe unknown, without
 ſeeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender Ayre :
 And when from a ſtately Cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which being

dead many yeares, shall after revive, bee joynted to the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plentie.

'Tis still a Dreame : or else such stuffe as Madmen
Tongue, and braine not : either both, or nothing,
Or senselesse speaking, or a speaking such,
As sense cannot untye. Be what it is,
The A^ction of my life is like it, which Ile keepe
If but for simpathy.

Enter Gaoler.

Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death ?

Post. Over-roasted rather : ready long ago.

Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you bee readie for that, you are well Cook'd.

Post. So if I prove a good repast to the Spectators, the dish payes the shot.

Gao. A heavy reckoning for you Sir : But the comfort is you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more Taverne Bills, which are often the sadnesse of parting, as the procuring of mirth : you come in faint for want of meate, depart reeling with too much drinke : sorrie that you have payed too much, and sorry that you are payed too much : Purse and Braine, both empty : the Brain the heavier, for being too light ; the Purse too light, being drawne of heavinesse. Oh, of this contradiction you shall now be quit : Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it summes up thousands in a trice : you have no true Debitor, and Creditor but it : of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge : your necke (Sir) is Pen, Booke, and Counters ; so the Acquittance followes.

Post. I am merrier to dye, then thou art to live.

Gao. Indeed Sir, he that sleepees, feelles not the Tooth-Ache : but a man that were to sleepe your sleepe, and a Hangman to helpe him to bed, I think he would change places with his Officer : for, look you, Sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes indeed do I, fellow.

Gao. Your death has eyes in's head then: I have not seene him so pictur'd: you must either bee directed by some that take upon them to know, or to take upon your selfe that which I am sure you do not know: or jump the after-enquiry on your owne perill: and how you shall speed in your journies end, I thinke you'l never returne to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as winke, and will not use them.

Gao. What an infinite mocke is this, that a man shold have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness: I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Knocke off his Manacles, bring your Prisoner to the King.

Post. Thou bring'st good newes, I am call'd to bee made free.

Gao. Ile be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer then a Gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

Gao. Unlesse a man would marry a Gallows, & beget yong Gibbets, I never saw one so prone: yet on my Conscience, there are verier Knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that dye against their willes; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one minde, and one minde good: O there were desolation of Gaolers and Galowsses: I speake against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side you, whom the Gods have made Preservers of my Throne: woe is my heart,

That the poore Souldier that so richly fought,
 Whose ragges, sham'd gilded Armes, whose naked brest
 Stept before Target of prooffe, cannot be found :
 He shall be happy that can finde him, if
 Our Grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
 Such Noble fury in so poore a Thing ;
 Such precious deeds, in one that promist nought
 But beggery, and poore lookes.

Cym. No tydings of him ?
Pisa. He hath bin search'd among the dead, & living ;
 But no trace of him.

Cym. To my greefe, I am
 The heyre of his Reward, which I will adde
 To you (the Liver, Heart, and Braine of Britaine)
 By whom (I grant) she lives. 'Tis now the time
 To aske of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
 In Cambria are we borne, and Gentlemen :
 Further to boast, were neyther true, nor modest,
 Unlesse I adde, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees :
 Arise my Knights o'th'Battell, I create you
 Companions to our person, and will fit you
 With Dignities becomming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's businesse in these faces : why so sadly
 Greet you our Victory ? you looke like Romaines,
 And not o'th'Court of Britaine.

Corn. Hayle great King,
 To sowre your happinesse, I must report
 The Queene is dead.

Cym. Who worse then a Physitian
 Would this report become ? But I consider,
 By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death

Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she ?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which (being cruell to the world) concluded
Most cruell to herselfe. What she confest,
I will report, so please you. These her Women
Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet cheekes
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prythee say.

Cor. First, she confest she never lov'd you : onely
Affected Greatnesse got by you : not you :
Married your Royalty, was wife to your place :
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this :
And but she spoke it dying, I would not
Beleeve her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Corn. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confesse
Was as a Scorpion to her sight, whose life
(But that her flight prevented it) she had
Tane off by poyson.

Cym. O most delicate Fiend !
Who is't can reade a Woman ? Is there more ?

Corn. More Sir, and worse. She did confesse she had
For you a mortall Minerall, which being tooke,
Should by the minute feede on life, and ling'ring,
By inches waste you. In which time, she purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
Orecome you with her shew ; and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft, to worke
Her Sonne into th'adoption of the Crowne :
But fayling of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shamelesse desperate, open'd (in despight
Of Heaven, and Men) her purposes : repented
The evils she hatch'd, were not effected : so
Dispayring, dyed.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women ?

La. We did, so please your Highnesse.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautifull :

Mine eares that heare her flattery, not my heart,

That thought her like her seeming. It had beene vicious

To have mistrusted her : yet (Oh my Daughter)

That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,

And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all.

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman Prisoners, Leonatus
behind, and Imogen.*

Thou comm'st not *Caius* now for Tribute, that

The Britaines have rac'd out, though with the losse

Of many a bold one : whose Kinsmen have made suite

That their good soules may be appeas'd, with slaughter

Of you their Captives, which our selfe have granted,

So thinke of your estate.

Luc. Consider Sir, the chance of Warre, the day

Was yours by accident : had it gone with us,

We should not when the blood was cool, have threatend

Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the Gods

Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives

May be call'd ransome, let it come : Sufficeth,

A Roman, with a Romans heart can suffer :

Augustus lives to thinke on't : and so much

For my peculiar care. This one thing onely

I will entreate, my Boy (a Britaine borne)

Let him be ransom'd : Never Master had

A Page so kinde, so duteous, diligent,

So tender over his occasions, true,

So feate, so Nurse-like : let his vertue joyne

With my request, which Ile make bold your Highnesse

Cannot deny : he hath done no Britaine harme,

Though he have serv'd a Roman. Save him (Sir)

And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seene him :
 His favour is familiar to me : Boy,
 Thou hast look'd thy selfe into my grace,
 And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore,
 To say, live boy : ne're thanke thy Master, live ;
 And aske of *Cymbeline* what Boone thou wilt,
 Fitting my bounty, and thy state, Ile give it :
 Yea, though thou do demand a Prisoner
 The Noblest tane.

Imo. I humbly thanke your Highnesse.

Luc. I do not bid thee begge my life, good Lad,
 And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, alacke,
 There's other worke in hand : I see a thing
 Bitter to me, as death : your life, good Master,
 Must shuffle for it selfe.

Luc. The Boy disdaines me,
 He leaves me, scornes me : briefly dye their joyes,
 That place them on the truth of Gyrles, and Boyes.
 Why stands he so perplext ?

Cym. What would'st thou Boy ?
 I love thee more, and more : thinke more and more
 What's best to aske. Know'st him thou look'st on ? speak
 Wilt have him live ? Is he thy Kin ? thy Friend ?

Imo. He is a Romane, no more kin to me,
 Then I to your Highnesse, who being born your vassaile
 Am something neerer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so ?

Imo. Ile tell you (Sir) in private, if you please
 To give me hearing.

Cym. I, with all my heart,
 And lend my best attention. What's thy name ?

Imo. *Fidele* Sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth : my Page
 Ile be thy Master : walke with me : speake freely.

Bel. Is not this Boy reviv'd from death ?

Arvi. One Sand another

Not more resembles that sweet Rosie Lad :

Who dyed, and was *Fidele* : what thinke you ?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, see further : he eyes us not, forbear

Creatures may be alike : were't he, I am sure

He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we see him dead.

Bel. Be silent : let's see further.

Pisa. It is my Mistris :

Since she is living, let the time run on,

To good, or bad.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side,

Make thy demand alowd. Sir, step you forth,

Give answer to this Boy, and do it freely,

Or by our Greatnesse, and the grace of it

(Which is our Honor) bitter torture shall

Winnow the truth from falshood. On, speake to him.

Imo. My boone is that this Gentleman may render
Of whom he had this Ring.

Post. What's that to him ?

Cym. That Diamond upon your Finger, say
How came it yours ?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken, that
Which to be spoke, wou'd torture thee.

Cym. How ? me ?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that

Which torments me to conceale. By Villany

I got this Ring ; 'twas *Leonatus* Jewell,

Whom thou did'st banish : and which more may grieve thee,

As it doth me : a Nobler Sir, ne're liv'd

'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou heare more my Lord ?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That Paragon, thy daughter,

For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quaile to remember. Give me leave, I faint.

Cym. My Daughter? what of hir? Renew thy strength
I had rather thou should'st live, while Nature will,
Then dye ere I heare more: strive man, and speake.

Iach. Upon a time, unhappy was the clocke
That strooke the houre: it was in Rome, accurst
The Mansion where: 'twas at a Feast, oh would
Our Viands had bin poyson'd (or at least
Those which I heav'd to head:) the good *Posthumus*,
(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Among'st the rar'st of good ones) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our Loves of Italy
For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speake: for Feature, laming
The Shrine of *Venus*, or straight-pight *Minerva*,
Postures, beyond breefe Nature. For Condition,
A shop of all the qualities, that man
Loves woman for, besides that hooke of Wiving,
Fairenesse, which strikes the eye.

Cym. I stand on fire. Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soone I shall,
Unlesse thou would'st greeve quickly. This *Posthumus*
Most like a Noble Lord, in love, and one
That had a Royall Lover, tooke his hint,
And (not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calme as vertue) he began
His Mistris picture, which, by his tongue, being made,
And then a minde put in't, either our bragges
Were crak'd of Kitchin-Trulles, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sottes.

Cym. Nay, nay, to'th'purpose.

Iach. Your daughters Chastity, (there it beginnes)
He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreames,

And she alone, were cold : Whereat, I wretch
 Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
 Peeeces of Gold, 'gainst this, which then he wore
 Upon his honour'd finger) to attaine
 In suite the place of's bed, and winne this Ring
 By hers, and mine Adultery : he (true Knight)
 No lesser of her Honour confident
 Then I did truly finde her, stakes this Ring,
 And would so, had it beene a Carbuncle
 Of Phœbus Wheele ; and might so safely, had it
 Bin all the worth of's Carre. Away to Brittain
 Poste I in this designe : Well may you (Sir)
 Remember me at Court, where I was taught
 Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference
 'Twixt Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quench'd
 Of hope, not longing ; mine Italian braine,
 Gan in your duller Britaine operate
 Most vildely : for my vantage excellent.
 And to be breefe, my practise so prevayl'd
 That I return'd with simular prooffe enough,
 To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad,
 By wounding his beleefe in her Renowne,
 With Tokens thus, and thus : averring notes
 Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
 (Oh cunning how I got) nay some markes
 Of secret on her person, that he could not
 But thinke her bond of Chastity quite crack'd,
 I having 'tane the forfeit. Whereupon,
 Me thinkes I see him now.

Post. I so thou do'st,
 Italian Fiend. Aye me, most credulous Foole,
 Egregious murtherer, Theefe, any thing
 That's due to all the Villaines past, in being
 To come. Oh give me Cord, or knife, or poyson,
 Some upright Justicer. Thou King, send out

For Torturors ingenious : it is I
 That all th'abhorred things o'th'earth amend
 By being worse then they. I am *Posthumus*,
 That kill'd thy Daughter : Villain-like, I lye,
 That caus'd a lesser villaine then my selfe,
 A sacrilegious Theefe to doo't. The Temple
 Of Vertue was she ; yea, and she her selfe.
 Spit, and throw stones, cast myre upon me, set
 The dogges o'th'street to bay me : every villaine
 Be call'd, *Posthumus Leonatus*, and
 Be villany lesse then 'twas. Oh *Imogen* !
 My Queene, my life, my wife : oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, Imogen.

Imo. Peace my Lord, heare, heare.

Post. Shall's have a play of this ?

Thou scornfull Page, there lye thy part.

Pis. Oh Gentlemen, helpe,

Mine and your Mistris : Oh my Lord *Posthumus*,

You ne're kill'd *Imogen* till now : helpe, helpe,

Mine honour'd Lady.

Cym. Does the world go round ?

Posth. How comes these staggers on mee ?

Pisa. Wake my Mistris.

Cym. If this be so, the Gods do meane to strike me
 To death, with mortall joy.

Pisa. How fares my Mistris ?

Imo. Oh get thee from my sight.

Thou gav'st me poyson : dangerous Fellow hence,
 Breath not where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of *Imogen*.

Pisa. Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
 That box I gave you, was not thought by mee
 A precious thing, I had it from the Queene.

Cym. New matter still.

Imo. It poyson'd me.

Corn.

Oh Gods!

I left out one thing which the Queene confest,
Which must approve thee honest. If *Pasanio*
Have (said she) given his Mistris that Confection
Which I gave him for Cordiall, she is serv'd,
As I would serve a Rat.

*Cym.*What's this, *Cornelius*?

Corn. The Queene (Sir) very oft importun'd me
To temper poysons for her, still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, onely
In killing Creatures vilde, as Cats and Dogges
Of no esteeme. I dreading, that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certaine stuffe, which being tane, would cease
The present powre of life, but in short time,
All Offices of Nature, should againe
Do their due Functions. Have you tane of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.*Bel.* My Boyes, there was our error.*Gui.*This is sure *Fidele*.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady fro you?
Thinke that you are upon a Rocke, and now
Throw me againe.

Post.

Hang there like fruite, my soule,
Till the Tree dye.

Cym.

How now, my Flesh? my Childe?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this Act?
Wilt thou not speake to me?

Imo.

Your blessing, Sir.

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not,
You had a motive for't.

Cym.

My teares that fall
Prove holy-water on thee; *Imogen*,
Thy Mothers dead.

Imo.

I am sorry for't, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, she was naught ; and long of her it was
That we meet heere so strangely : but her Sonne
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pisa. My Lord,
Now feare is from me, Ile speake troth. Lord *Cloten*
Upon my Ladies missing, came to me
With his Sword drawne, foam'd at the mouth, and swore
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned Letter of my Masters
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seeke her on the Mountaines neere to Milford,
Where in a frenzie, in my Masters Garments
(Which he inforc'd from me) away he postes
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My Ladies honor, what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the Story : I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend.
I would not thy good deeds, should from my lips
Plucke a hard sentence : Prythee valiant youth
Deny't againe.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Gui. A most incivill one. The wrongs he did mee
Were nothing Prince-like ; for he did provoke me !
With Language that would make me spurne the Sea,
If it could so roare to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not standing heere
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorrow for thee :
By thine owne tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our Law : Thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headlesse man I thought had bin my Lord.

Cym. Binde the Offender,

And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King.

This man is better then the man he slew,
As well descended as thy selfe, and hath
More of thee merited, then a Band of *Clotens*
Had ever scarre for. Let his Armes alone,
They were not borne for bondage.

Cym. Why old Soldier :

Wilt thou undoo the worth thou art unpaid for
By tasting of our wrath ? How of descent
As good as we ?

Arvi. In that he spake too farre.

Cym. And thou shalt dye for't.

Bel. We will dye all three,

But I will prove that two one's are as good
As I have given out him. My Sonnes, I must
For mine owne part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though haply well for you.

Arvi. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave

Thou hadd'st (great King) a Subject, who
Was call'd *Belarius*.

Cym. What of him ? He is a banish'd Traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath

Assum'd this age : indeed a banish'd man,
I know not how, a Traitor.

Cym. Take him hence,

The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot ;

First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sonnes,
And let it be confiscate all, so soone
As I have receyv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my Sonnes ?

Bel. I am too blunt, and sawcy : heere's my knee :

Ere I arise, I will preferre my Sonnes,
Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
These two young Gentlemen that call me Father,
And thinke they are my Sonnes, are none of mine,
They are the yssue of your Loynes, my Liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How ? my Issue.

Bel. So sure as you, your Fathers : I (old *Morgan*)
Am that *Belarius*, whom you sometime banish'd :
Your pleasure was my neere offence, my punishment
It selfe, and all my Treason that I suffer'd,
Was all the harme I did. These gentle Princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty yeares
Have I train'd up ; those Arts they have, as I
Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)
As your Highnesse knows : Their Nurse *Euriphile*
(Whom for the Theft I wedded) stole these Children
Upon my Banishment : I moov'd her too't,
Having receyv'd the punishment before
For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyaltie,
Excited me to Treason. Their deere losse,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir,
Heere are your Sonnes againe, and I must loose
Two of the sweet'st Companions in the World.
The benediction of these covering Heavens
Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthie
To in-lay Heaven with Starres.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st :

The Service that you three have done, is more
Unlike, then this thou tell'st. I lost my Children,
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A payre of worthier Sonnes.

Bel. Be pleas'd awhile ;
This Gentleman, whom I call *Polidore*,

Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius* :
 This Gentleman, my *Cadwall*, *Arviragus*.
 Your yonger Princely Son, he Sir, was lapt
 In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th'hand
 Of his Queene Mother, which for more probation
 I can with ease produce.

Cym. *Guiderius* had
 Upon his necke a Mole, a sanguine Starre,
 It was a marke of wonder.

Bel. This is he,
 Who hath upon him still that naturall stampe :
 It was wise Natures end, in the donation
 To be his evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I
 A Mother to the byrth of three? Nere Mother
 Rejoyc'd deliverance more : Blest, pray you be,
 That after this strange starting from your Orbes,
 You may reigne in them now : Oh *Imogen*,
 Thou hast lost by this a Kingdome.

Imo. No, my Lord :
 I have got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
 Have we thus met? Oh never say heereafter
 But I am truest speaker. You call'd me Brother
 When I was but your Sister : I you Brothers,
 When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you ere meete?

Arvi. I my good Lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd,
 Continew'd so, untill we thought he dyed.

Corn. By the Queenes Dramme she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
 When shall I heare all through? This fierce abridgment,
 Hath to it Circumstantiall branches, which
 Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liv'd you?
 And when came you to serve our Romane Captive?

How parted with your Brother? How first met them?
Why fled you from the Court? And whether these?
And your three motives to the Battaile? with
I know not how much more should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance? But nor the Time, nor Place
Will serve our long Interrogatories. See,
Posthumus Anchors upon *Imogen*;
And she (like harmlesse Lightning) throwes her eye
On him: her Brothers, Me: her Master hitting
Each object with a Joy: the Counter-change
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoake the Temple with our Sacrifices.
Thou art my Brother, so wee'l hold thee ever.

Imo. You are my Father too, and did releev me :
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All ore-joy'd
Save these in bonds, let them be joyfull too,
For they shall taste our Comfort.

Imo. My good Master, I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you.

Cym. The forlorne Souldier, that no Nobly fought
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King.

Post. I am Sir
The Souldier that did company these three
In poore beseeching: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speake *Iachimo*, I had you downe, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am downe againe :
But now my heavie Conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you
Which I so often owe: but your Ring first,
And heere the Bracelet of the truest Princess

That ever swore her Faith.

Post. Kneele not to me :
The powre that I have on you, is to spare you :
The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live
And deale with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd :
Wee'l learne our Freenesse of a Sonne-in-Law :
Pardon's the word to all.

Arvi. You holpe us Sir,
As you did meane indeed to be our Brother,
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your Servant Princes. Good my Lord of Rome
Call forth your Sooth-sayer : As I slept, me thought
Great Jupiter upon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shewes
Of mine owne Kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This Labell on my bosome ; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardnesse, that I can
Make no Collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. *Philarmonus.*

Sooth. Heere, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reader.

*When as a Lyons whelp, shall to himselfe unknown without
seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender Ayre :
And when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt branches, which being
dead many yeares, shall after revive, be joyned to the old Stocke, and
freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britaine be
fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plentie.*

Thou *Leonatus* art the Lyons Whelp,
The fit and apt Construction of thy name
Being *Leonatus*, doth import so much :
The peece of tender Ayre, thy vertuous Daughter,

Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*
 We terme it *Mulier* ; which *Mulier* I divine
 Is this most constant Wife, who even now
 Answering the Letter of the Oracle,
 Unknowne to you unsought, were clipt about
 With this most tender Aire.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royall *Cymbeline*
 Personates thee : and thy lopt Branches, point
 Thy two Sonnes forth : who by *Belarius* stolne
 For many yeares thought dead, are now reviv'd
 To the Majesticke Cedar joyn'd ; whose Issue
 Promises Britaine, Peace and Plenty.

Cym. Well,

My Peace we will begin : And *Caius Lucius*,
 Although the Victor, we submit to *Cesar*,
 And to the Romane Empire ; promising
 To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
 We were dissuaded by our wicked Queene,
 Whom heavens in Justice both on her, and hers,
 Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the Powres above, do tune
 The harmony of this Peace : the Vision
 Which I made knowne to *Lucius* ere the stroke
 Of yet this scarce-cold-Battaile, at this instant
 Is full accomplish'd. For the Romaine Eagle
 From South to West, on wing soaring aloft
 Lessen'd her selfe, and in the Beames o'th'Sun
 So vanish'd ; which fore-shew'd our Princely Eagle
 Th'Imperiall *Cesar*, should againe unite
 His Favour, with the Radiant *Cymbeline*,
 Which shines heere in the West.

Cym. Laud we the Gods,

And let our crooked Smoakes climbe to their Nostrils
 From our blest Altars. Publish we this Peace

To all our Subjects. Set we forward : Let
A Roman, and a Brittiſh Enſigne wave
Friendly together : ſo through *Luds-Towne* march,
And in the Temple of great Jupiter
Our Peace wee'l ratifie : Seale it with Feaſts.
Set on there : Never was a Warre did ceaſe
(Ere bloodie hands were waſh'd) with ſuch a Peace. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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Turnbull & Spears, Printers, Edinburgh.

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